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IN THIS ISSUE: Special Children's Knitwear

Painting by KATE DAY

BASTER reminds us . .

Christianity gave the world its most beautiful story

By ARTHUR MEE

Famous editor of the Children's Encyclopedia and author of many fine books for children and adults.

IT is nineteen hundred years since one or two shepherds were abiding in the field, and still we talk of them.

In that solemn midnight the news was brought to them of a Child born in a stable, and still we talk of Him.

He walked about the hills of Palestine speaking to the people, and still His words ring through the world.

If we would have a hero, where is such another?

Hunted from the cradle to the grave, stoned out of cities, trapped and tempted by the priests, rejected by His people, betrayed by His disciples, scourged and mocked and spat upon and crucified between two thieves, He yet stands be-fore us as our Man of men, something more than Galahad, more than hero, saint and knight, the Saviour of the World.

It is not an idle saying, not poetry or just a phrase from the Bible, but is politically true.

He went into the wilderness to think about the world. He came back after forty days of solitude, of temptation and struggle and de-cision, and began talking to the

He would go into their villages and towns and talk with them by the way, sometimes in a little field or from a boat on the lake or to little children on His knee, and at times He would confront them in the Temple.

Never man spake like this Man, The priests had made themselves powerful with their cuming, and had set up great pretences and much ceremony; but this Man apoke of

things they knew things they knew in words they knew of the wind blowing where it listeth of the chaff growing in the wheat, of the beauty of the whid flowers, of a hen g a the ring her chickens, and a few hidden in its fox hiding in its

He noticed everything—the cuming of the seppent, the chirping of the sparrow, the lilies of the field, the stone that a builder rejected which at last became the chief stone of the house.

to human need and simple feeling, to suffering and beauty; let a woman but touch the hem of His garment and so sensitive was He that it was talked of for a thousand years.

He told them little stories they loved—of the sower going forth to sow, the rich man and his barns, the great supper, the king's son in



UNDAY ... "They thronged before, behind, around; They cast pain branches on the ground; And still rose up the joyful sound." PALM SUNDAY

a far country, the Prodigal Son, the lost piece of silver.

He loved to go to the house of Mary and Martha and their brother at Bethany. He was so gentle that little children came to Him. He was so calm that it seemed that even the winds and the seas obeyed Him.

He was known to was but and

even the winds and the seas obeyed Him.

He was known to weep, but rarely to frown, and He kept His scorn for the hypocrite.

In storm and danger His strength was for all:
"Be of good cheer: It is I; Be not afraid."

He was in the world for thirty years, of which we know almost nothing, save that wise men brought gifts to Him in His lowly cradit, that Mary and Joseph the carpenter fled into Egypt to save His life, and that as a boy of 12 they found Him in the Temple arguing with the doctors, who were astonished at His wisdom.

Most of winst we know of Him is from the last three years, and altogether what we know is not equal to a day of every year He lived.

Just 35 days

ALL that we know of Him happened on about thirty-five days. There have been 690,000 days since then and not one on which somebody would

one on which somebody would not have died for Him.

The memory of these thirty-five days remains the most preclous possession of mankind. It has been the secret strength behind the forces that have made our modern world. We owe our knowledge of these thirty-five days to four men, especially to Matthew, the journalist who wrote down His words. There are about 25,000 of them, and they have changed the world for every one of us.

us.

If every paper in the world would print these words, and every reader of these papers would follow them, the world would be happy for all

of these per the world would be mappy the world would be mappy time.

What are they, these few words that have such power?

Some of them are little tales, the best short stories ever told, every one pure gold.

There is the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan told in two inches of type, yet with an immortal mes-asge. We know the people in it, those who pass by and those who help.

Everyone knows the widow's mite, the eternal story of the poor who give all.

Every child understands the beau-tiful story of the Prodigal Son, yet it comes down the ages as a better tale than Shakespeare ever told.

it comes down the ages as a better tale than Shakespeare ever told.

MEN have made a mystery of it all have woven it into creeds that no man understands, so that there is nothing in the history of the world so sad and dark and terrible as the history of the misunderstanding of His words; yet they are as simple and beautiful and true.

He left them with a few plain men who listened to them. He trusted to the simple power and truth of them to come down the ages. And they have come.

The thirty-five days drew to their end. They brought Him an ass and He rode on it to Jerusslem, the people spreading their garments and palms in the way.

He healed the sick and opened the eyes of those who could not see. He told them that faith should move mountains, and hade them remomber the things that are God's.

And then came one who betrayed Him, Judas followed by a multitude with swords and staves; and in that there have all the disciples forsook Him and fied.

NOW it was over, they said. But it was only beginning.

NOW it was over, they said. But it was only beginning. It was the Roman Empire and not Christianity that was to pass

at was the pass away.

It was Caesar and Pilate who were to be forgotten, not the Man of Galliee. He lives in all our lives and we cannot escape Him.

Nations come and go, empires rise and fall, the centuries roll on and races pass away, but He Who was hunted and hated from Bethlehem to Calvary still sways the lives of men.





MISS SYBIL WILLEY Melba Bequest Schole

NEW holder of the world's n valuable vocal scholarship, the Melha Bequest Scholarship, 17-year old Brisbane University arts su-dent. Sybil Willey, first meant to be a doctor. Her mother, also a singer, persuaded her to study sing-

ing. Sybil's voice, a mezzo-sopran is considered to show "unusumaturity." She has poise an spiritual value, necessary for singer.



SIR CLIVE BAILLIEU Export Councillor

BUSINESS man. lawyer. soldier, Sir Clive Baillier formerly of Melbourne now o London, has been appointed to th Export Council, which will assist in organising Great Britain's expe effort during the war. He is member of the executive committee

Since 1930 Sir Clive has been ne of Australia's representative on the Imperial Economic Con



PRINCESS ARTHUR Royal Nur

SISTER - IN - CHARGE of Casualty Clearing Station on England's home front is H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught Duchess of Fife, S.R.N., letters which stand for State Registers

Princess Arthur trained at two of London's leading hospitals and also served at Queen Charlotte's and University College Hospitals.



Vibrant new Powder Shade

Now, with this wonderful new powder shade, you can wear more dashing colours! For Erasmic "Peach" hrings to your skin a warm, sun-kissed radiance—enchanting complement to this season's glowing shades. It's a triumph of colour blending gives your skin a bewitching, rosy underglow. Other popular Erasmic shades are SUNTAN, NATURAL, BRUNETTE and RACHET.

Erasmin Creams (Vanishing or Cold) 1 / - TUBE



72 Pages

Mother's story of Archbishop



ARCHBISHOP GILROY, 44year-old Roman Catholic prelate. wearing his robes

BECKINGSALE

To an Australian has come the honor of being the youngest Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney.

Doctor Norman Thomas Gilroy,
44 years old and first Australian
Archbishop to rule the archdiocese of Sydney, follows the late
revered 91-year-old Archbishop
Kelly. His story is the romance
of a boy whose brain and high
spirituality brought him to one of the biggest posts in the Church.

GREAT prelate to-day, his A mother still sees him as a simple, lovable, unassuming boy. To the world, Norman Gilroy is a prince of the Church; to his mother he is her son who studied hard to make himself a worthy priest.

Behind the rise to eminence of this typical young Australian is the dramatic story of a messenger boy who became an Archbishop.

"It was God's will that my son should be chosen," said his mother, Mrs. William Giroy, of Brighton-e-Sands, Sydney, in an interview with The Australian Women's

s-Sanus,
with The Australian
weekly,
Mother of three sons and three
daughters, Mrs. Gilroy is Australian born and bred.
The Archbishop is her eldest
The Archbishop is her eldest

Child.

Quietly and without ceremony. Dr.

Gilroy goes home to see his mother,
or visits the Lewisham Hospital
where his father has been a patient

or some months. Calmly but with a grateful heart

and a warm maternal pride, Mrs. Gliroy has watched the career of her illustrious son.

AT 19. The Arch-bishop was Norman Gilroy, wire officer of the Australian transport, Hessen, 1915.

Messenger boy who became

great prelate.

By MARJORIE

sonality.

Smooth white hair, a welcoming smile, and blue eyes that light with pleasure and pride are the first impressions of Mrs. Gilroy.

Australian, like her huaband, there is a real frish twinkle in her blue eyes, and a faint frish turn to some of her phrasss.

Mrs. Gilroy, who was Miss. Catherine Slattery and one of a family of ten, was born in Sydney.

Her husband was also a member

Her husband was also a member of a large family, and they met while they were still at school. She called her eldest son, who was born at Glebe, Norman Thomas, for no other reason than the fact that she liked the name Norman, and Thomas was a family name.

Always studious

WE have rarely abbreviated his name," she said.

"Except on rare occasions in my letters to him."

Except on are excessions in any letters to him."

She is ready to talk of her distinguished son, though unwilling to talk of herself.

"From the time he was a little boy—and never a naughty little boy—ifelt my son was chosen to be a leader of men," said Mrs. Gilroy.

"He always was studious and anxious to learn.

"After he left school he was keenly interested in wireless telegraphy and became a messenger in the operating room of the Sydney G.P.O.

"From there he went outback to Bourke, and in his letters he told us of his intense study in his letters hours.

hours.
"At the end of 1914 he entered

the naval wireless transport service, and left Sydney as wireless officer on the transport Hessen, which carried Light Horsemen to Egypt.

"We have kept all the wonderful letters he wrote to us, and he was only 19 years old.

"I remember when he told us that he didn't get any of our letters until he got to England, and they were waiting in one huge bundle for him." She said.

"He saw the famous landing of the Anzaca, and was on the ship for three weeks, during which time it was shelled frequently.
"My son kept a diary of his war experiences, and to-day the diary is in the Mitchell Library, Sydney.

"He returned to Australia in September, 1915.

"For nearly two years more he worked at Lismore, and there his decision to enter the Church was made.
"He was adouted as a atudent by

made.
"He was adopted as a student by Bishop Carroll and went to St. Columba's College, Springwood.
"In September, 1919, he went to Rome, as a student of the Urban College of Propaganda.
"Christmas Eve. 1923, made me the preudest woman in all the world, as on that day my son was ordained by the late Cardinal Van Rossum."
"He became a Dector of Divinity.

as on that day my son was ordanies by the late Cardinal Van Rossum.

"He became a Doctor of Divinity six months later, and came home to us in October, 1924.

"Till December, 1930, he was accretary to the Apostolic Delegate of Australasia, Dr. Cattaneo, and then for four years he was accretary to Blahop Carroll, of Llamore.

"Time passes quickly, but in 1934 he was appointed Bishop of For Augusta, South Australia, where he stayed for two years.

"Then once again he came home to us, and became Co-Adjutor to the Archhishop of Sydney.

"When he comes to see us, it is as our son," said Mrs. Gilroy.

"It is the most wonderful thing that could ever have happened, and my other two sons and three daughters are as proud as my husband and L"

MRS. WILLIAM GILROY, the woman who has seen her son rise from messenger bou to Archbishop.



Protect that Precious Life with 'DETTOL'

Those very precious lives—Mother and Baby—every-thing must be done to protect them from danger. Above all, be careful what antiseptic you use. 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic, kills germs, but cannot harm even the tender skin of a baby. Many Maternity Hespirals in many lands now use it. 'Dettol' is valuable not only when baby is born, but whenever an antiseptic is re-quired to saleguard the health of Mother and Child. 'Dettol' is non-poisonous, non-staining, has a pleasant smell and is an effective deodorant.



NEXT WEEK

ASHION PATTERNS: Four special pattern pages incorporating all the new autumn-winter trends; also a special page of practical and charming styles for kiddies.

NEW SERIAL: "Reach for the Stars." An intriguing and romantic story of ambition warring with love.

Margaret Vyner writes . . .

FASHIONS are BONING



MARGARET VYNER displays to perfection this Hartnell leghorn picture hat, weighted down in from with sprays of lilac flowers.



London goes back to the charm of simplicity

By Airmail from MARGARET VYNER

Eccentric, theatrical fashions have no place in our lives to-day. We have rediscovered in dress, as in many other phases of life, the charm of simplicity.

SOFT materials, flattering jacket is smart with white accessories, or contrasting jackets in ettes enhance the charm, and, while continuing to be youthful, have a certain appealing directive for excellent these are there are there are the same with white accessories, or contrasting jacket is smart with white accessories, or contrasting jacket in bright colors worm with check or striped with the same with white accessories, or contrasting jackets in bright colors, and easy stillouters and the colors worm with check or striped with the colors worm with the colors with the colors worm with the colors worm with the colors worm with the colors worm with the colors dignity.

Never before has there been such a wide range of essen-tially practical styles. The clothes this spring are the kind every woman wants to wear.

Slightly shorter skirts, low waist-lines and emphasis on hips mark the return of a figure-flattering line, complemented by a range of panel tones in printed silks and light wool.

Navy-blue and white, that per-enially smart combination, has re-turned to full favor, with splaches of vivid red on the very smartest en-

sembles. For brightening up a navy redingole coat over navy-and-white printed silk I have seen a wide red saash slotted through the waist, the ends hanging nearly to the end of the coat, with this ensemble a navy feel hat on sombrero lines is swathed with a red band.

Navy and white

THIS combination of colors is also carried through the afternoon and evening dresses.

afternoon and evening dresses, navy-and-white printed silk being used for evening dresses on flowing lines, the fullness coming from low hip-yokes.

Hats will be much more 'wearable' this spring than for many seasons Fantastic shapes and crazy trimmings have given way to comfortable crowns; some with brims that dip down in front, others worn well back sweep off the face in a youthfur sallor fushion.

Toques of flowers with drifts of veiling, rosettes, and much ribbon trimming on hats of grosgrain make up the dressler group in keeping with the softness and floweriness of afternoon dress silks.

Feminine tailleurs, with fackets

Peminine tailleurs, with Jackets either very long and much pocketed or short and fitted, are highlights of spring morning wear.

Plain grey skirt with pin-stripe

For evenings there are two general silhouettes—a pencil-slim line with slit stirt, or concented fullness and a figure-revealing line that accents a high bust, moulds the torse, and fits well down over a higher from which the skirt widens gradually.

Both these lines are carried out in the printed silks, flowered chiffons, and laces that come in white, pastel, or brightly-colored patterns on navy and black backgrounds.



BLACK CHIFFON dinner frock with emphasized hipline jewelled yoke—Hartnell.

LUX TOILET SOAP



We are proud to present the better Lux Toilet Soapfor here is real economy in a luxury soap. The new firmer tablet lasts so much longer—it's a real money-saver. And the lather of Lux Toilet Soap is now even creamier, even more luxurious! That means that every bath with Lux Toilet Soap is a Beauty Bath—and a luxury any girl Lax 1 oliet Soap is a Deauty Bath—and a huxury any girl can afford. So follow the steps of Hollywood's glamorous stars and buy a tablet of Lax Toilet Soap to-day. Notice how softly lovely the rich lather leaves your skin . . . how much longer the tablet lasts . . . and how exquisitely the delicate perfume blends with all your cosmetics.

And remember . . . you cream as you wash with Lux Toilet Soap . . . it's Supercreamed!



An Easter Story By...

NARD **JONES**

T had been a very large party. It began at six o'clock at Sally Miller's, followed by dinner at Esther and Jim Hanover's, and then finished up at the club, dancing until three o'clock in the morning. And the club was where Bill got to know the girl in the blue hat.

Bill was good at that sort of thing, but there was always some reason why his girl's reason was that her escort had disappeared suddenly and completely and she was angry. Also, she was intelligent and gay, and before very long Bill had brought her to the table and she was part of the party. When they all went on to the Baradens' for bacon and eggs, the girl in the blue hat went along, too.

The reat of the girls were in events girls were no height.

The rest of the girls were in even-ing dress, and so were no hals; but that wasn't why Bill noticed this girl's blue hat particularly, nor why he said, "That's a very lovely bon-net."

net."
"Why," said Sally Miller suddenly,
"It's an Easter bonnet!" And they
were all quet after she said that,
because none of them had thought
anything about Easter until that
moment.
"We really ought to go to Early
Service this morning," said Esther
Hanover.

Bill was a minister's son, and therefore had never been awed by

therefore had never been awed by churches.

"Come on," he said to the girl in the blue hat. "You simply must go to church on Easter morning."

And it was Bill and the girl who led the way in Bills car, finally drawing up before a rather small grey-stone church. It was apparent that the service was about to begin, so Bill hopped from the car and signalled to the others drawing near the terb.

When he turned to the little church he saw that the girl in the blue hat was just tiploeing inside. Bill shot a final cautious look towards Saily Miller-who was always noisy in her movements—and entered the vestibule.

HE saw the blue hat in a row near the back, but found that the only seat available abort of pushing in past her was just behind it. Quietly he settled in this spot and whispered:

"Why didn't you move up and let me in beside you?"

Bhe stirred only alightly and did not even turn. Bill grinned.

"What are you afraid of?" he

not even turn. Bill grinned.

"What are you afraid of?" he whispered. "My father was a minister, and I could deliver an Easter sermon myself. They never change, only the women's hats change, and I like 'cm this year very much. Especially the blue ones."

Still there was no judication from

Still there was no indication from the girl that she had heard him, and Bill settled back somewhat

ashamed

Phuny, how she changed once she
pot inside a church.

"She's probably in a church for
the first time for yeara." Bill brought
himself to think cynically. "That's
it. She's scared of the minister.
Bill did not like the idea of being
scared of ministers. He had been
desperately afraid of his own father
until he was iwenty-one, and then
he had rebelled—for ever.

But Bill had to admit that this

he had rebelled—for ever.

But Bill had to admit that this minister was likeable. He wasn't much older than Bill, but his voice was sincere, and he knew what he wanted to say and how to say it.

"Good-looking preacher," Bill whispered leaning forward. "I expect I'll find you here every Sunday from now on.

But there was still no response, and Bill sighed and settled back against the oak seat. And while he sat there listening he began to grow more ashamed.

For the rest of the hour he did not

For the rest of the hour he did not think of the girl, of his friends, or, of his business, or, least of all, of himself. He thought only of that



ancient morning which the young minister was recalling for them all. The congregation rose to sing the hymn, then bowed to receive the Benediction. In the sisle Bill faced the girl in the blue hat—and sho was not the girl he had met at the club! The blue hat was the same, yes; and the color of her hair. But beyond that there was no resemblance at all. This girl was—well, she was the kind of girl Bill had stopped believing in long ago.

She gave him such a look from herblue-grey eyes that he stood transfixed, unable either to speak or move. When he had gained control of himself, she was some way up the size and out of the church door.

Outside Bill looked about frantically—but there was not even the blue hat of the girl of the club and Bill didn't care about that now.

Morosely he drove to his flat; and there he sat down to think. He didn't know what had happened to him—but he knew that he had to see that girl again. It was important. It was something more than just wanting a girl to know he wasn't a foollah ass.

Then Bill had his inspiration. He'd go to that little church every Sunday—he'd go there werey Sunday—he'd go there every Sunday—he'd morning he'd smile and she'd smile back forgivingly, and then he could tell her how it all happened, and apologies.

apologise.
All during that next week he tor-tured himself with thinking she might have been a visitor to the town, never to return again. She might-

might—
But she was there.
She was there not only the following Sunday, but the one beyond that. She was there every remaining Sunday in April and in May. But she gave not the slightest indication that she recognised Bill. And that, Bill told himself, was so much the better. Maybe he'd looked a bit bedragsled that Easter merning and abe didn't realise he was the same person. But Bill took no chances on this, because there was too much at stake. Then about the middle of June

she was absent for two Sundays, probably away on holiday. Bill was frantic, and when she did come back he almost spotled everything by speaking to her.

In July he refused three week-end institutions. In August he cancelled his own holiday trip. By September his friends had stopped asking him anywhere and the girl of the club had ceased telephoning him.

Bill was attending church every single Sunday of the year, tust as he'd once premised his mother he would To his astonishment, he discovered that the practice did not impair his digestion or hamper his enjoyment of life.

Purthermore, he had come to en-

enjoyment of life.

Purthermore, he had come to enjoy the sermons of the youngish
bastor (although he never brought
himself to depart via the centre alse
where he could shake his hand) and
he met some new and pleasant
people.

Bur he hadn't

She had changed the blue hat, of course, for a winter turban which Bill thought was absurd but becoming. But he hadn't yet talked to her. And he knew now that he must that ever. It was something more now than just a principle and an apology.

Bull was in love with a face!

a principle and an apology.

Bill was in love with a face!

He had not the slightest doubt in
the world that he was in love; for he
had known a great many girls and
had experienced a great many shades
of emotion with regard to them. But
he had never felt just like this. He
had never felt sad and say, he had
never felt alive and dead, all at the
same time.

When Fauter came again he re-

When Easter came again he re-solved to do something about it.

This Easter morning would see the passing of a year since the day he had first seen her. And a year is a lifetime to a young man in love, Bill had a patience which he'd inherited from his mother; but from his father he had received the ability to focus on a single purpose.

On this Easter morning he would speak to the girl in the blue hat—although by now, of course, the winter turban was laid away and she wore a rather jaunity grey felt with a liny crimson feather stuck in the band.

Bill diressed with infinite care that

the band.

Bill dressed with infinite care that morning. He dressed himself with just as much care as though he were going to escort a young lady to church—and, indeed, he had every hope of escorting one home from thurch.

church.

It turned out a glorious spring morning, and when he entered the little church he discovered that she were the same blue hat that she had worn on that Easter of a year ago! And, just as on that other Easter day, Bill took the seat immediately behind her.

behind her.

As he sat down Bill thought she turned her head slightly to regard him—but he could not be absolutely sure, and he kept his own eyes resolutely towards the altar. There was nothing he wanted in the world more than to lean forward and say to her;

"Good morning. Aren't the lilles beautiful?"

But he adda?

But he didn't. This Easter was going to be different from the last one, He sat through the service and he listened and thought—and only very occasionally did he tell himself: "Afterwards, I'm going to speak to her."

When the service was over and se congregation streamed into the

aisles. Bill tried to stay close to the girl in the year-old blue hat; but a determined and hefty man got in his way. The first thing Bill knew, she was out of the door and he was several yards down the aisle. For one moment he thought he had lost her again; then suddenly he caught a glimpes of her going into the house at the side of the church.

He decided that she must eventually come out, so he waited. He waited until the church lawn was deserted and quiet—until, in fact, he could wait no longer. When that happened, he waited straight to the door of the house and knocked.

The young minister answered the knock; but when he saw Bill there was something curious about his smile.

"Good morning," Bill stammered.

"Good morning." Bill stammered.
"I—that is, I wanted to tell you how much I've enjoyed your sermons."

"THANK you," "Won't

aid the young minister. "Won't you come in?"
A lot of things were racing through Bill's head. One of them was that this girl might—might be married to this young minister. But, all the same, he had to know.

Inside the room the young clergy—man looked Bill up and down, still with that curious amile.

"I believe you've been attending my church about a year now?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Then perhaps you won't think it unisual if I ask you a question. Do you—ah—ever do any boxing?"

"Why—I used to," said Bill. "At the Varsity."

"Feel up to a little exercise this morning? I've a fairly decent ring in the basement."

Bill thought this a somewhat odd procedure. But something in the minister's smile caused him to accept.

Silently he followed the young man downstairs and on to a padded canvas, The minister handed him a pair of gloves.

"I think you'll find them satisfactor," And then he peeled off his coat.

"I want you to know," said the

"I think you'll find them satisfac-tory." And then he peeled off his coat.
"I want you to know." said the young minister as he slowly drew on his sloves, "that I'll try to give you all I've got. Do you understand?" Bill grinned.

Please turn to page 14

By AGATHA

CHRISTIE

JEN Little NIGGERS

Final instalment . . . Nigger Island, baffling scene of murder and mystery, yields up its secret at last

HE Assistant - Commissioner of Scotland Yards stared unbellevingly at the man who had come to report to him. Finally he said, "Nasty business, all of it." He considered for a minute or two, He said arritably, "Do you mean to say that you haven't been able to get anything helpful out of any of the Sticklehaven people? Dash it, they must know something about it." Inspector Maine shrugged his shoulders, "They're ordinary decent seafaring folk. They know that the Island was bought by a man called Owen, and that's about all they do know."

"Who provisioned the island and

"Who provisioned the Island and made all the necessary arrange-menta?"

ents?" "Man called Morris." "And what does he say about it all?"
"He can't say anything, sir; he's

"He can't say anything, sir; he's dead."

The A.C. frowned. "Do we know anything about this Morris?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we know about him. He wasn't a very savory gentleman, Mr. Morris. He was implicated in that share-pushing fraud of Bennito's three years ago. We're sure of that, though we can't prove it. And he was mixed up in the dope business. And again we can't prove it. He was a very careful man. Morris."

"And he was behind this island business?"

"And ne was been supported in the sale "Yea, sir, he put through the sale -though he made it clear that he was buying Nigger Island for a third party, unnamed."
"Surely there's something to be found out on the financial angle there?"

"Surely there's something to be found out on the financial angle there?"

Inspector Maine smiled.
"Not if you knew Morris! He can wangle figures until the best chartered accountant in the country wouldn't know if he was on his head or his heels! We've had a taste of that in the Hennito business. No. Mr. Morris covered his employer's tracks all right."

The other man sighed.
Inspecter Maine went on: "It was Morris who made all the arrangements down at Sticklehaven, Represented himself as acting for Mr. Owen. And it was he who explained to the people down there that there was some experiment on—some bet about living on a desert island for a week—and that no notice was to be taken of any appeal for help from out there."

Sir Thomas Legge stirred uneasily. He said: "And you're telling me that those people didn't smell a rai? Not even then?"

Maine shrunged bis shoulders. He said: "You're forgetting, sir, that Nigger Island previously belonged to young Elmer Hobson, the American. He had the most extraordinary partles down there. Twe no doubt the local people's eyes fairly popped out over them. But they got used to it and they'd begun to feel that anything to do with Nigger loand would necessarily be incredible. It's natural, that, sir, when you come to think of it."

The Assistant - Commissioner admitted gloomity that he supposed it was.

Maine said: "Fred Narracottinat's the man who took the party out there did are one think that

It was.

Maine said: "Fred Narracott—
that's the man who took the party
out there—did say one thing that
was illuminating. He said he was
surprised to see what sort of people
these were. Not at all like Mr.



The Assistant-Commissioner sat back helplessly, realising that the long discussion with Inspector Maine had brought them no nearer a solution.

Robson's parties. I think it was the fact that they were all so normal and so quiet that made him over-ride Morris' orders and take out a boat to the island after he'd heard about the S O S signals."

When did be and the other men

go?"

"The signals were seen by a party of Boy Scouts on the morning of the eleventh. There was no possibility of getting out there that day. The men got there on the afternoon of the twelfth, at the first moment possible to run a boat ashore there They're all quite positive that robody could have left the Bland before they got there. There was a big sea on after the storm."
"Couldn't someone have swum

Couldn't someone have swum

Inspector Maine said: Twe been into that. It was supplied by a firm that do a lot of theatrical stuff and film effects. It was sent to U. N. Owen, Esquire, care of Mr. Morris, and was understood to be required for the amateur performance of a hitherto unacted play. The typescript of it was returned with the record."

N S PECTOR
MAINE said gravely: "I'm coming to I've investigated those accusations as thoroughly as I can.

accusations as thoroughly as I can. "Starting with the Rogers'—they were in service with a Miss Brady, who died suddenly. Can't get anything definite out of the doctor who attended her. He says they certainly didn't poison her, or anything like that, but his personal belief is that there was some funny business—that she died as the result of neglect on their part. Says it's the sort of thing that's quite impossible to prove.

Then there is Mr. Justice War-grave. That's O.K. He was the judge who sentenced Seton. By the way, Seton was gully, unmistak-ably guilty. Evidence turned up-later, after he was hanged, which proved that beyond any shadow of doubt. But there was a good deal of comment at the time—time people out of ten thought Seton was in-nocent and that the judge's sum-ming up had been vindictive.

The Claythorne girl, I find, was governess in a family where a death occurred by drowning. However, she doesn't seem to have had anything to do with it, and, as a matter of fact, she behaved very well—swam out to the rescue, and was actually carried out to see and only just rescued in time."

"Go on," said the A.C., with a

Maine took a deep breath. "Doc-tor Armstrong now. Well-known man. Had a consulting room in Harley Street. Absolutely straight and abovehoard in his profession. It's true that there was a woman called Clees who was operated on

by him way back in
1935 at Lethmore,
when he was attached
to the hospital there.
Peritonitis, and as he
died on the operating
table. Maybe he wasn't
very skilful over the op.
he hadn't much experience—but after all, clumsiness isn't a criminal
offence. There was certainly no motive.
"Then, there's Miss Freilly

"Then thee's Miss Emily Breut, Girl, Beatrice Taylor, was in service with her. Got into trouble, was turned out by her mistress and went and drowned herself. Not a nice business, but again not criminal."

"That," said the A.C., "seems to be the point, U. N. Owen dealt with cases that the law couldn't touch."

Maine went stolidly on with his list: "Young Marston was a fairly reckless car driver—had his licence endorsed twice, and he ought to have been prohibited from driving, in my opinion. That's all there is to him. The two names, John and Lucy Combea, were those of two kids he knocked down and killed near Cambridge. Some friends of his gave evidence for him and he was let off with a fine.

"Can't find anything definite about General Macarthur. Fine record; war service, all the rest of it, Arthur Richmond was string under him in France and was killed in action. No friction of any kind between him and the general. They were close friends, as a matter of fact. There were some blunders made about that time; commanding officers sacrificed men unnecessarily; possibly, this was a blunder of that kind." "Possibly," said the AC.

"Now, Phillip Lombard. Lombard has been mixed up in some very curlous abows abroad. He's sailed very near the law once or twice. Got a reputation for daring and for not being over-scrupillous. Sort of fellow who might do soveral murders in some quiet, out-of-the-way spot. Then, we come to Blore," WEP Maine hestiated. "He of course, was one of our lot." The other man stirred. "Blore" he said forcibly, "was a bad hat!" "You think so, shr?"

The AC, said: "I always thought so. But he was clever enough to get away with it. It's my opinion that he couldn't find anything, I put Harris onto it and he couldn't find anything bu! I'm still of the opinion that there was something to find, if we'd known how to set about it. The man wasn't straight."

There was a name, then Sir

There was a pause, then Sir Phomas Legge said: "And Morris is dead, you say? When did he

"I thought you'd soon come to last, sir. Morris died on the night of August eighth. Took an overdose of sleeping stuff—one of the barbiturates. I understand. There wasn't anything to show whether it was accident or auleide."

wasn't anything to show whether
it was accident or suicide."
Legge said slowly: "Care to know
what I think, Maine?"
"Perhaps I can guess, sir."
Legge said heavily: "That death
of Morris is a sight too opportune!"
Inspector Maine nodded. He said:
I thought you'd say that, sir."
The Assistant - Commissioner
brought down his fist with a bang
on the table. He cried out: "The
whole thing's fantastic, impossible!
Ten people killed on a bare rock of
an island, and we don't know who
did it, or why, or how."
Maine coughed. He said: "Well,
it's not quite like that, sir. We
do know why, more or less. Some
fantite with a bee in his bonne
about justice. He was out to get
people who were beyond the reach of
the law, He picked ten peoplewhether they were guilty or not
doesn't matter—"

The Assistant - Commissioner
stirred. He said sharply: "Doesn't
it? It seems to me—"

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Please turn to Page 52

CHANGE PARTNERS

Complete Short Story

Dudley Hoys

T was on the tip of Dora's tongue to say. "Isn't it utterly gorgeous?"
Instead, she just smiled admiringly and continued to watch the view, while Hugh sipped a drink and looked arrogantly attractive.

In his own way, she supposed, he appreciated the cobalt loveliness of the water spreading like still satin up to the Yacht Clubsteps, and the great while curve of Alexandria harbor. But he never enthused about anything, never got excited. Even the day they became engaged he had been comparatively calm, charming, and aloofly correct.

She glanced at him under her lashes, at his fair hair and young, pale, chiselled face. But for one feature he might have been an artist. His cyes were of that slightly cold blue that often denotes the born soldier.

Near the steps a small sailing boat was passing, one of the local native craft with a boulder dumped toose on the boards instead of a keel. High considered it and said: "Sall to-morrow, my dear?"

"I'd love to. What time?"

"Say—three-ish."

"Yes, I can mamage that. I've got some exam papers to correct, but I can leave them till later."

Hugh laughed. "Stiff stuff?"

"Oh fairly. The fifth form, you know."

"Grim work," he said, and his manner conveyed a polite amusement. She had neverbeen able to make him realise that a girls school was quite as important, in its own way, as a Lancer regiment. When she started to argue about it, he would refer to Alexandria High School as if it were a swest little kindergarten.

"Darling," he would asy tolerantly, "you're only a child vourself."

way, as a Lancer regiment. When she started to argue about it, he would refer to Alexandria High School as if it were a sweet little kindergarten.

"Darling," he would asy tolerantly, "you're only a child yourself."

"The wenty-three, and, anyway, I'm senior maths mistresa."

"Splendid."

There was no retort to a remark of that sort. All she could do was to laugh at herself, which she was quite willing to do. Only she wished he would try in turn to be more boyish and unrestrained. When they played tennis, for instance, she often wanted to shout: "Good shott" or trock her racquet on the ground in annoyance if she served a double, or laugh aloud at a fluke. But without actually mentioning it, Hugh discountenanced any self-expression. He played with a cassual aloofness. A clock struck. He said: "Shall we?" and they got up and went out to his car, and started driving back to her boarding-house in the Rue Ramleh. Half a mile along be slowed down suddenly and askid. "Jove! There's Eve Bainbridge."

Dora stared across at a tall, slim if wearing a cream sike costume. Hugh called: "Hullo, there!"

The girl swung round, smiled in moognition, and walked across to the car. She was very good-looking with a lovely oval face and dark hair and somehow she had that same subtle effect of casual superiority that stamped Hugh. He jumpose? Sandy Robertson still got that strawberry roan?"

"Yes, for aix months or so. We're at the National. You must look us go. You're father over here?"

"Yes, for aix months or so. We're at the National. You must look us go. You're father over here?"

"Yes, for aix months or so. We're at the National. You must look us go. You're father when he brought it to that meet of the East Sussex?"

"And rode down hounds, How's fince?"

"And rode down hounds, How's fince?"

And rode down hounds, How's fince?"

And rode down hounds, How's fince?"

The girl forc's a bit acrewed."

"And rode down hounds. How's

Off fore's a bit screwed."

I warned you, said Eve with the stay remainscent laugh. "Cantering on that foully hard road."

You did," agreed Hugh, almost minuted. "Woe is me."

Waiting there. Dora felt completely out of it. She found herself myring the tallness of this girl, and wishing that her own hair was easily dark instead of an indefinite olden-brown, that her eyes were reen instead of blue, that she

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

could mould her warm friendline into something more unapproach able.

ble. Hugh turned. "So sorry. This is

able.
Hugh turned. "So sorry. This is Dora Willon, my fiancee."
"How d'you do?" said Dora. Eve smiled with her lips, bodded, and said: "Congratulations, Hugh."
"Eve." exclaimed Hugh, 'is East Sussex too. We've known each other since the days of rattles, A bullying wench when an Infant. Treated her nurses as slaves. Now she commands her pater. How is he, by the way?"
"Still a bit liverish, I'm afraid." Eve looked down at Dora. "Your people stationed out here?"
"No," said Hugh, "she teaches maths at the High School. I'd love to be a pupil."
Eve swiled and said: "Really?" and Dora couldn't be quite sure whether the word was meant for Hugh or herself.

WE seem," said
Eve, "to be keeping pace." She drew
off her glove and displayed an engagement ring. Hugh gazed at it
with raised brows.
"Where's your loyalty to me?
Who's the bloke?"
"You won't believe it, but his
name's Jonathan Jones. We've only
known each other three weeks and
father's being dreadfully stuffy
about it. He's quite a dear, and he's
something in cottom out here."
"Always thought you'd marry a

"Always thought you'd marry a soldier," said Hugh. "I say we ought to see something of each other. Got lots to talk about. Can you manage a sail to-morrow?" He glanced at Dora. "We'd love her to come, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, of course," she said, trying to sound as if she meant it. "Thanks," said Eve, "but if it's the afternoon. I'm afraid I can't, Jona-

than lets himself out to play for an hour or two."

"Then bring him along. He does as he's told, I take it?"

"Katurally. What time and where?"

"Ras-el-tin, by the Yacht Club. Three."

"So be it." Eve smiled and waved a hand at Hugh, nod-ded at Dora, and passed in with a careless elegance.

"She's rather good," said Hugh as they drove on.

"Good at what?"

"Oh, you know what I mean."
Dora was afraid she did know, and the thought made her feel vaguely worried and resential. Eve Bainbridge represented a type she could never attempt to imitate—not that she wanted to—but sometimes a kind of ashamed wishing murmured in her immost heart. Everything came easily to the Eve Bainbridges of this world. Their naturalness seemed unnatural to ordinary girls.

Instinctively, she was wondering how Eve would look to-morrow.

girla.

Instinctively, she was wondering how five would look to-morrow. Herself, she would wear that new white linen coetume and the soft straw hat. Simple, but she looked her best in it. Without knowing it, she was already on the defensive...

She spent a long time changing after lunch the next day.
Going downstairs, she found herself whispering stubbornly: "I couldn't look better if I tried."
Hugh got out of the car to open the door for her. He gave her the mild surprise of appearing in a cricket shirt, old flannel trousers, and a soft hat. Yet his neat, polite arrogance seemed no less distinctive.

Not daring to look at Jonathan, Dora turned hurriedly away.

"Charming," he said, kissed her, and set the car leaping forward. She sat contentedly at his side, like a glad little girl who had won a prize.

Ten minutes later she could have wept, "There they are," said Hugh drawing up behind a black limou-

Sine. Standing waiting for them were Eve and a big, young man. For hitter seconds Dora took no stock of him at all. All she could see was Eve in a yellow leracy and bleached grey shorts, with her bare feet thrust into gym shoes. In the instant the white linen costume had become a trifle ridictious.

Dora knew ahe was being absurd. But she wanted to rush home, tear off the costume, and howl with disappointment.

"This large thing." No was saving.

He stretched out a big hand and shook Dora's firmly. He had a pleasant, plain face and a humorous mouth. He wore a drill suit and a stiff collar and tie, and compared with the greyhound quality of High he might have been an amiable mastiff.

mastin.

"Half a capful." said Hugh, his shapely nostrils sniffing the breeze.

"Just right." He led the way down the steps to a small sailing boat. The water was lapping up sgainst the atone with a crisp, slapping noise.

"How the crisp, slapping noise."

"Hope they're not going to drown us." said Jonathan, "Are you any good at this sort of thing?"

Dora shook her head, slightest,"

"Then we'll let them do the dirty work and get 'emselves wet."

Please turn to Page 14

RECKLESS LADY By .. ELLEN FARLEY

Complete short story of two gay adventurers and one sensible man

HEN Val Haworth heard light footsteps on the track of the practice speed way that summer morning, and drew his blond head from under the cowing of the Red Demon, his usually even breath sucked in sharply.

The girl was treed to be a sucked in the sucked

sharply.

The girl was like that. She made Val think of a plane drifting on silver wings, of a streaking, golden racing car purring madly along a white beach, of—

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!"
The girl was speaking, smiling into Val's grey eyes.
Close to her, he saw that she was small. The top of her head reached barely to his shoulder. Small, lithe golden-haired,

"You're Mr. Haworth?"

"I'm Haworth," he assented, with a slow smile, "though I can't be sure about the mister. Is there some-

thing you wanted?"

He almost laughed at himself, then, What an asintne question!

If he were his brother Julian, how easy it would have been! Some-thing like:

how easy it would have been! Something like:

"I'm Julian Haworth"—that said casually, as if he didn't know about his photographs in all the illustrated papers, about the counciless newspaper items concerning the noted millionaire spectaments, portsman, pilot of distinction, daring speed king.
"I'm Julian WEP
"The Julian WEP
"The distinction daring speed king."
"I'm Julian WEP
"The distinction daring speed king."
"The Julian Haworth, and you're the girl I've dreamed of all my life. You're the girl I've seen in the grey clouds. You're—
"Val's thoughts jerked back to reality."

vais thoughts jersed back to reality.

"Yes, there was something I wanted." Her voice was husky, tinged with something that was at once straightforward and mocking." I'm Sue Brister."

"Oh!" said Val, and felt like a dog with nine kettles tied to its tail. "I've heard of you."

She would have to be someone like that.

Sue laughed softly.

"You say that as if I were a mysterious poison!"

Val gazed at her sooty lashes.

"I just meant: so you're the Reck-

"I just meant: so you're the Reck-ss Lady."

less Lady."
She frowned,
"Tdiotic names those newshounds
dig up." Her frown faded. "So I'm
the heiress to the Brister Steel fortune. The girl who's not afraid of
anything. What's wrong with that?
Do you have to look as if you'd
awallowed a bee and it was stinging
all the way down?"
Val answered her honestly.
"I never happened to see a decent

"I never happened to see a decent photo of you. You've always been bound up in a pilot's helmet, or hid-den behind a horse's mane. I sup-pose I didn't expect you to look like you do."

A smile trembled on her soft lips

"What's wrong with my looks?

She was studying his lean face, and seemed surprised at the blush that spread upwards from his bronned throat.

Val grinned, trying to ignore his red face.

"Not a thing That's just the trouble."

trouble."

He wanted to enlarge, to tell her that she took his breath away, that she did funny things to his heart. But, of course, a fellow like Val Haworth didn't say such things to a girl like Sue Brister.

The girl dropped her amazing lashes.

"All right, Mister Haworth. I think that's a compliment. Thank you." A dimple danced beside her mouth. "Now as to what I want."

She moved closer to the racing ar. She put a small hand on the

She moved closer to the racing car. She put a small hand on the shining cowl.

"Let me drive her?"

Val looked at the small hand, frowned and ahook his head.
"Sorry. We brought her down here"—he motioned towards the speedway and then towards the big house some three hundred feet away—"for practice. We're racing

ner in the Isle of Man next month. Can't have anyone who doesn't

ner in the Isle of Man next month. Can't have anyone who doesn't understand—"
His voice trailed off as her upturned lashes lifted with a flicking motion that made his head swim.
"Please, Mr. Haworth." She stepped towards him, her lips curving into an odd smile. "You know what it's like, You must! Getting bored with things, wanting to

Sue turned from Julian to see Val hauling himself painfully up the rock

scream, needing to feel the wind against your face, to watch the world rush by. Just to show your-self once more that all this living business doesn't really matter!"

She was like Julian. Val had

heard his brother say those very things. Val elenched his hands, sud-den suger rushing to his head, as it did when he heard Julian talking such foolishness.

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FAS-ION FORTEGILO

March 23, 1940

The Australian Wamen's Weekly

First Page



• ANOTHER SERIES OF FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS photographed in natural color for The Australian Women's Weekly. For this window, the New York store of Bergdorf Goodman was inspired by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

and their sensational "Ghost Town" ballet. The stark set is a perfect foil for the solitary figure in a hooped gown of deep blue-green velvet with three-tiered skirt. With it a chubby ermine jacket, and brief white gloves.





 RUSSEKS, FIFTH AVENUE, play up to the Americans' love of football with this window of spectator sports wear that reaches a sophisticaled climax for

the new season. Soft russet wool dresses are dramatically swathed and draped, and further alamorised with boxy lynx lackets and super-elegant hats.



• LUXURY FURS FROM RUSSEKS displayed in a superb setting. The domination of a soft twilight-blue indicates the witching cocktail hour. Window

figures show latest fur styles, including chunky lackets with muffs to match, extravagant fur coats, cloth coats, and minute hats piled with fur garnishings.

Sketches by PETROV

MARY ST. CLAIRE



THREE-COLOR FROCKS are seen at all the sinartest restaurants. Some have short skirt and sleeves to match, say, black, with a pacific-blue bodice and a wide folded mauve sash or cummerbund (1).

OTHERS HAVE BACK and long sleeves of black, while the front is formed of alternate bands of red and green, each band about four inches deep. This is a follow-up of the apron vogue of last season (2).



SWATHED, BEJEWELLED BANDS round the hips is what Paris suggests for trimming white jersey evening frocks. They give the frocks an Eastern touch that is considered very chic (2).

TURBANS made of coils of twisted white cord and trimmed against face and hair with matching jewelled bands are often worn with these swathed dinner gowns (4).

JUMPER SUITS, tremendously popular after the last war, are back again both for day and evening wear. Very popular are white emsembles with jumpers coming fits. Some of these gloves are to the thigh line. Skirts are either finished with embroidered gauntlets flared or pleaded. Narrow gold belts (6), while others are edged round worn over the jumper mark the wrists with two or three rows waistline (5).







TOWN

STATE

SIZE

4 yds., and 1 yds. contrast,

36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

waist and back fullness. 32

to 38 bust, Requires: 8½yds., 36ins, wide. Pattern, 1/9.

THE COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

Do you remember that phrase—"To-morrow's success is founded on to-day's pre-parations?" It is an axiom that would merit a place in the memory of any bride-to-be, for besides being the most pleasurable event in your life, marriage present in your life, marriage presents a maze of intricacies that are liable to bewilder the most modern miss. Don't let yourself be haunted by a vague premoni-tion of committing some presch of stimette. breach of etiquette.

Here's a secret1 you the key to your problem . . FREE It is the new edition of the Bride's Book.



Beautifully illustrated! Engaged girls may have a copy, without charge, if they ask for me, at Bebarfalds.

Don't miss seeing the marvellous displays in THE BRIDE'S PAV-ILION at the Royal Show. P.S.—Present or post this coupon; it saves time.

Miss Mary Sheraton, Home Planning Bureau, BEBARFALDS LTD., Opp. Town Hall, Sydney,

Please send me my free copy of the Bride's Book.

Atldress ----- W.W. 22/2

Eve took the tiller. Hugh had charge of the triangular sail. Jonsthun and Dora sat side by side. The boat vecred out and immediately tilted at an angle that made her long to grab the gunwale.

"Remember that day on Loch Etive?" called Hugh over their heads.

"Remember that day on Loes Etive?" called Hugh over their heads. Eve gave her flat, almost bored laugh. It was harmless, and yet to Dorn's ears it was offensive, as if it excluded her from them.

The hreeze was freshening. The tilt of the little boat increased, and the blue water seemed to mount up in a glassy wall and threaten to pour over the lower gunwale. For the life of her Dora could not subdue a sick fascination. She hoped there was no scared look on her face.

Jonathan smiled reassuringly at her, "I'm going to set you an exam, Beware, young woman, If you know all about maths, answer this-one. How far can a cat go into a wood?"

"A tion if you like, or even a gru, How far can a gnu go into a wood?"

"It this a catch?"

wood?"
"Is this a catch?"
"No, pure maths. If you can't
answer this, I shall write to your
headmistress and tell her you're a

She racked her brains and gave

"Half-way," said Jonathan, "be-cause if he goes any further he's coming out." He laughed with a noisy heartiness.

noisy heartiness.

Dora laughed too, a trifle unsteadily. She had realised two things, One was that never had she heard Hugh give a really unrestrained laugh like that. The other was that Jonathan had a subtlety behind his tigness. He had divined her dread of the glassy wall, and asked this absurd problem to distract her mind.

"Our passengers." said Eve.

"Our passengers," said Eve,
"appear to be enjoying themselves,"
"That's what we've come for,"
ald Jonathan.
Hugh,

That's what we've come for, and Jonathan.

Hugh, watching the open water beyond the harbor, made a sign to Eve. She swung the tiller, and he jerked the sail It was a legitimate, if rash, move. For a couple of seconds, as the breeze took them on the other quarter, the boat gave a violent, lurching tilt.

To the mexperienced Dora it seemed certain they were toppling over, and she drew her breath with an obvious little gasp. At once she could have kicked herself. The unruffled Eve had smiled up at Hugh and drawled: "Ass."

They sailed on, and returned to the quay about five Eve and Hugh were exchanging technical talk about boats. Jonathan grouned. "Suppose you talk maths, and I

Change Partners

"Don't take any notice of him," said Eve. "He can't help it."

They had see and Eve asked after some of the officers she knew in Hugh's regiment, and that led to his mentioning the regimental dinner and ball a month hence.

"You and Jonathan must come," he said. "Stay the night in Cairo." "Thanks." Eve tapped Jonathan's arm. "Hear that?"

"Yes. Rather. Thanks very

He grinned at Dora, "I bag some dances with you. I'm a rotten dancer, but I know you're tender-hearted,"

It was an unhappy month. In theory, every jaunt the four of them took should have been a cheerful affair. In practice, Dora had a sense of drifting into the background. Privately, she wished with all her heart that Eve had never left England.

left England.

On the day of the regimental ball she and Eve and Jonathan left Alexandria in an early train. Hugh had booked up for them at a Cairo hotel, and he met them at the station with his car. After they had deposited their luguage he suggested a run out to Mena House for tea.

"Bags of time," he said. "Mess is at seven. If I get you back by six—"

"Make it quarter to," said
"Dressing for pomp and circ stance is a long job."
"All right. Ready?"

Own the long straight road lead-ing out to the Pyramids the car purred ferodously. They had tea at Mens House, and cocktains after-wards. They were late leaving. "Have to get a move on," said Eve.

Eve.

High needed. "Yes. We daren't turn up late for guest night. I'll manage. The other end I know a short cut. Hop in."

Dora, sitting in front with him, watched his eyes light up in a kind of challenge as he opened the throttle.

throttle.

A queer desire came over her. She wished he could be ill and helpless—dependent on her, hers to nurse and fuse over. Then and then only would she know real contentment. Even a lovers' quarrel would be welcome. She sighed. It was impossible to imagine a quarrel with Hugh. The most he would indulge in was a raising of the cychrows and a significant increase in his clipped politeness.

Continued from Page 7

Now with Jonathan it was quite different. It would take a great deal to rouse him, but if he did lose his temper he would lose it properly. But whether he would ever lose it with Eve—Hugh had slowed down to take a turning. "Short cut this way," he sald, as they entered a mase of narrow streets. The car had checked speed a lot, but Hugh was still driving too fast. He turned a corner, and at the same time a small boy ran slap in front of the car.

oar.

Jonathan gave a startled shout.

A chill of horror stabbed through
Dora. She had a blurred vision of
a ragged little white burnous and
a brown, childish face on the road.
In the instant Hugh had swerved
violently. The car swung on, and
the child remained sprawling in
the dust, acceaning.

Dora grabbed at Hugh's elbow:
"For Heaven's sake, stop!"
"Didn't touch him," he said.
"Wouldn't how! like that if I had."
"But you can't drive on!" she cried, near to hysteria. "He may be....."

"He's unburt . . . Often happens in these alleys. Bome of them do it deliberately to get backsheesh."

STILL hearing the child's screams, she stared back. A crowd had gathered from A crowd had gathered from nowhere, "What a beastly nuisance!" said

Eve.
"You may think so!" Dora said hotly. "I'm not so superior!" Her voice was goaded, seething. But lust then she didn't care what happened. Her fingers turned the handle. "If you don't stop, Hugh." "That's the stuff," said Jonathan quietly.

quietly.

"Why the dramatics?" Hugh's eyes were faintly scornful. "Still, if you insist—"

He stopped the car. Dora was panting as she got out and ran back towards the group. The sight of their lowering manner made her hait. Their guttural tones had an ugly note, and one man in particular glared at her with threatening eyes.

eyes.

Hugh's hand closed on her arm and drew her back, "Allow me."

There was a second of suspense, a forward surge from the back of the group. Half a dozen natives were advancing menseingly,

To Doze, frankly afraid, an attack seemed inevitable, Yet Eve was still bored, and Hugh, slood his ground as if merely dealing with impertinent infants.

His lip curied. Curtly in the dialect he said: "Back there. Who owns

the small boy? The rest of you clear off."
Instead, they came on Dora ould hear her heart heating, and in the atmosphere of crisis time seemed to stay paralysed.
Without any warning, Jonathan atepped forward, His lips were parted in that slow, friendly grin, His very actions were untroubled and amiable. He beamed upon the crowd.

aminate. He beamed upon the crowd.

"Now we're all here," he said in the dialoct, "let's ask the small boy how many phastres he thinks a bump's worth. Where are you,

A few of the men grinned. Others scowled. The growd named

A few of the men grained. Others sowied. The crowd partied, and a man came forward carrying the youngster in his arms.

"Aha!" said Jonathan, "who's been knocking cars about?" He made an absurd grimace, and the youngster laughed. "That's better. Now we'll see the damage."

It was as he had expected. The boy had a bruise on his right arm, where he had tumbled on the road. Obviously the car had not touched

Obviously the car had not touched him.

Jonathan drew out his case and produced a hundred-pisatre note. He squeezed it into the small boy's hand and said solemnly: "You'll have to pay for the hole you've made in the road, you know. But it will leave enough over to buy an ice." He winked and nodded.

The small boy regarded him with wide eyes. Most of the crowd chuckled. Jonathan gave them a friendly wave, and turned away. Dora could have hunged him.

"I'm afraid you've been had for a mug," said Eve. "Utter blackmaft."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, I don't know."

"I do."
"If we hadn't stopped," said Hugh,
"you wouldn't have been rooked of
a quid." He turned to Dora. "Sory,
m'dear, for saying 'I told you so."
I know these fellers. Mere wolves
after backsheesh."

"Never mind," drawled Eve.
"Musin't blame Dora for being sentimental."

"No," said Hugh. "But your dramatics in the car were hardly justified, what?" He spoke lightly, but that falled to hide the frigid rebuke beneath.

"Tm sorry."

"Matter of fact, I am, too, because—" Hugh glanced at his watch. "Too disabed late for you people to get back and change and be at the mess by seven. Simply daren't froop in when the gods are seated. We'd better eat at an hotel. Of course, we can roll round to the dance afterwards." His elaborate inconcern was more devastating than any annoyance.

Please turn to Knitting Book Page 18

Blue Bonnet

want it."

"It is. You see a minister is sometimes in rather an awkward position. If I were a salesman, for instance, and you annoved my sister—annoyed her the very first time you saw her, and then persisted for a solid year—I'd simply ask you not to do so. Then, if you didn't agree, I'd—I'd knock your head off, as they asy, But—as things are—it occurred to me that a boxing match might teach you a double lesson."

Bill didn't know whether he was hisanely happy or furfously anany. He did know that the girl was this man's sister and not his wife, and that—"Ry double lesson," went on his

Bill tightened his gloves and stepped back,

stepped back.

"I'd like you to know that I've learned both lessons. But I'm ready to have them proved. Let's get on with this job."

The young minister nodded ever so slightly and raised his hands. Bull took the first two and knew at once that this was no child's play. He swung hard and missed, and got a left jab that reminded him he hadn't boxed for a long time. That left lab boxed for a long time. That left lab for a long time. That left Jab him livid with rage, and he

Continued from Page 5

continued from Fage 5
realise it until too late. Bells rang
and sits of silver played against his
closed eyelids. The next second the
padded canvas rose obliquely and
struck him hard across the cheek.
But when he opened his eyes again
verything was all right Everything
was lovely. The face of the girl in
the blue hat was directly above him
and his head was in her arma.
T should have told you—I should
have warned you about John's
temper. You never know it's there,
and then all of a sudden—well, it's
just there.
"I found that out," said Bill
"I found that out," said Bill

and them all of a sudden—well, it's just there."

'I found that out, said Bill dreamly, "Bull it was worth it."

The young clergyman was looking down at them, his gloves hanging loosely at his sides. "Bul, Jean, I thought—I didn't know you..."

The girl stiffened. "You don't know yel. But you can't go about half-killing people. The idea! A minister I'm angry because you don't seem to have decided whether you want to be a minister or a boxer. It but hecause I have the alightest interest in this young man."

But Bill know better, He, somehow, just know! A very nice Easter bounct can be bought cheaply—yet Jian had worn her old one.

"It you feel up to it." said the young minister contrilety, "my safer and I would like you to have hunch with us." "Delighted," Bill sighed happily.

"Delighted," Bill sighed happily.
"Til be quite all right if I can rest
here just—another moment."



The Dionne Quintuplets join the Red Cross



THE DIONNE "QUINS" have taken up Red Cross work. They have been supplied with miniature uniforms and are learning elementary nursing, how to make bandages,

wind wool, and knit. Annette, disguised as a Canadian "Mountie," acts as model for Yvonne's bandaging. It was a very good job and the patient bore up well.



FOUR NURSES and a warrior.—Left to right: Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie, Cecile. Annette didn't want to be a "Red Crossie," so they made her a "Mountie,"



CECILE tries her hand at knitting a sweater while Annette looks on. The "Quins" have donated 1000 dollars (£250) to the Red Cross funds of their home town.

Reckless Lady Continued from Page 8

"PLEASE, Julian Haworth, You set, I'm at a house-party over there," She waved her arm in its close-fitting jumper, designating a big place perched among the cliffs some two miles up the coast. "There was a fellow there who wunted to marry me," Something tight lumped in Val's throat.

Something tight lumped in Val's throat.

"Now I know I couldn't." Her dark eyes sought his, "You see, Julian Haworth, most, people are cowards. They're afraid to pilot a plane, to roar around a track. Afraid they'll be killed. "She smiled slowly." I'm not afraid."

He akmost said aloud; "She's telling the truth." And a funny sort of helpless anger made him want to seize her and shake her until that mocking look left her great black eyes.

she was caressing the shining

hood.
"That's why I'm bored with the house-party, why I knew last night that I wouldn't marry him. I couldn't love a man unless he wasn't afraid, either."
She brought her eyes to his with disconcerting auddenness.
"Please let me, Julian Haworth."
She was gazing up at him, a mischlevous smile on her lips. She breathed, "Please?" and lifted her face.

With a low groam Val put his arms round her waist, pulled her amail body close, covered her lips with his in a swift, glorious kiss.
"Sue, you don't understand," he breathed at last.

She laughed as she alipped from is arms, "I'll drive."

Without a word Val handed her his goggles and helmet. She slipped them on, her small chin and nose showing like a doll's. She got under the wheel. Val climbed in beside

The motor purred. The Red Demon poked its nose towards the west. The gears grated. Val, her kiss burning on his lips, watched her hands gripping the knobbed wheel. Such tiny hands— He shouted above the motor's

He shouled above the motor's roar, "Dirt track, Dangerous, Keep her down!" Her laugh was his answer. They broadsided a corner and streaked down a stretch like a ball from a hand.

hand.

Val yelled: "Keep her down."

The fence zipped by like a chalk mark on a blackboard. Val took a quick look at the needle. Fifty-five. Sixty, Seventy. He glanced at the girl. She was smiling. Eighty-Bighty-five. Val felt the wheels skid sickeningly as they zig-zagged round a curve. Had he lost his mind, letting such a girl get behind the wheel?

He peaced offer to the

ting such a girl get behind the wheel?

He roared: "Too fast!"
He roared: "Too fast!"
He roared: "Too fast!"
He roared: "Too fast!"
He remail foot went down on the accelerator. Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-five. The whine of the motor was deafening. The tyres sang wickedly. Sweat broke out on Val's upper lip. She was crazy!
Suddenly he was madly angry. Angry with her for being such a fool, angry with himself for letting her loveliness cloud his reason.
He yelled: "You're mad!"
He felt her look swiftly at him from the thick goggles. Her lips formed the word: "Afraid?"
And Val, shouting vainly against

the whine of those punished tyres, tried to make her hear.

"Yes, I'm efraid. A man's got a right to want to live!"

Only it wasn't a man he was thinking of. It was a girl. A golden-tanned girl with hair like a chick's down. A girl who had pulsed with life and was lying amid the ruins of a pile of shing steel,

"You fool!" he' whispered because he didn't want her to die.

"You fool!" he whispered because he didn't want her to die.

A leap of the zooming car. A hundred. A hundred and five. Then, a corner. A lurning skid. A fenctushing from nowhere. A girl's high laugh. A crash!

Val closed his eyes, wondering mutely when it would happen. When he would feel that last blinding something that would send him into blackness forever. He wondered, too. If she'd be there, waiting for lackness forever. He wondered, so, if she'd be there, waiting for

thin, still mocking—
He opened his eyes. He was twisted in the neat, looking at the ground. He turned his neck, realising that, something soft was crushed against him.

He said, on a sob, "She was too beautiful to die--"

THERE Was a see of breath. Then sh. The something

HERE was a startled intake of breatif. Then a slight laugh. The something upon him moved,
"Stop burbling," her vol e said,
"and hold stall while I climb out!"
Feet dug into his thigh. Her hair fouched his cheek. She was gone. He turned over and saw her face looking down at him from the window of the overturned Red Demon. She said sweetly, and yet with a huskiness in her voice: "Can you get out?"

He could and did, unwinding his lean six feet from the gears like an

She saki xweetly, and yet with a huskiness in her voice: "Can you get out?"

He could and did, unwinding his lean six feet from the gears like an angry caterpillar. Once outside, he said harahy: "Hurt?"

Sue took off her goggles. Val noticed that her hand was as steady as a steel bar.

"No. Are you?"

"No. he shouled then, too angry to be cool. "I'm not hurt. But we might both have been killed. Don't you know it takes an expert to do a hundred-and-ten on a dirt track? Are you an utter hen-headed fool?"

Her black eyes sparkled.

"I'm neither a fool nor a coward! Of course it was dangerous. I like danger!" Her lips mocked him. Then she added, with a strange uneastness. "But, Julian, I don't understand. I thought—"

Val stuck out his chin.

"You thought I was just such a crazy fool as you! You thought I could get a thrill out of risking my life and you're wrong on another point, too. I'm not Julian Haworth."

"What the deuce has happened? Did you alide into a post?" a deep, haughing vice broke in.

Val turned slowly, hig eyes taking in his brother's dark handsomeness as Julian, in white linen racing clothes, strode out to the ruined Red Demon.

"Looks as if you ran into a steam-roller."

"Looks as if you ran into a steam-

"We lost a tussle with a curve," drawled Sue Brister.

Val saw Julian turn and look into the girl's eyes. His heart sick, he

"Miss Sue Brister, my brother, dian Haworth." He emphasised "Muse Talke The Control of the Julian Haworth" Her dark eyes flicked his face. Her thought her lips drooped. He thought her lips drooped. "I don't understand," she said "T don't understand," she said "T don't understand," she said "T'm"."

Julian, still studying the girl's face, put in, "Val, the gensible one."

"IF Great Grefodpop felt that way about Jonah, why didn't he take some blear*sonate of soda?"

Animal

Antics

. W

meet a man like Julian Haworth, a man with eyes that mocked and laughed and dared.

Well, she had met him. And he was far, far more exciting than she had ever imagined. Without slackening her stride, Sue glanced at the man beside her: he was tall, broad of shoulder, lean of hip. She frowned, thoughtfully.

Feeling her eyes upon him, Julian turned.

Feeling her eyes upon him, Julian turned.

"You're looking solemin, my girl."
Sue let her sooty lashes fall. She said, slowiy:

"All my life I've wanted to meet someone like you. Now I have. I've known you a week. Long enough to know you're like me. You love danger, too. I ought to be happy." Her lips pursed. She was thinking about a man with grey eyes who had called her a fool.

Julian laughed. "Funny girl! Don't.

fool. Julian laughed. "Funny gir!! Don't tell me you'd rather be doing things with good old Val."
At that name, Sue went right. She could see him, clearly. Tall and slim. Leaner than Julian, Blond.
Through a fog, she heard Julian repeating:
"Aren't you, Sue? Happy, I mean?"
And Sue Julian with berself for

And Sue, furious with herself for trembling at the thought of Val, et her mouth lift as ale said, de-

iet her mouth int sand in interest in inte

Her heart missed a beat. He looked so stern and grim. He was wearing a mechanic's outfit and carried a bunch of tools in either

"Hallo, old chap. What are you doing with all that junk?"
"Going over the plane, of course.

"Going over the plane, of course. Somebody in this family's got to keep things running. You're fool enough to go up without a thorough tuning up?"

Julian slapped Val on the back: "Good fellow,"

V

He chuckied with brotzerly indifference. "You driving?"
She nodded.
"Seems as if yo: and I ought to be the ones to go driving together."
Val gave a stiff grin.
"You're right. One's as big a fool as the other."
Julian laughed. Sue breathed, her mocking smile strangely absent:
"Val, the sensible one—"
Val, looking her straight in the eye, answered grimly: Val. looking her straight in the eye, answered grimly:

"Yes, I'm the Haworth brother who goes up in a plane when there's no fog, who fiddles around the motors, keeping 'em tip-top, who wants to live just as long as he can because he knows he can live only once. Val Haworth, at your service. Good-morning."

And with what he hoped was a monchalant nod, that coutdn't show how a fellow was really feeling inside, Val turned on his heel and walked away.

"Good fellow."

All shrugged, shooting Julian an affectionate look.
"Staying out long?"
"No. We're going swimming this afternoon." He winked at Sue.
Val frowned.
"Not in Devil's Channel in this wind!"
Julian raised quiszical brows
"No—no, indeed," Again he winked at Sue. And she felt a twinge of mexplainable sanger.
Val grinned, relievedly.
"Good. I'm flying myself this afternoon."
She heard herself saying: "Oh—do you fly?"
Val looked her in the eye, "I fly," he said evenly, "when the weather permits."
Julian was walking ahead.
"Fly," he threw back, "I should say so. You underrate my brother, Sue. He's a first-clais pilot. First-class lots of other things, too. Only—"
"Only," said Sue lightly, "he's Sue Brister knew that she ought to be happy. The day was one of those exhitarating ones that occur only on the Cornish coast in July. The air was warm, yet keen. The hreese, coming in from the ocean, was laden with the smell of sait, the cry of gulls.

And walking beside her towards the big plane was Julian Haworth, a man after her own heart.

All her life she had wanted to

"Only," said Sue lightly, "he's what you might call careful."

what you might call careful."

The dreas was extremely becoming. See caught glimpses of its full skirt and tacked bodice in the mirrors of the Haworths big drawing-room, as she danced by. She also caught glimpses of a blond head and set mouth.

And, after a time, she quite forgot the dress and its becomingness in thinking how much she disliked blond hair on a man. Blond hair and grey eyes. A stern chin and a mouth that could make her remember its kiss.

"Did you finally decide it was safe to go up this afternoon?" Sue spoke into Val's shirt-front because his grim silence was getting on her nerves. She wished Julian would get rid of the little brunette he was dancing with and rescue her. "I did."

"Nice and sunny, wasn't it?"
"Very, Bad wind, though."

She raised an amused brow, as ahe looked into his lean face to find him staring unconcernedly over her head.
"Bad wind—and you went up?"

"Bad wind and you went up?" He went white and brought his eyes, grey steel now, to her mocking

ones.
"I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of you and Julian, swimming. Wind makes the channel current swifter."

SHE lowered her lids.
"I like to swim. What difference does it make whether there's a wind

or not?"
"It's dangerous." He spoke very

Her eyes flashed. "Oh---" She laughed. "I under-

stand—"

He went on calmly although she could feel his arm tremble.

"Dangerous to swim where you two were swimming. Julian knows that. There's a bad current there."

She looked at the celling and re-

She looked at the celling and recited:
"I know. Devil's Channel. Julian showed me the rocks farther out and teld me all about it. He even pointed out the little island a quarter of a mile off shore and told me that when you and he were kids, you had a couple of poles—one on the island and one on the cliff on shore—and that you had a pulley running across, with a chair. Julian said you used to have fun, one swimming out and the other hauling him home across the channel. She pastled a yawn. "He even said that there were rocks in the channel. And the current is terrific. I could barely hold my own against it. That's why it was fun. That's why it was fun. That's why I intend to go swimming there again to-morrow, and the next day—"

again to-morrow, and the next day—"
Val was gazing furiously into her recicless eyes. Now, suddenly, he danced her to the door, and taking her hand, hurried her out of doors on to a flower-scented terrace.
Sue twisted her hand from his noticing that his eyes, moonlit, were like twin, angry fires.
"Are you ktimapping me? Or do you intend to spank me?"
She kept her voice light, amused But, in her heart, she was not amused. She was more angry than she had ever been in her life.
"Neither, Why should I want to ktidnap you? And a spanking would be wasted on a child as thoroughly spoiled as you."
"A child.—"
"Exactly. Only a child could look

"Exactly, Only a child could look upon life from eyes as wild as yours."

Sue Brister managed a soft

Sile Brister managed a soft laugh.

"It's a convenient way of crawling out of your own cowardice, calling sumebods else a child!"

His head anapped back. He said: "I know that's what you've been thinking. It deesn't matter. I didn't bring you up here for a battle. I want to tell you something about yourself and about Julian. You see, I'm older than Julian. Two years. Ever since he was twelve and I was fourteen, he's been the same. Reckless, crany, foolish..."

Sue Brister broke off a rose and held it to her lips. "That's what you call it! I don't! I call it liying!"

you call it! I don't! I can us hying!"
"Living! You little idiot! Don't you realise that we've only one life to live, don't you see the madness of risking that life needlessly?"
Sue lifted her face to the moon. She whispered flinging out the words Adaptiv:

defiantly:
"My life's my own, I know what

Val laughed harshly, angrily, "What do you know about anything except making a fool of yourself? You're young and ignorant and utterly foolish."
This time Sue's hands clenched, crushing the rose.
"You're going too far!" Her voice wasn't mocking.

waen't mocking.

"Too far! That's funny." Valseized her handa, "Listen, Sue
Brister. I brought you out here for
one reason. You're in love with
Julian, aren't you?" His last words
were flung out, swiftly.

Please turn to Page 18

In Seven Days Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at triffing cost, that will do more toward helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin diseases than anything you've ever med.

Not only is this great of antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and healthy healing in eczema spots and healthy healing in eczema spots and healthy bealing in eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dri up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, sait rheum, and other skin eruptions and inflammation.

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MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"I dreamed that all the animals my fur coat was made from were hunting me last night."

"Surely you're not afraid of a few rabbits."



"Please, sir, mother said she isn't in."
"Well, go in and tell her the insurance man
didn't call."

NEW LAUGHS



OFFICER (to raw recruit): Don't you know better than to point an empty gun at me? STARTLED RECRUIT: But it's not empty,

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CUSTOMER: I won't be able to pay for this suit for three months.

Tailor: That's all right, "Thanks. When will it be "Thanks. When will it be "Garage assistant: And residence up the me in breather."

Garage assistant: And would you like me to breathe into your tyres, sir?





HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the agily freekless and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to



"DO you know that the average woman's voice has the range of an organ?"
"What a pity it hasn't got the same number of stops!"

HUSBAND: What made you choose lemon for your new dress? dress?
Wife: I had such a job squeezing it out of you.

TRAFFIC Cop: What's the idea? You've got no number-plate! Fair Driver (indignantly): That's all right. I can remember the

I HEAR Mrs. Gossip is down with blood-poisoning."
"What, did she bite her tongue?

"THE time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages," "Yes." Interjected the little man in the corner, "next Friday night."

OLD LADY: What would your mother say if she saw you smoking? Little Boy: What would your hus-band say if he saw you speaking to strange men?

DOES your wife play contract bridge?"
"Well, judging by what it costs
ber, I would call it toll bridge."

TEACHER: Who said "We have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him"? Pupil: The undertaker.

DID the specialist find our what you had?"
"Yes, and he took nearly all of it!"

Soft but not greasy-Alluring but not painted Men thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They have harsh, greasy, painted lips! Tangee is the lipstick that can't give

a painted look. It isn't paint! Orange in the stick, Tangee magically changes in the stick, Tangee magically changes cofor on your lips to blush-rose. Smoothitona second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical. Made with a special cream base Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer.

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Light MADE UP FOR Sove

Discover your individual beauty. Try Tangee make-up tonight.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

anapped inside her head.

"I saw you kissing him yesterday."
Sue's hands were cold. The moon
was driven behind a mass of clouds.
Wind tagged at her words.

"I-kissed you, too," His mirth flicked the night,

"That was different." Yes, that was different. "That hardly counted, considering what happened afterwards, did it? But Julian, he's your kind of man." She whispered, "Yes, My kind of man."

man."
"Then I want to appeal to you, as his brother who's looked after him for a long, long time. He's a reckless fool. It's all right being reckless when there's nobody walting and worrying over you. But when there is it's different. It's up to you to watch over him if you love him. You'll have to take care of him."

Sue's hair whipped back.
"I take—care of him!" Why did
she feel so odd, talking about loving Julian?
Val nodded.

Val nodded.
"Yes, you've got to. After he's married." He paused and then rushed on: "After he's married. I'm not going to be there. That'll be your job. That's why I wanted to talk to you to-night, To ak you to keep him from killing himself."
Sue Brister was feeling queer,

Reckless Lady Continued from Page 16

There was anger raging inside her, and something else. Helpless uncertainty. She oried:

"In other words, you're asking me to do what you haven't been able to? You're asking me to make a coward of Julian Haworth. You're asking me to make him into something like you!"

And then, as Val moved towards her, white-faced, ahe threw back her head and said, very clearly:

"I'd rather see him dead!" And the next thing she knew she was back in the house sgain, back to Julian, who was her kind of man.

Dancing again, this time in Julian's arms. Sue tried to forget that tall figure she'd left on the terrace.

Julian was flushed and gay. He held Sue very close and smiled down into her eyes, his own very bright. "What's wrong, sweetheart, you look cross? Bored with this danc-ties?"

Sue whispered fiercely, "Terribly."

Julian glanced at the little
brunette with whom he had been
dancing. Sue, through her own
confusion, noticed that the girl's eyes
were watching them. Julian said
quickly.

"Let's do something else,"
Sue saw Val's tall form lounging
near the door.

Oh, Gosh!

What dirty hands...

spotless!

"What?" she asked, smiling reck-

He tipped his head.
"Grand wind out to-night. How about a ride in Val's speed-boat?"

The wind whipped along the sand, pulling against Sue's thin dress, tugging at her soft hair.

sugging at her soft hair.

She looked out at the sea and saw it momentarily as the moon tame out. The waves were choping against the shore, licking against the dock. She felt a sudden strange twinge. Then the sound of Julian opening the boathouse door. A motor whined

door. A motor whined.
"Here," Julian called, the wind tearing the words into shreds. Sine crept to the dock. Sine climbed down into the boat. She fought her way against the wind and stopped beside Julian. The motor put-putted.
"We're off!" cried Julian.

He began to sing a rousing drink-ing chant. Sue joined in. "So it's live to-day, and drink to-day, and love to-day!" But she wasn't really thinking of the words. She was thinking of Val's face, white and

Val—she hated him! And then—she stopped thinking about Val, about anything, because the motor suddenly missed fire, gurgled, and then described the stopped to the stopped

then stopped.

Julian turned the wheel, help-lessly, for a moment and then called back to her, as the wind caught the begt and awaing them sideways: "Something's wrong, I remember now, Val said that the fuel pump was behaving as if it were plugged."

His voice was dis-torted. Sue laughed, but not because she felt like laughing, "No matter!"

matter!"
"We're in the channel!" shouted Julian in a queer voice. "Feel?" She tensed and could feel the current, carrying the boat along like a river carrying a piece of straw.
"We'll be driven to the island!" Julian yelled.
"All right." Her heart lifted in relief as the boat swirted sickeningly forward. She thought of the rocky surface Julian had pointed out to her that afternoon.
Julian was close to her, gripping

Julian was close to her, gripping her arm. He cried in her ear, "Not so all right. The tide's coming in And."

"And—" The salt spray had wet her hair. She could feel the dripping strands against her cheek. "And when the tide's in—the island—is under."

"I—see—" sald Sue Brister, and she thought, strangely, of Val and of how worried he would be back there, alone, wondering about them. And for the first time in her life Sue Brister was afraid, afraid because there was someone who loved her, someone to miss her if she died, Val did love her. She had known it from that first day.

Through stiff lips, she repeated. "I—see—"

"I—see...."

And then they struck. Julian let out a multered cry of pain. The boat, lifted on relentless waves, was thrust into something black and looming. Sue, thrown to the deck, made out the edge of pointed rocks. She struggled to her feet, then to the side of the tipping boat. She peered into the darkness. The moon came out. The island.

She put a foot over and touched water. She lowered herself cautiously, struck bottom. She cried, "We've here."

His voice came heavily. "My nkle. Broken—I think——"

ankle. Broken—I think—"
Arms round Julian, Sue fought
her way to a sloping rock, wet and
slippery with spray.
She got the man to a sheltered
opening between two jutting rocks.
She settled herself close beside
him, closed her eyes, and listened
to the shriek of the wind, to the
licking of the water just below her
ankles.

"This is the end," she breathed, her eyes opening and staring into the blackness beyond the reach of the speed-boat's lights. The shore the speed-boats ignis. The shore was out there, just a quarter of a mile away. But it might as well have been at the world's end. That channel current, with its hidden rocks—she shuddered and clenched

It was almost two o'clock before Val knew why Sue and Julian had not returned.

After he had seen them go out to welve, Val had not danced. He ad stood near the door, smiling the dancers, pretending to be genial host.

But his mind was not here, nor his ears.

heart.

"Where do you suppose they are, Vai?" A soft voice made him jump. He looked down into Vera Johnsona round hine eyes. His lips twisted. Poor Vera. She was in the same boat with him. She couldn't even pretend she didn't love Julian. Poor Vera Johnson who was just a nice girl. Why couldn't he have loved her, and she him?

she nim?

Sending her a quick smile, he glanced at his watch. A quarter to two. He tensed. He hadn't thought it was so late—he recalled the defiant look in Sue's eyes as she hurried past him.

"Don't fret. Vera," he said, and, turning swiftly, hurried out. Once on the terrace, he began his fremised search, but it wasn't until fifteen minutes later that he discovered the unlocked boat-house, and the missing speedboat with its clogged fuel line.

Sick, his mind quickly calculated what had happened. They had gone out in that choppy sea. The motor had failed. If it had held out long enough, they'd have drifted to Heaven-knew-where by now. But if the line had given out soon after they attarted, the channel current would have carried them to the island.

His eyes searched the darkness. He made out a tiny glimmer of light. They were there! He sent up a

But then seeing the water licking close to the top of the dock, his eyes narrowed in horrer. The tide. His heart ley, Val raced back to the house, mind churning. No use trying to borrow another motor boat. That would take too long. But a swimmer might do it. A atrong, steady swimmer. With some rope, some twine, and the two lifebelts lying in the boathouse.

Vera met him close to the speed-

"Wait on the cliff," he yelled.
"Get the rope from the boathouse.
All of it. We'll tie it together. I'll be back!"

The water was creeping around Sue's ankles now. Julian, lying be-side her, reached over and took her hand. His voice, low and pain-filled, said:

"Looks bad, Sue. You've been onderful...."

She squeezed his fingers

You, too, Julian."

He moved, groaned softly. The ght from the boat lay on his hag-

"I want you to know, Sue, that I

That it's Val."

"That it's Val."

"Oh," she breathed, "Val." Then honestly, "Yes. It's Val. I knew in the boat. It's been Val since that first day. Only I wouldn't let myself see. He's right, Julian. We're wrong. It's silly to risk your life for no reason. That's not being brave."

"Right, I see it, too. You know. "Right, I see it, too. You know. Sue, there's a girl. She loves me. But I wouldn't see became I thought I wanted someone like you. Now I know I was wrong. I loved her, too."

"Julian..." She remembered the

"Julian-" She remembered the little brunette with the round, blue

He grinned wanty

"We're a couple of fools, Sue."

"Yes, A couple of fools." Her voice trembled. She tried not to think of the ley water creeping up her legs, "I wish......." Then she choked back a rush of sobs, forced a grin to her lips. "No use...crying now......"

Julian was silent. His head dropped

Out there in the channel Sue thought she heard a sudden cry. She stiffened and then relaxed. No use letting herself get hysterical, Julian had told her they had r: other motor-boat. That by the time Val knew of their perfi it would be too

Sue's head lifted. She had heard something. She got to her feet on the sloping rock, and without waiting to think let our a shrill scream. She listened, Silence. shrill scream. She listened, Sile: And then, a voice gasping so where very near, "Everything right?"

She stood with her hands reaching out towards the darkness. His voice. She was dreaming. She closed her eyes, then opened them, and this time she saw a lean body creeping up the rock on all fours.

"Val—" she breathed and choked

Julian said, "Val, you old fool,"
Then, casually, and yet with joy in
his voice, "Swim?"
Val nodded. Sue, who had dropped
beside that weary form, remembered the channel current tugging
at her that afternoon. With ley
lingers, it had tried to sweep her
merclessly out to sea. Yet Val had
fought his way through in a hitter
wind. Val—the sensible one.
Julian went on.
"My ankle's smashed." Then, "I

"My ankle's smashed." Then, "I was thinking that even if a man could swim that channel, it wouldn't do much good."

Then Val was pulling carefully on fragile something in his hand. Sue oked closer. A piece of twine, "What—" she began.

"This is tied on to a rope,"
id unevenly, "There are telebrate on the rope. You're said unevenly. There are two lifebelts on the rope. You're to put them on and wait. I'll swim back with my twine again, and then we'll hauf you in from the cliff. Vera's there."

"Yes. And a crowd of men. We'll haul you over easily. Keep your heads."

your heads."

Nobody said anything for a long time. Sue thought she'd acream. She wanted to tell Val that she loved him. She wanted to exy.
"You can't swim that channel again. I won't let you! You'll be swept away." But she said nothing. She jing stood sliendly, and watched Val hau! until the twine became a rope, nd then the rope two lifebelts. He slipped one over Julian and the other over her. She whispered, "Val....."

But when he answered, "Yes?" he couldn't say anything more,

vatched him leap back into the

But an hour afterwards she did sy what was in her heart.

Wet and cold and shivering, she lay in Val's arms. He was striding across the speciously, while just behind them walked Vera beside Julian, who lay on an improvised stretcher.

Sue looked up into Val's face. She had forgotten the frigid waters of the channel, the century-long trip from the island to the top of the cliff. She thought only of Val and of what she had to say.

"Val—" she got out. He didn't look at her.

"No need to thank me, Sue, I know how you feel."

"But you don't!" She turned and threw her arms around his neck. "Vail You don't know how I feel. You see, out there I knew what a fool I'd been. And I knew something else, too." Her voice trailed into the thick yarn of the heavy sweater he wore.

He paused and then took an un-ertain step, and paused again, "Something else?"

Her arms tightened desperately

"Val, don't be a complete ident', she walled. "Can't you see—"
"You don't—you can't—" The joyous tremer in his voice lifted her heart to heaven.

"I do," she breathed. "I can."

Val's arms tightened. Sue litted
her face. And there, on the same
speedway, he gave her a second
kits.

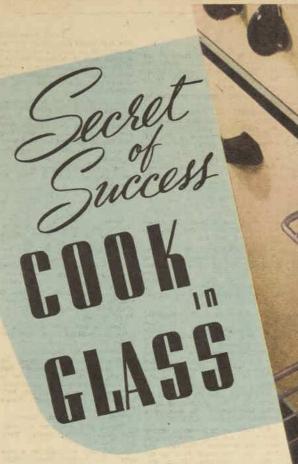
kins.

Her heart sang. He knew she was a fool and he didn't care. The reckless lady! She laughed to herself. If had taken Val, the sensible one, to show her what real recklessness was. It had taken Val, the sensible one, to show her a lot of things. Like—but she couldn't be bothered now. She was too busy learning how a sensible man could lries.



but a quick lick with

SOLVOL-and they're



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Celebrity talks about the celebrities



GILBERT FRANKAU, popular novelist, who has published the story of his life under the title "Self Portrait."

Frankau's autobiography is racy tale of the great

A very prominent critic once referred to Gilbert Frankau as Philbert Swankau. Judging by Mr. Frankau's very frank confessions in his just published "Self Portrait," up to the age of fifty, at least,

he was not exactly a shrinking violet.

Indeed, he seems to have been a ranting, roaring, self-opinionated broth of a boy, more than a bit weak on logic, but over-poweringly strong on egotism.

"Self Portrait" is described as "a novel of his own life."

Just why this has been done it is difficult to say, unless the astute Mr. F. concluded that cash customers are much more likely to queue up for fiction than they are for autobiography—however well known the central character. The fact remains that the book is no more a novel than this review is one.

Autobiography or novel, however, it is an interesting and, in the

You never

can tell

FRANKAU, in his auto-biography, tells the story of a munical softree at the home of his mother's stockbroker, Henry Morris, where they mei "three young ladies, all un-sophisticated."

Chronicles Frankau:
"The eldest and largest of

"The elects and largest of these sang to us.

"Most of Henry's swans turn out to be geese, scoffed my mother as we drove homeward. That girl nearly dealered me."

stands my mother's latest gift—a photograph of herself in a silver frame.

"Enter S'Enry. He salutes my annt, and walks to the photograph, which he lifts and examines with

care.
"S'Enry: 'Your sister, eh? Exactly like her. Pity!'"

Fortunate in being brought up against a background in which money and the arts rather ludicrously rubbed elbows—his father was a prosperous clear merchant, and his mother a popular novelist—Frankau, after leaving Eton, paid tribute to both parents by entering the cigar business, and in his spare time, knocking off a few poems and a novel in verse. This, however, was long before he seriously took up writing.

It was during this period that he

seriously took up writing.

It was during this period that he had business dealings with one of the old-time dandies, Henry Morris, his mother's stockbroker. It was Morris who, so Frankai records, "arrived with the news that his pet trouser artist at Poole's in Savile Row—where he bought all his clothes—was 'not looking at all well."

"I can't take the risk of any.

"I can't take the risk of any-thing happening to him," said the dandy, 'so I ordered eighty pairs."

dandy, 'so I ordered eighty pairs.'"
George Moore and Arnold Benmett frequented the house during
the days when young Gilbert was
an up-and-coming eigar magnate.
A typical Moore story is that he
relates apropos of the occasion
on which Bennett, who had just
published "The Old Wives Tale."
was guest of honor at a literary
tes given by Mrs. Prankau. Everything went swimmingly.

Moore's jest

Moore's jest

"ONLY after the honored guest had gone," writes Frankau, "did George Moore ask, joining thumb and first finger of his right hand in a characteristic gesture:

"Now tell me, Juliah, who is this fellow Bennett? Does he write?"

The best thing about "Self Portrail" is that it is full of good stories of that kind. There is the one about the retired judge who murmurs, as he turns to look at the club from which he has just sauntered:

"Forty 'years ago, when they

"Forty 'years ago, when they elected me, I was the only bounder in the place. Now it's simply full of them."

them."

At times, reading the book, it is difficult to realise that its author can still be on the right side of sixty even if only a little on the right side. Such a large section of it deals with an age as remote from the present generation as the 18th century. Even the weakness of the pre-Great War aristocracy for the lovelies of the stage receives its meed of attention in these 400 pages.

"Gertie Millar. Gertie Mil-

"Gertie Millar. Gertie Mil-LAR!" says one Guiety girl its au-other. "Peathers as long as your arm in her hat and a carrisge and pair to take her home. But when I first knew her, dearie, she was just Gert Mil-LER, in a pair of clogs and a shaw!" and a shawl

Comments the fifty-five-year-old Frankau:
"All the more honor to the Dowager Countess of Dudley if the story be true."

It may surprise many admirers of his work to know that Frankau only visited Australia. He was out here for three months, stayed in Sydney, visited Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide, saw Oscar Asche and Lift Parayton in "Rismet," fell violently in love with a lady unnamed, and left with a great admiration for the verse of Dorothea Machellar, whom he quotes on two occasions.

"Self Portrait," by Githert Franken

Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

An appealing smile is a priceless asset - protect yours with Ipana and massage!



Don't neglect "Pink" on your Tooth Brush! Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A saucy little hat may catch the eye of many man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile ger dull and dingy who ignores "pink" on her tooth brush who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't YOU be so careless! For your smile is you—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dall and incorrections emile. dull and unarrractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your deatist immediately? Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing

exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and gum

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean reeth.

Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste to-day. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it *thould* be.

Regular Size 1/- . . . Super Size 2/-

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY

IPANA TOOTH PASTE





JUST EIGHTEEN Sandra Jaques her birthday with a party a Ross Vernon (left) offers a toast



• CITY SOLICITOR'S wife, Mrs. Malcolm McIntyre, at Town Hall when Lady Mayoress gives tea-party for wives of itu officials and alde



THE DICKEY TWINS, Sylvia and Christine, at pre-wedding party . . . Theirs will be a double ceremony at St. Mark's.



FULLARD, handsome linglish singer appearing in Gilbert and Sulli acquired this dog. Paddy, since arriving in Australia.

Jottings of the Week

Ship ahoy .

WEIGH the old anchor and go moonlight cruising round the harbor in aid of Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal. Grand show, arranged by American community

Only thing missing is the moon, who cares?

Airlie Bouvet staggers aboard carrying outsize floral basket for table decorations. Barbara Weekes and Mrs. Malcolm McCormick arrive

singing "Stars and Stripes." Joan Galbraith wears pencil-slim blackout model, black sequins forming bodice and tiny peplum above black crepe skirt.

Ship puts in to port before midnight to let off those who are going on to other midnight doings. Then sails away again for another hour or so for the rest on board to dance to Jim Davidson's band

Midnight doings . . .

So many curtain calls and speeches after final ballet performance there is hardly time to dash into the Australia for cup of coffee before midnight performance begins in aid of Polish Relief.

Mrs. Doug Levy doesn't want to miss any of midnight show, so she just takes time off for a milk-shake in Cahill's

Faith Onslow, who seems to be the keenest balletomane in Sydney, goes backstage to sup with Toumanova, Dinah and Bea Meeks, the Johnny

Walkers, Barbara Smith, and Marie Croll are among enthusiasts who attend both performances.

Mrs. Alan Potter and Mrs. Bill Owen come together, both in ermine. Mrs. Lennox Bode brought large silver fox cape in readiness for drop in temperature.

Midnight performance ends about 2 a.m., and off we trip to backstage party. Energy of ballerinas who have danced for hours amazes me. I leave them, still celebrating, when I wend my way sleepily homewards

Schneevoigt welcomed . . .

MUCH amused at Sydney Symphony Orchestral committee's welcome party for conductor Schneevoigt to see Mrs. William James firmly kissed by guest of honor. "Ah, lipstick I now have on my face," says Schnee-volgt. "I hope it is not indellible." Mr. and Mrs. James and the famous

Mr. and Mrs. James and the famous Finnish conductor are old friends. Party is cheery "do." Hosts of young ones include Joan Baldock, Anne Hill, Dorothea Darvall, Nancy Baldick, June Bracken, Betty Max-well, Ursula Barton . . . all to assist at Finnish Relief Concert this Wed-

Next day I drop into rehearsal of Sibelius symphony just after news of Russo-Finnish peace treaty is announced. I am first with the news to Schneevoigt. He looks surprised, then disappointed and says, "Ah, I am sorry to hear it. We should have Finland will never be fought on. the same now.'

Long friendship

FRIENDSHIP of Mrs. Bill Wenden (former Joan Wright) and her only bridesmaid, Betty MacNamara, dates from pre-school days . . . they were christened together. And before that their mothers were friends before THEY were married.

Easter news .

DIANA MINTER'S cousins, Mary Minter (Gundagai), Judy Ewing and Pam Nivison (Walcha), will be in town for her dance at-Elizabeth Bay House this Saturday. Mrs. Fred Chenhall is riding in

Royal Show ring events for first time since she sustained serious accident then Phyllis Bray, of Adelaide.

Betty Fowler, Pat and Margery Nall are finding it warm . . they're modelling smart woollen wear at Showground.

Canberra goes gay . . .

TWO lovely frocks at Canberra's picnic race ball . . . Betty Hyles' cloud-pink chiffon with bustle and gold sequin pockets; Kath Menzies' fuchsia sheer, softly draped. Worn with matching feather cape

To act as hostess at meeting Betty, daughter of president Frank Hyles, comes from Sydney. Hyles family has summer flat at Manly, and intend staying there till rain provides water at their Queanbeyan property

Mrs. Hyles unable to attend races owing to illness. Betty is hostess to large party at afternoon tea in mar-quee at the course, and then at din-

ner before ball at Hotel Canberra. Lots of visitors . . . the Jim Gibbs', of Cootamundra, Donald McFarlane of Cocamundra, Bonald McFarlane and the Horton Brownes, of Young. Ernest Merrimans, of Yass. The Frank Davies', Pam Darling, Jean Gillespie come from Sydney.

Charitably inclined . .

BEING firm supporter of charity, never knowing when I'll need some myself these days, I hie me to two fashion parades in one after-noon—first for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Trocadero, then to Rose's in aid of Phoenix Kindergarten.

At the Troc. I say hello to Betty Peters and her sister Helen Welhen. Helen tells me she'll not be sporting any new ensembles at autumn races. She's off with her family to stay at

She's off with her family to stay at Canberra for Easter.
Joy Jolley very busy selling tickets for something or other. Probably a pup. Usually is.
On to Rose's, where Mrs. Sam Stirling, in secretarial capacity, says cheerfully there's not a seat left. So I share a half with Joan Hodgson, looking cool in all-white.

Heard around town . .

PARTY being given by Governor and Lady Wakehurst at G.H. on March 26 for Morna Mackenzie and Phil Ashton starts at 5.30 p.m.

Peter Willsallen has just celebrated

his birthday . . . in Palestine. Musquash coat was Des Carr's wedding gift to his bride, Joyce Lucas.

Luna Park's Big Dipper and Dod-gems expect "house full" sign on March 10, when Lord Mayor's Fund younger set committee take charge for the evening.

And seen . .

MARGARET CATTS sweeping into Prince's in hooded black taffeta e, full length, bordered with appliqued scroll design in velvet.

Marcel Dekyvere arriving at 7 a.m. to lend helping hand at Red Cross Day's Hawaiian stall, Martin Place.

Bonnie Field and Marcelle Bishop both wearing dull sequin juliet caps.



· MRS. GREGORY BLAXLAND looks rative against bunch of bananas helping on Red Cross Day stall



KISS FOR BRIDE... Meg Fowler Smith hisses her cousin. Mrs. Campbell Alston, at reception at Pickwick Club. Noel Fowler Smith, who gave his sister away, looks on.



 BOY THOMPSON and Bonnie Long worth at Prince's . . . Bonnie smart in worth at Prince's . . . Bon tailored violet crepi



FOR ME," says Bert Bailey (Dad Rudd, M.P.) when pretty Val Scanlan offers him a cocktail off-stage during filming at

An Editorial

BEAU GESTES OF THE A.I.F.

LONDON newspapers stress the admiration in England for the Anzacs in Pales-

"It would stir the blood to hear Mr. Anthony Eden's descrip-tion of them," says one English

columnist. Letters from the soldiers abroad confirm the belief of us at home that our Second A.I.F. at home that our Second A.I.F. has the same fighting spirit and the same humor that distinguished the original Anzacs.

Observers with the soldiers remark on their irrepressible sense of fun, and from extracts

from letters sent in to The Australian Women's Weekly by parents and sweethearts it would appear that a new Anzac Book is in the writing as human and as entertaining as the first.

One officer of the 2nd A.I.F. wrote: "To-day I received my first pay in the Holy Land and felt I was truly in the land of miracles. It was 5000 mils, and looked like first prize in a lottery, but actually it was only worth £5 English."

Another Digger told his people: "Some of the girls here are truly lovely; others are heavily veiled. I have nothing but admiration for such restraint."

Yet another said: "Don't forget to airmail Mandrake to us every week. Everyone in the company reads it. We like to hear what's doing back home.'

Just fun, but there is a note of reassurance in all this for parents, sweethearts, and friends of the men over there.

It's an indication of good humor and the inimitable facility of the Digger to get a laugh out of life in all circum-

It's the same spirit that caused new Army Chief Sir C. Brudenell White to say years

ago:
"I'd rather be a sergeant in
the Australian Army than a
Field-Marshal in any other

Truly said. These men of the beau geste are ideal soldiers.

—THE EDITOR.

"THE SENTINEL"

Polish-Australian

FORMERLY a captain in the Polish Army, good-looking Private Guildford Wladyslaw de Teliga, of C Company, 2nd Garrison Battalion, hopes soon to be transferred to the

I noticed the foreign accent in an Australian uniform while on a re-connaissance tour of the Anzac Buffet. Private de Teliga explained that he was the son of a Polish father

and Scottish mother, one of the "black" Macdonalds of Glencoe.

He's seen 20 years' service with the Polish and French armies, was attached to the Foreign Legion, came Australia in 1926 and sl Foreign then, among other things, conducted a fencing academy.

Says it's an interesting contrast to be in the ranks, and that the Australians are a fine lot of fellows. At his fellow soldiers called him certain degrees of foreigner, but when they found that he knew plenty of good Australian answers they thawed.

He's 46, at first rejected as too old for service abroad, but still hoping. He doesn't look it. Asked him where he found the prettiest girls in his soldiering travels.

He answered with a Latin tag: "De gustibus non est disputandum." Which means, roughly, that it's no use arguing about matters of taste!

Tea and scones

PLEASANT places these Anzac Buffets in vari-ous States.

Wandered into one at morning-tea time to find

groups of soldiers and a sprinkling of sailers wading heartily into tea and scones, one somewhat self-consciously trying out the piano, and a couple deep in magazines in

the reading-room.
One lad, on final leave, told me he came from Coen, away in the Cairns hinterland. His journey back would have taken him three weeks, last part of it on horseback. So he's staying with city friends.

Illis chance

CONSCIENTIOUS objector, applying for exemption in Eng-land, stated that he could not assist in a war in any way, and as a musician he would even refuse to play the piano for the troops since music was a psychological induce-ment to war.

But surely he could have played a little swing for Hitler.

Shoulder to shoulder

THE decision of the original ALF to invite members of the Second A.I.F. to participate in Anzac Day march is a nice gesture. It's the old Anzacs' indication to the young Anzacs of to-day that they all belong

to the one fighting family.

And why shouldn't it be so! Anzac to-day means even more than it did in 1914-1918. There's a second generation to carry the banner.

Winnie the war winner



"She says the new major's very handsome."

Red herring

MOLOTOV, Soviet Premier, is facing formidable opposition in his own home according to the Zurich Press, His wife, Madame Paulina Molotov, disagreed with her husband in the policy of attacking Finland. Last November she was removed from the of Commissar of the Fishing post of t Industry.

The Communists had painted us a most

The Community shots alluring vision of an order robbed of envy, greed and fear.

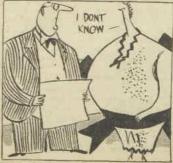
But Finland's made us contemplate their theories with derision and Marxian dreams regard as mere hot

But even those who wavered must have surely joined the scoffers.
When they leard this latest warning through the strife.
Por who would trust a leader, though an olive branch he proffers, If he cannot even hit it with his wife?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP









Bank clerk who became great soldier

Leut.-General Sir C. Brudenell White, the man of whom official war historian C. E. W. Bean wrote: "He was more than any other the moulder of the A.I.F.," will now help to mould the Second A.I.F.

He has been appointed Chief of the General Staff of the Australian Military Forces in succession to the late Lieut.-General E. K. Squires.

He began life as a bank clerk, but resigned, joined the army, and became one of our greatest soldiers.

Tall and spare, cold though courteous.

joined the army, and became one of our greatest soldiers.

Tall and spare, cold though courteous, he is a man of thoughful, careful judgment, one who never under any circumstances umbends.

Although an Australian he is often mistaken for an Englishman, Yet he is passionately Australian in sentiment.

He once said: "I would rather be a sergeant in the Australian Army than a Field-Marshal in any other."

General Sir Brudeneli White comes from ploneer stock. He was born at St. Arnaud, Vitteria, in September, 1878. His father, John Warren White, emigrated from Northern Ireland.

White, sentor, lived in Charters Towers, Gymple, and Gladstone, in Queensland, and in apite of three setbacks to bankruptcy he eventually became a rich man.

Cyril Brudenell White attended a State school in Brisbane until 15 years old, and then an elder brother paid his fees at a private school called Eton, in Brisbane, run by a former Eton master.

He left with a prise for shorthand, became a bank clerk, disliked the occupation, and studied and passed an examination to become an officer in the permanent artillery.

He served in the Boer War, and in 1904

Iery.

He served in the Boer War, and in 1904 became AD.C. to Major-General Hutton, first Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth Military Forces.

Went with Anzacs

Went with Anzacs

IN 1908 he was chosen for a course at the
British Staff College, Camberley, England, and was a fellow student of the then
Captain John Gelibrand, later Major-Genreal Sir John Gelibrand.

His services were retailed in England for
three years as a lecturer.

He was Acting-Chief of the General Staff
on the outbreak of war in 1914.

The first ALF, was formed and despatched
overseas to plans which White had formulated in conjunction with a corresponding
officer in New Zealand for just such a
contingency.

lated in conjunction with a corresponding officer in New Zealand for just such a contingency.

He left Australia with the first division as a General Staff officer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, played a prominent part in the landing at Gallipoli and soon became a Brigadier-General. He was Chief of Staff to General Bridges and afterwards to General Birdwood, both in Gallipoli and in France.

He was Chief of the General Staff from 1926 to 1923. At that time there was much striffe in the Commonwealth Public Service, and faced with these difficulties of administration the then Prime Minister, Mr. Bruce, startled Australia by taking the man from the head of the array and making him chairman of the Public Service Board.

After retirement from that position White began to take a prominent part in business life.

As a trustee of the Northcote Children's Immigration Pund he is keenly interested in the fund's training farm at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria.

Sir Brudenell and Lady White, with two of their four children, Rosemary and Patrick, the quietly at their country property, Woodniggerack, Middle Creek, Western District, Victoria.

Another daughter is Mrs. Theodore Beggs, who lives not far away, and their other son, James, who has a country property near Buangor, married a Miss Anderson, of Tasmanla, not long ago.

Tall, slender and dignified, Lady White was Miss Ethel Davidson, of Coliban Park, Victoria.

An open season for "Knitwits"



It's all very well to knit cardigans, but who's got to wear them?

The knitting season seems to be on its way again! I don't mind knitting, really, but the trouble is, once I get going well and don't have to concentrate much, I start thinking of this

WHAT can be done about mind, knitting can be very soothing, my nephew's rickets, and It's so fascinating, too. my nephew's rickets, and how to explain to the wife the telephone bill and the S.P. bookmaker and the money owing to the fruit shop for cigarettes—which means that I've got to find another fruit shop—and the caretaker who paid the taxi-driver for me.
On the other hand, if you can get yourself into the right frame of

You start off knitting a sock and you finish up wondering whether to make it a floor-rug or a bath-

It seems to aid conversation al Two women sitting down knitting can have a real good time.

"That so-called blende down the street—she had real black hair when I first met her—you know whom I mean?"

. . . By . . . L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"Not the one that wears slacks and owes the butcher so much?"
"That's the one. I've dropped a stitch. What a nulsance! Of course, heas-husband is not all he might be either. Although you can't blame him in a way."
"One, two, those form, much."

him in a way."
One, two, three, four—wouldn't that drive you mad? That's the worst of these steel needles. I atways prefer bone needles. Don't you, dear?"

always prefer bone needles. Don't you, dear?"

"I don't know. One never knows where the bones come from. One might be using needles carved from the ribs of some poor animal which died in agony."

"How dreadful!"

"Yee, isn't it?"

"Men are ungrateful hounds. Last winter I knitted a jumper for my husband. It was the middle of summer before I'd finished it. I even put pockets in it. Purple and yellow it was, with carmine turn-back custs. Would you believe me, he wouldn't wear it?"

"No!"

"True. He said that Joe Louis wouldn't be game to wear it, and did I want to make him look like a demented bull-fighter."

"That's men for you."

"They're all the same. Still, we women were born to suffer, as the saying goes."

The way out

"AND have you noticed how hard it is to get some sorts hard it is to get some sorts of wool? And the country practically crawling with sheep! I don't know what we've got a Government for."
"Just what my hubby says. You should have heard him go off when he got his last income tax assess-ment!"

ment!"
"Do you think I should put a roll-back collar on this, dear?"
"But, darling, I thought it was a sock!"

a sock!"
"Well, I started it off as a sock, but I had such a lot of wool left over—you know how it is."

I am afraid that I am being knitted something at this very moment. I'll wear it, whatever it

is.

I did put up a bit of a struggie when I was first married, but now things like that don't trouble me.

A man's got to have a great love for a woman to wear some of these knitted confections. And you've got to have course. too.

knitted confections. And you've got to have courage, too.

When some grinning oaf says, "Oh, look who's here! The village rainbow!" you've got to be able to say, "Yeah? So what? Would you like to lean your chin up against a bunch of knuckles, yob?"

Judging by the look of my new knitted jacket—sports jacket she calls it—I will have to fight my way through life until the thing wears out.

Oh, for a plague of moths and silver-fish!

A sensible thing to knit if you must knit is a woollen umbrella.

soothing, so fascinating," says "Knitting can be

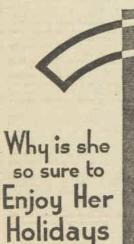
These are handy and warm on cold, wet, wintry days.

When it rains it shrinks up so that you can put it in your vest pocket by the time you get home, and you get a lot of beneficial exercise stretching is out again.

What beats me is why don't sheep

shrink in a shower? You'd think that their coats would shrink so much that they wouldn't be able to get about,

Anyhow, what a man ought to do is buy a sheep, take it home, give his wife her knitting needles, and say, "Go to it!"



SHE'S healthy, happy and delightfully at-tractive, and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays — and just be-cause she takes her nightly

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify and cool the blood, and daily eliminate all food-wasta—thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively sli

You, foo, can make sure of being at your best on your Summer Holidays if you start taking Bile Beans

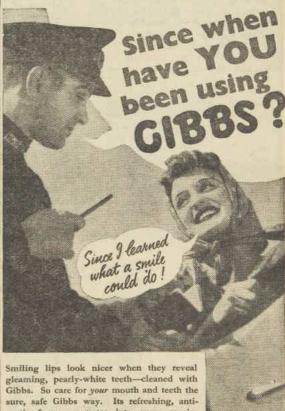


SEASIDE or COUNTRY?

Wherever you go a complete change of air and diet is apt to upset you internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, and they can be taken with perfect safety by young and old alike.

Improve Your Health, Your Looks and Your Figure



septic foam penetrates into every crevice of the mouth, neutralising acids, killing germs, leaving teeth polished, safely clean -gums toned up and refreshed.

Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth cleaning preparations.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES ... DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE TO GIBBS O-DA

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES Small Tins 1/- Large Tins 1/6 Large Refills . . 1/3

Write your name on your own tin!

BUT the statement made me b wonder all about horses and their hearts. We never We never think of their internal workings, do we?

fossicked it out from Grandad that the heart-room means a great depth of chest, because that's where his heart is, just back from his front

Grandad says the deep-chested horse has room for powerful heart and strong lungs to make him a champion, but the broad-chested horse with gaping width between

Betty's "racey" narratives

It's only great-hearted horses that win the great Turf prizes By BETTY GEE

Looking over Ajax during the Autumn Carnival, Maisie and I heard one of those hard-bitten men of the Turf say:

"He's got a heart as big as a pumpkin."
"I'll say," whispered Maisie, "but I'll bet some of those horses
we've been putting our money on haven't hearts as big as marbles."

his front legs is usually just a So must High Caste. He has plain, slow plug.

Yes, Ajax must have a big heart.

Perhaps the hearts of these champions of to-day are nearly as big as

Phar Lap's. His heart weighed 1331b.

The average is from 7lb. to 10lb. for the racehorse, according to veterinary science, but I'll bet the hearts of some of the squibs we see racing round the little tracks could be measured up only in ounces.

And talking of hearts, I wonder do horses fall in love? Grandad says they do, and tells the story of a love-match which had famous results.

An Italian Count. Cheedier E. Ginistelli, an old, white-haired, proud aristocrat, with fortunes depleted, arrived in England with little more than his prized broad mare. Signorina, early this century, and set himself up on a small



Dark Elegance and Scarlet Circle are Betty's Rand-wick selections.

farm. He arranged for the services of England's greatest sire of the time to breed from his mace, but when she was being led to a cail junction, the Count walking beside her, she stopped and whinnied.

She was passing a small stud where stood an obscure stallion named Chaleurex, He whitnied back. The Count changed his plans. Signorina was mated with Chaleurex, and the result of the union was the brown filly Signorinetta, which in 1968 won the world's most-coveted race, the English Derby, and also the Oaks.

The miracle of love at first sight restored the fortunes of the old Chevalier.

May win Doncaster

PERHAPS High Caste's heart is big enough to enable him to win the Deneaster Handicap at Randwick next Saturday. The taken him in a double with Yours Truly.

The Doncaster is terribly diffi-cult. Mildura is another I believe has prospects, but you can't back

Besides Yours Truly for the Cup, I like Early Bird. She is now exced in a partnership between Walter Devon, a lucky owner, and the dashing Alan Cooper. She won a mile and a halt race at the Flemington carnival, and Alan Cooper vows that she will run the two miles of the Sydney Cup.

Yours Truly has already won the New Zealand Cup over the dis-

The Randwick carnival begins on Saturday, and Maisic says what else but a borse with the name of Win-ning Post could win the first race, the Hurdle.

But I've had a personal tip about him. And can he jump? He's won over the high Melbourne fences.

Ajax is a certainty for the Autumn Stakes, but I suppose those mean old bookies will make us lay ords

After all the good two-year-olds the men were boasting about, isn't it amazing to think that so many have fallen by the wayside?

But I'm sticking to Broadcaster for the Sires' Produce Stakes. I think he will come good in Sud-

But I'm going to have a little but I'm going to have a little win and place Tote saver on Dark Elegance, because I still think she might be showing off her elegance to those following.

Reading is a cast-iron cert, for the Leger, Mrs. Jack Cush told me be-fore we left Melbourne,

She is a great sticker for her hus-band's horses, and no tight-fist with her tips about them, either.

The Head Waiter told me to save a little for Scarlet Circle in the Vauciuse Handicap, because he's the best seven-furious horse about the place.

I hope the race is divided, because the Pot-plant Man says Pen Name is worth a bit, Miss.

If they are in different divisions I'll take a double.



TUMULTUOUS, dear Linda! Show Week - and the whole State and his wife and sons are come to the fair. Not to mention the glamorous daughters-all vying to sweep the eligibles off their



ESCORTED to the Official Luncheon by none less than the Aide. After conversing in the Presence, sat beside this young gallant, who confided that my perfume enchanted him. Professed surprise at finding that we Australian girls know all about the Yardley complexion care. As if he



I wasn't thrilled at being so much in demand. So comforting to rejuvenate "between acts" with those clever Yardley preparations and the refreshing lavender. To be without them is unthinkable.



YARDLEY LAVENDER

TARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY-And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON-NEW YORK-PARIS-TOHONTO

The Yardley regimen of beauty care has been favoured by English gentlewomen for generations. First choice of levely Australians, too. Lavender Ferfame 3:- to 21:-5 200 1/6. Face Ponder 2/6 and 3/9. Also Greams, Green Runge, Lipstick and others at leading chemists and fine stores.

KNITTING BOOK FOR CHILD



YOUR TINY DAUGHTER will look enchanting in this sweet frock, with its tiny scallops daintily finishing off neck, sleeves, and hem. Veluet ribbons threaded down the yoke end in festive-looking bows.

Dainty and appealing . . . SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

ATERIALS: 4oz Nur-sery Visylka knitting yarn, 2-ply, 2 No. 10 knitting needles, 1 /// Viyella medium-sized crochet hook, 3 yards narrow ribbon velvet, 6 mall buttons

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches; sidth all round at underarm, 23 nehes; length of sleeve seam, 2

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, w.r.n. wool round needle, ina, inches, rep. re-

Tension: 8i sts. to one inch

FRONT

Cast on 196 sts. and work in pattern as follows:—

Ist and 2nd Rows: * K 1, p 1.

Rop. from * to end.

These four rows form the pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 14½ ins. from lower edge, ending with 4th row. In next row decrease for waist thus:—

(K 2 tog, p 3 tog, b 15 times, k 3 tog, p 3 tog, (k 2 tog, p 3 tog.) 15 times, k 3 tog, p 3 tog, (k 2 tog, p 3 tog.) 15 times, (98 sts.).

Now make ribbon holes thus:—

(K 1, p 1, wr.n., p 2 tog.) 8 times (k 1, p 1, wr.n., p 2 tog.) 8 times. (k 1, p 1, wr.n., p 2 tog.) 8 times. Continue as follows:—

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) 15 times, p 1 (wr.n., (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1 (wr.n., (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, 2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 15 times, k 1, (p 1 (p 1, k 1) 9 times) twice, p 1 (k 1, p 1) 15 times, k 1, 3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 2 times, k 1, 4t 1 (k 1, p 1) 9 times, k 1, (t 1 (k 1, p 1) 9 times) twice, k 1 (k 1, p 1) 15 times, k 1.

4th Row: (P 1, k 1) 15 times, p 1 (p 1, k 1) 15 times, p 1

Continue in this manner, knitting the made sts. on the right side of the work and puring them on wrong side, keeping remainder of

sia in pattern. (The made sta will be dropped when the neck and shoulders are reached). When work measures 25ins, from walst de-

work measures are roll waste tereasings:
Shape for Armholes; Cast off 6
sta, beginning of next 2 rows, then
k 2 tog, both ends of every row
until 75 sts. remain (counting made
sta.). Continue without further
shaping until work measures 6ins.
from waist decreasings

sta). Continue without further shaping untill work measures fins from waist decreasings.

To Shape Neck: Pattern on 22 sts. (counting made st.). Cast off 30 sts. dropping centre made st. off needle and allowing it to drop down to the waist (the made at is not included in the 30 cast off sts.). Work in pattern to end. Work in pattern on the last 22 sts. for aim, ending armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge 3 times.

Next Row: Pattern on 3 sts., drop made st. off needle and allow it to drop down to the waist, pattern on 3 sts. Cast off. Rejoin yarn at needle point and work on remaining 22 sts. to correspond.

WITH a cosy high square neckline and short puffed sleeves, this charming frock will delight your tiny daughter. It is knitted in 2-ply yam, and is pretty enough to wear to a birthday party or other important provided that the state of the Get the wool and start knitting now.

Work as given for front until work measures 14lins, from lower edge, ending with 4th row. In next row decrease for waist thus:— * K 2 tog, p 2 tog. Rep. from * to end (98 sts.).

front armhole. Is same depth as front armhole.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 sts. beginning of next 6 rows, then cast off 6 sts. beginning of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining decay.

SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. and work 6 rows in pattern (as given for skirt).

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1, k 1, into each of the next 22 sts. (p 1, k 1) 7 times (92 sts.).

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 23 times.

Continue as follows:—

ist Row: (K 1, p 1) 23 times, k 1 (k 1, p 1) 23 times, p 1 (k 1, p 1) 23 times, 2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 23 times, p 1 (k 1, p 1) 23 times.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 23 times, 3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 23 times, k 1 (p 1, k 1) 23 times, continue in pattern, knitting centre made sts. on right side of

Continue in pattern, knitting centre made sts, on right side of work and purling it on wrong side

until work measures 2ins. from lower edge.

To Shape Top: K 2 tog. at both ends of every alternate row until 61 sts. remain (counting made st). Now k 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off, dropping made st. off the needle and allowing it to drop down to the w.r.n.

to end (98 sts.).

Now make ribbon holes thus:

*K I, p I, w.r.n, p 2 tog. Rep.
from * to last 2 sts. k I, p I.

Next 2 Rows: *P I, k I. Bep.
from * to end.

Now continue in pattern until
work is same depth as front to
underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6
sts. at beginning of next 2 rows,
then k 2 tog. both ends of every
row until 29 sts remain. Cast off to
the w.r.n.

To MAKE UP

Press work carefully under a
damp cloth with a hot iron. Join
seam to seam and sew in sleeves, placing
seam to seam, arranging the fullness in a pleat on either side of the
houlder seam. Work the followiness in a pleat on either side of the
houlder seam. Work the followiness in a pleat on either side of the
houlder seam. Work the followhoulder seam.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6
seam and sew in sleeves, placing
seam to seam, arranging the fullness in a pleat on either side of the
houlder seam. Work the followhoulder seam.

To shape armholes: Cast off 6
seam and sew in sleeves, placing
seam and sew in sleeves in spleat on either side of the
houlder seam.

One single crochet into the first

ing picot edge all round the hem and sleeves:—

One single crochet into the first st. *3 chaim. I double crochet into the first of these chain, miss 1 st., I single crochet into the next at. Rep. from * all round. Now work a row of double crochet along each shoulder, making 3 small buttonholps of chair on the front shoulders. Now work the picot edge round the front neck, and across the back. Sew on buttonholes. Press all seams.

Thread ribbon through the holes formed by the dropped stitches on the front bodice and sleeves, taking care not to draw it up tightly. Sittich in position at top and botholes at the walst passing it underneath the front panel of ribbing and tying in a bow at the back. Make five small bows and sew three at the waist (one at the base of each row of holes) and one on each sleeve.



POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK REALLY

Now Pond's bring you a really indelible lipstick that stary on . . if you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny smooth yet tim testure. And Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright

Stayson!

daylight or under the glate of electric lights. For alluring lips day and night use Pood's Indel-tible Lipstick. 6 smart shades to choose from. Only 22- and 37- at all stores and chemists.

They shall wear

KNITTEDS

wherever they go . . .



• GWEN: Such a clever little cardigan for the schoolgirl "rising ten." Down the front march a row of buttons—lasten It snugly high to the neck, and also make this cardigan so easy to slip on and off at will. A Pair isle border round the lower edge and a bow at the neck add toshton surprise to this simple style. (Above).

• ROBERT: In sunshiny corn-yellow. This unusual pullover will make your small son the envy of other parents. Don't you love the exciting new cable-stitch pattern in the triangular design, and the wide mossitich bands that finally finish off the V-neck and armholes?

Start this pullover now in readiness for the first cold days. (Top right).

SHIRLEY: Cosy buttoned-up cardigan. Very lovely in delicate powder-blue. Bright initials embroidered on the high patch pocket give it a touch of distinction, and will make her feel so very chic.



PLAYTIME ...

In colorful new woollies





 CHARLES: There's lots of fun for a tenyear-older when he's wearing this smart and comfortable cardigan. It's knitted in the popular new diamond stitch, with massstitch for the neck and front bonds. For warmth it's long-sleeved—but there's still plenty of freedom for energetic young arms. Start making it now, in this attractive shade of deep green, or what color you will . . . (Above),

• JUDY: For a fashionable four-year-old on important occasions... this small girl's frock, knitted in soft shell-pink wool, with skirt liaring from the waist. Witness, too, the smart neckline, with its single button fastening. Fluffy white ducklings waddle engagingly across the front waistline. (Top left).

+

MARY: You'll be enchanted with your small daughter in this gay little lumper. There's a Continental flavor in that circular neckline, cunningly worked in white, and drawn high round the neck with a scarlet thread. The two outsize pompons will delight young things. The moss-stitch pattern looks very effective—and it's so easy to do.

INSTRUCTIONS for knitting these garments are given on other pages.

For your sub-deb. daughter . . .

A flowered dirndl

VERY Continental in design—and charmingly youthful for your schoolgirl daughter's playtime hours—is this dirndl knitted in soft, bright blue.

Like flowers in a field, gay blossoms of red, gold, and dark green are strewn over the short puffed sleeves and in rows around the hem of the wide, gathered skirt.



"Suffering cats, Judy, did you hear the door slam? Duddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll all be in the doghouse!"

Joan, keep your shirt on. Listen-I'll tell you



"... that's a prickly heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky. cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now . . .?



"Look at Daddy—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . . "Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somehody really has?" . . . "Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

Soft as satin, Johnson's Baby Powder is incomparable. For complete protection use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream.



Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soop and Cream, Tet Toothbrush, Modess, etc.,



YOUTHFUL AND FLATTERING—a flowered directle for growing daughter. It is knitted in soft blue with flowers done in red, gold, and dark green. If blue isn't your daughter's favorite color, then try some other tone and another color combination for the flowers. Perhaps daughter, berself, would like to do the knitting. Instructions are given below.

MATERIALS: 11b. 13cz. Paton's Super Crepe Yarn IVE Paton's Super Grepe Yarm (equivalent to 3-ply), 1lb, 8oz. blue (shade 2028), 2oz yellow (shade 2028), 2oz yellow (shade 2028), 2oz yellow (shade 2131), 1oz. red (shade 2139), two No. 9 and a set of four No. 12 Beehive knittling needles. measured by the Beehive gauge, 10 yards of round white elastic.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 32-36 inches; length from shoulder to hem, 46 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 7

Tension: To get these measure-ments, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch in width, on No. 9 needles.

With No. 9 needles and blue wool, cast on 289 sts, and work 3 inches straight in st.-st. With right side facing, place the cast-on edge behind left-hand needle and knit 1 st. from needle with 1 cast-on st. all along to make a hem. Work 5 rows in st.-st. Now change to flowered pattern as follows:

Fows in st.-st. Now change to flowered pattern as follows:

lst Rew: * K 6 b, 2 g, 1 b, 3 g, 5 b, repeat from * to end.

2nd Rew: * P 4 b, 1 g, 3 y, 1 g, 2 y, 1 g, 5 b, repeat from * to end.

3nd Rew: * K 5 b, 1 g, 7 y, 1 g, 3 b, repeat from * to end.

4th Rew: * K 5 b, 1 g, 7 y, 1 g, 3 y, 4 r, 3 y, 1 g, 4 b, repeat from * to end.

5th Rew: * K 3 b, 1 g, 2 y, 4 r, 3 y, 1 g, 3 b, repeat from * to end.

5th Rew: * K 3 b, 1 g, 2 y, 4 r, 3 y, 1 g, 3 b, repeat from * to end.

5th Rew: * K 3 b, 1 g, 4 y, 2 r, 3 y, 1 g, 3 b, repeat from * to end.

5th Rew: * K 5 b, 1 g, 4 y, 2 r, 3 y, 1 g, 3 b, repeat from * to end.

5th Rew: * K 6 b, 1 g, 3 y, 3 g, 4 b, repeat from * to end.

10th Rew: * F 5 b, 2 g, 3 y, 1 g, 6 b, repeat from * to end.

Change to No. 12 needles and work Change to No. 12 inventors in a state of the State of the

9 needles and stocking-st.

Work 9 inches straight from top
of waist ribbing.
Shape Armholes; Cast off 3 sts. at
beginning and k 2 tog. at end of
each of the next 8 rows.

Next Bow: Slip 1; k 2 tog. p.s.s.o.
work to last 3 sts., slip 1; k 2 tog.
p.s.s.o. Repeat this row until 126
sts. remain.

Next Row: Purl. Next Row: Cast off 3, * k 1, k 2

the knitting. Instructions are given below.

11th Row: * K 7 h, 3 s, 7 b, repeat from * to end.
12th Row: Purl in blue.
13th Row: * K 1 b, 3 s, 11 b, 2 s,
repeat from * to end.
15th Row: * K 1 b, 3 s, 11 b, 2 s,
repeat from * to end.
15th Row: * K 2 y, 1 g, 9 b, 1 g, 3 y,
1 g, repeat from * to end.
17th Row: * K 5 y, 1 g, 8 b, 1 g, 2
y, 2 r, repeat from * to end.
18th Row: * P 2 y, 1 g, 8 b, 1 g, 2
y, 2 r, repeat from * to end.
18th Row: * K 3 r, 1 y, 1 g, 7 b, 1 g, 3 y, 1 r, repeat from * to end.
28th Row: * K 2 r, 3 y, 1 g, 6 b, 1 g, 2 y, 2 r, repeat from * to end.
28th Row: * K 2 r, 3 y, 1 g, 6 b, 1 g, 2 y, 2 r, repeat from * to end.
28th Row: * K 2 y, 2 g, 7 b, 1 g, 5 y, repeat from * to end.
28th Row: * K 2 y, 3 g, 10 b, 1 g, 7 b, repeat from * to end.
25th Row: * K 2 g, 14 b, 1 g, repeat from * to end.
25th Row: * K 2 g, 14 b, 1 g, repeat from * to end.
25th Row: * K 2 g, 14 b, 1 g, repeat from * to end.
26th Row: * R 1 2th.
27th Row: As 12th.
27th Row: As 12th.
27th Row: As 12th.
28th Row: As 12th.

spare needle and make second slees the same. YOKE

Place the pleces on a set of No. II needles in following order: frustright sleeve, back and left sleeve (204 sts.), and work 4 rounds in k 1, p 1 rib, marking commencement of rounds.

5th Round: *Rib 8, slip 1, k 2 togpasso, repeat from * to last 6 sls. 17th Round: *Rib 6, slip 1, k 2 togpasso, repeat from * to last 6 sls. Rib 6 rounds, then turn and work backwards and forwards in rows leaving an opening between infisieeve and back. Work 12 rows in rib. Cast off fairly loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

rih. Cast off fairly loosely in rih.

TO MAKE IP

Press carefully with a damp cloth avoiding ribbing. Sew up alleseve, and ragina shoulder seams. Thread round elastic through back of ribbing at waist, taking up one thread of each knit-st., do this in every 3rd row. Work the same round cuff edges. Pasten neck opening with press-studs.



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un-910



Designed for your ADORED ONE

 Baby will become a matinee idol indeed in this hand-knitted jacket, for all eyes will be upon him-he'll look so sweet!

MATERIALS: 20z. of 3-ply W wool, 1 pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 knitting needles, 4 pearl buttons the size of a threepenny-piece.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 91 inches; width all round under the arms, when fastened, 17 inches; length of sieeve seam, 71 inches.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch in width and 11 rows to 1 inch in depth.

160. 17th and every Alternate Row: K 10 each end, and p the rest.

on 2, k 4. (These 2 rows form a buttonhole.)
48th Row: K 41, k 2 tog., k 64, k 2 tog., k 40, 44th Row: K 39, k 2 tog., k 62, k 2 tog., k 40, 46th Row: K 39, k 2 tog., k 62, k 2 tog., k 39, k 2 tog., k 60, k 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., k 60, k 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., k 58, k 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., k 58, k 2 tog., k 37, k 2 tog., k 58, k 2 tog., k 37, k 2 tog., k 58, k 2 tog., k 37, k 2 tog., k 58, k 2 tog., k 37, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 37, s5th Row: K 37, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 37, s5th Row: K 36, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 37, s5th Row: K 36, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 56, k 2 tog., k 36, s6th Row: K 36, k 2 tog., k 56, k

back which are now worked separately, thus:
60th Rew: K 4, cast off 2, k 27, k 2 tog, turn, alipping the remaining 94 six on to a spare needle.
61st Rew: P 25, k 4, cast on 2, k 4, 62nd Row: K 33, k 2 tog.
63rd Rew: P 24, k 10,
Now continue in st.-st., still keeping the g.-st. border at front edge for 18 more rows.
82nd Row: K 4, cast off 2, k 27, 83rd Row: P 24, k 4 cast off 2, k 27, 83rd Row: P 24, k 4 cast off 2, k 28 work 12 more rows in st.-st. as before.

Sird Row: P 24, k 4, cast on 2, k 4. Work 12 more rows in st-st, as before.

Sith Row: K.

57th Row: P 24, turn, k back.

59th Row: P 18, turn, k back.

59th Row: P 18, turn, k back.

191st Row: P 12, turn, k back.

Now work 4 more rows in st-st. on these 12 sta, then slip all sts on to a safety pin for the present.

Place the last 36 sts. on a No. 11 needle for the left front, still leaving the centre sts. on the spare needle. Ist Row: K 2 tog., k 34.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., k 33.

4th Row: K 10, p 25.

3rd Row: K 20, p 24. Now work 32 more rows in st-st., still keeping the border.

37th Row: K 24, turn, p back.

39th Row: K 24, turn, p back.

39th Row: K 12, turn, p back.

41st Row: K 12, turn, p back.

11st Row: K 24, turn, p back.

11st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

11st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

11st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

21st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

22st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

23st Row: K 25, turn, p back.

4th Rew: P. Continue in stat for 32 more rows.

27th Row: K 24, turn, p back.

38th Row: K 18, turn, p back.

4tst Bow: K 12, turn, p back.

4tst Bow: K 12, turn, p back.

Work 4 more rows in st.-st. on these and the next 12 sts. on to a safety pin. Join wood to the remaining sta, and k to end.

Next Row: P 24, turn, k back.

Next Row: P 18, turn, k back.

Next Row: P 12, turn, k back.

Nort as safety pin.

Join the 12 sts. at each armhole end of both back and front by placing the wrong sides together.



with its dainty epaulets and round pearl buttons

Using No. 13 needles pick up 22 sts. from the safety pin at the right front, then 13 sts. across the shoulder, 30 sts. from back, 13 sts. from other shoulder, and 22 sts. from left front (100). Join on a ball of wool

2 tog., k 28. Next Row: K 28, k 2 tog., k 32, k 2 tog., k 28. Next Row: K 28, k 2 tog., k 30, k 2 tog., k 28. Next Row: K 88. Next Row: K 4, cast off 2, k 10 end.

end.
Next Row: K, casting on 2 sts. to replace those cast off.

SLEEVES

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 35 ats, using No. 13 needles and work 14 rows in g.-st. Change to No. 11 needles.

eedles.
Next Row: K twice into e.
L. (72).
Next Row: P. Now continue
L-st. for 61ins., finishing after

Next Row: K 2 tog, at beginning and end (70). Next Row: P. Rep. these 2 row once more, then cast off.

EPAULETS

Hold right side of work towards you and pick up 32 sts. across shoulder—16 each side of shoulder seam, using No. 13 needles and about sin. from the armhole. It twice into each st., then work frows in g.-st. on these 64 sts.

Next Row: K 2 tog, at beginning and end. Rep. this row until 68 sts remain, then east off, still kell-ting first 2 sts. and last 2 sts. tog. Work a second one in the same way, but lin. away from last out. Work two more on other shoulder to correspond.

MAKING-UP

MAKING-UP

MAKING-UP

Sew in sleeves, then press work
on wrong side with a warm from
and damp cloth. Work round buttonholes with buttonhole - attich,
then sew up side and sleeve scams
and press; them. Sew buttons on
left front to correspond with buttonholes on right.

Diana — pretty

VIEUX-ROSE JUMPER.

ATERIALS: 30m. "Sun-Gio" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering col. shade No. 2337 (vieux-roae). 02. "Sun-Gio" Shrinkproof, shade to 1075 (white) 2 prs. needles. Nos. 10 and 12. 2 press-shuds. Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14 inches. Chest, 24

shoulder, 14 inches, Chest, 24 ches. Length of sieeve seam (cuff trued back), 3 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, at itch, tog, together, vr. visux-rose, white.

Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch, 9 rows 1

BACK
Using No. 12 needles and vr wool cast on 80 ata. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 21 inches (working lat row into back of sta.). Change to No. 10 needles, k 1 row,

Change to No. 10 needles, k 1 row, noreasing 3 sis.

Ist Row: P.

2nd Row: K.

Repnat last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: P.

8th Row: K 5 vr., * k 1 w, 5 vr., epeat from * to end. —

9th Row: Usins vr. wool, p.

10th Row: Usins vr. wool, k.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

13th Row: Repeat 9th row.

15th Row: K 2 vr., * k 1 w, s vr., epeat from * to last 3 sis., k 1 w, 2 vr.

vr.

Repeat last 16 rows and when work measures 9 inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end of the next 4 rows, then every lind row 4 times. When armholes measure 44 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work 37

armhole.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts, work 37 sts. (leave remaining sts.).

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast on sts., work to end. Continue in pattern, keeping the 4 cast on sts. in garter-st., and k 2 tog, at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3 inches, cast off 4 sts., at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 44 inches, shape aboutled by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, work to end of row. Continue in pattern and k 2 tog, at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3 inches, k 2 tog, at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 3 inches, k 2 tog, at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 3 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Using No. 12 needles and vr. wool, esst on 52 sts. Work in rib of k l, p l for l inch (working list row into back of sts.).

Next Row: * K l, k twice into hext at, repeat from * to last 2 its, k 2 (77 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern for linches, then k 2 log each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 22 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS

23 ats. Cast off.

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 52 sta. Work 5 rows reversed st.-st., change to vr. wool and num work, then work in st.-st. for I inch. Cast off. Sew on to sleeve and sitten back the w reversed st.-st. to form a binding.

COLLAR

COLLAR

Join shoulders. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 10 treedles and vr. wool, pick up and a shout 64 sts. around neck.
P I row, purling twice into every 6th st. (80 sts.)
Work in st.-st. for 1 inch, then k 2 tog, each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off.

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast off. 6 sts. Work in st.-st. until long enough to go round collar. Cast off. Stitch on to right side and phen turn back and stitch on to wrong side.

BOW

Using w wool and No. 10 needles, tast on 8 sts. Work in rib of k 1.
p 1, for 12 inches. Cast off. Tie h bow.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP

Proces with a warm iron and damp both. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves round armholes. Sew press-studs on a front opening.



DIANA: Jumper for the four year-old pictured in color on another page.

Cardigan in powder-blue . . .

MATERIAL'S Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (powder-blue). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12, 5

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 154 inches; chest, 26 inches; length of sleeve seam, 15

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. tich, tog together, sl. slip. Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch, 9 rows 1

Note: K into the back of all garter-sts to give a firm edge.

BACK Using No. 10 needles cast on 92

spare needle, & 10, repeat from to last st., k 1.

10th Row: P.
Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.
19th Row: K 3, * st. 3 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k 3, then k the 3 sts. from spare needle, k 10, repeat from *cnding with k 3 instead of k 10.

20th Row: P.
Repeat last 20 rows and when work measures 10 inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measures 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off. LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 50

Using No. 1 a. K 8 rows

1st Row: K. 2nd Row: K 6, p to end. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. 9th Row: Work in patiern to last

9th Row: Work in pattern to last 6 sts., k 6.
10th Row: K 6, p to end.
Continue in pattern, keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st. and when work measures 10 inches, k 2 tog. at centre-front (inside border) on the next and then every 4th row, at the same time cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue to decrease at centre-front every 4th row until decreased to 30 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work remaining sts. in garter-st. for 11 inches. Cast off.



SHIRLEY: Cardigo color on page 2.

front, working the border at the opposite end and make buttonholes as follows: First one being \$ inch from lower edge and 4 more 2 inches

From lower edge and 4 more 2 inches apart

BUTTONHOLE

1st Row; K 3, c st off 3 sts., work to end of row.
2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 3 SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 21 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing: I st. each end of overy 6th row until increased to 72 sts. When work measures 15 inches, k 2 tog. each end of overy row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

POCKET

POCKET
Using No. 10 needles cast on 18
sta Work in st-st. for 25 inches.
K 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm fron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sieeves, placing seam to seam. Join borders at back of neck. Sew but-tons on left front. Using white wool, embroider initials on pocket. Sew on pocket.

Your young son I will be proud to slip on this white cable-stitch sweater Materials Required:

BOY'S SCHOOL SWEATER

Tozs. 4-ply nursery Viyella knitting yarn, Snow. loz. each of school colors, 4-ply if required. 1 stitch holder.

holder.
Knitting Needles: 1
pair No. 8 Viyella
needles. 1 set of 4 No.
10 Viyella needles
(pointed both ends).

Measurements:
fit 23/24in. che
Length, shoulder
hem, 16iin. Slee
searn, 14in.

seam, 14in,
Tension: 8 stitches
to lin; 10 rows to lin,
in stocking attach.
Abbreviations: K.
kmit: p. puri; st.,
stitch; tog., together; al., slip
Note: Work into back of all cast
on stitches

Note: Work into back of an east on stiches

Cast on 89 sta. on 2 No. 10 needles with Snow yarm.

Work k l, p 1 rib for 21 rows, introducing the school colors after working 1st 4 rows in Snow and last 3 rows Snow.

Change to No. 9 needles and cable pattern.

1st "ow: K 1 * p 2, k 6, p 2, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: K 3, p 6 * k 5, p 6 * repeat * to * to last 3 sts., k 3.

Repeat last 2 rows whice 6 rows).

Th Row: K 1 * p 2, sl. next 3 sts. on spare needle (pointed both ends) and leave at back of work, k next 3 sts., k 3 sts. from spare needle, p 2, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

needle, p 2, k 1 * repeat * to so end.

Sth and 16th Rows: As 2nd row.

9th Row: As 1st row.

These 10 rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout.

Work 8 more patterns, when work should mensure 11sin, from cast on, when pressed.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog, at each end of next 5 rows (71 sts. on needle).

Continue on 71 sts. until armholes measure 45in, measured straight up.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts.

straight up.
Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts.
at beginning of next 6 rows.
Place remaining 29 sts. on spare
needle, pointed both ends.

needle, pointed both ends.
FRONT
Cast on 89 sts. on 2 No. 10 needles
with Snow yarn.
Work exactly as back until 8
patterns are worked.
Work 2 rows of next pattern.
3rd Row: Work pattern on 42
sts., p 2 tog.
Place remaining 45 sts. on st.
holder.

older. Work 3 rows on 43 sts. Work

Next Row: Take 2 tog. at neck

edge. Work 2 rows. Work should me-sure 111in, from cast on, endir

our e 11sin. from cast on, ending on a p row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts., work to last 2 sts., take 2 tog. Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on ext 5 rows, still taking 2 tog. at neck edge on every 4th row.

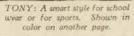
Take 2 tog. at neck edge only every 4th row until 22 sts. remain. Continue on 22 sts. until armhole measures 41in., measured straight in.

p.

Shape Shoulders: * Cast off 7 sts.,
rork to end. Work back. * Repeat
to * once. Cast off.
Slip the 45 sts. left on st. holder
n to a No. 9 needle.

o to a No. 9 needle.

Join yarn to the 1st st., then sl.



Work to match 1st half, casting off armhole and shoulder sts. at be-ginning of p rows.

SLEEVES (both alike)
Cast on 49 sts. on 2 No. 10 needles
with Snow varn. Work k I, p 1
ib for 21 rows in colors as back
and front.
Change to No. 9 needles, Snow

nd front.

Change to No. 9 needles, Snow sirn and cable pattern.

1st Row: P 2, k 1, p 2 * k 6, p 2, 1, p 2 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: K 5 * p 6, k 6 * repeat to * to end.

to "to end.

Repeat last 2 rows twice (6 rows).

Next Roys: K 1, p 1 in lat st., p 1,
1, p 2 twist 6 sts. as 7th row of attern, continue 7th row to last sts., p 1, p 1, k 1) in last st.

8th Rows: P 1, k 5 " p 6, k 5 "peat "to "to last st., p 1.

9th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1, p 2 " k 6, 2, k 1, p 2 " repeat " to "to last t.

st. k 1.

19th Row: As 8th row.

Continue in cable pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 73 sts are on needle, working the increased sts. in pattern.

Continue on 73 sts. for 5 rows.

Work should measure 14in. from cast on.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next

Take 2 tog, at beginning of next 16 rows (63 sts.).

Take 2 tog, at each end of every row until 23 sts. remain.

Cast off, taking 2 tog, at each

NECK RIBBING

NECK RIBBING
Sew up shoulder seams.
With right side of work facing,
commence on right neck edge at
centre front.
With Snow yarn, using 4 No. 10
needles pointed both ends, pick up
and k 60 sts. on neck edge to shoulder (missing the centre st. of front),
work pattern on 29 back neck sts.,
pick up and k 60 sts. on left front
to centre sts. (149 sts.).
Work backwards and forwards on
these sts.

Work buckwards these six.

Take 2 tog, work k 1, p 1 rib to last 2 six, take 2 tog.

Introduce school colors and repeat the last row 6 times.

Cast off, working in rib, and take 2 tog, at each end.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP
Press work on wrong side, omitting the ribbing.
Sew up aide and sleeve seams.
Sew sleeves into armholes.
Join neck ribbing in centre front.
Press all seams.

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ECONOMY

BEWITCHING little frock to make any four-year-old feel very swank and pretty as a picture. On the third page of the knitting book you will see the "Judy"

frock in color. Materials: 50z. Paton's super creps parn (this is the only yarn which should be used); two No. 9 Beehive knitting needles, measured by the Beehive gauge; two Boehive stitch-holders; two buttons; a duckling motif

metif.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18 inches; width all round at under-arm, 23 inches; length of sleeve from under-arm, 9 inches (with cuff turned up).

Tension: To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7% at the inch measured over the plain, smooth fabric.

Abbreviations: K knit plain; p purl, tog, together, wh fwd. wool forward, st sitch.

FRONT

Cast on 176 sts.

Is Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat
from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row three times.

5th Row: K,
6th Row: K 1, p to the last st.

2 1

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows

PARTY FROCK IN SHELL PINK

S9th Row: K 10 (k 2 tog., k 10)
three times, k 2 tog., k 16 (k 2 tog., k 10)
three times, k 2 tog., k 10.
55th Row: K 9 (k 2 tog., k 9)
three times, k 2 tog., k 14.
k 10 three times, k 2 tog., k 9.
71st Row: K 9 (k 2 tog., k 9.
71st Row: K 9 (k 2 tog., k 8.
three times, k 2 tog., k 14 (k 2 tog., k 8.
three times, k 2 tog., k 14.
k 12 tog., k 14.
k 12 tog., k 14.
k 14.
k 16 three times, k 2 tog., k 8.
Work in plain, smooth fabric until the work measures 10 inches from the commencement, ending with a p row. Proceed as follows:
1st Row: K 9 (k 2 tog., k 10) five times, k 2 tog., k 9.
2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.
3rd Row: K 1, p to the last st., 13rd Row: K 14. (k 1, p, 1) twenty-

and Row: K 1, p to the last st, k 1.

3rd Row: K 14 (k 1, p 1) twenty-three times, k 14.

4th Row: K 1, p to the last st,

1. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows three

Hepeat the 3rd and 4th rows three times.

Work 10 rows in plain, smooth fabric without shaping.

Increase once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 4th row until there are 80 sts. on needle. Work 5 rows without shaping.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next two rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 52 sts. remain.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 26, k 8, p 26, k 1, 2nd Row: K 1, p 26, k 8, p 26, k 1.

lst How: K 4, p 26, k 1,

2nd Row: K.
Rapeat the 1st and 2nd rows seven
times, then the 1st row once.
18th Row: K 19, k 2 tog, k 1, slip
the next 9 sts, on to a stitch-holder.
Continue on these 21 sts, as

19th Row: K I, p to the last at.

1.
20th Row: K to the last 3 sts., 3 tog, k 1. Repeat the 10th and th rows once. Shape for the roulder as follows:
lst Row: K 1, p to the last 6 sts.,

2nd Rew: K to the last 3 sts., k 2

tog, k 1. 2rd Rew: K 1, p to the last 12

4th Row: K to end of row. Cast

Cast on 176 stz.

Cast on 176 stz.

Cast on 176 stz.

Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the aame as the front armhole, ending with a Shape for the shoulders as fol-

lst Row: K to the last 6 sts., turn. 2nd Row: P to the last 6 sts.,

3rd Row: K to the last 12 sts.

4th Row: P to the last 12 sts. 5th Rew: K to the last 18 sts.

6th Row: P to the last 18 sts.

7th Row: K to the end of the row. 8th Row: Cast off 18 sts., p 26, cast off 18 sts.

Sew up the shoulder seams.

NECKBAND

NECKBAND

With the right side of the work facing, join in the wool and knit/ across the \$\textit{9}\$ sits of the right front; knit up 6 sts. along the side of the neck; knit across the 26 sts of the back; knit across the along other side of neck; knit across \$\textit{9}\$ sts. of left front (there should now be \$\text{5}\$ sts. on needle). Work 3 rows in plain knitting.

In the next row \$K 2, \$\text{9}\$ fwd., \$k\$ 2 tog., \$k\$ 48, \$k\$ 2 tog., \$w\$, \$fwd., \$k\$ 2. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 18 ats.

Ist Row; K to the end of the row, cast on 2 sts.

2nd Row; K 1, p to the end of the row, cast on 1 at.

3rd Row; K to the end of the row, cast on 1 at.

4th Row: K 1, p to the end of the row, cast on 1 at.

8th Row: K 1, p to the end of the row, cast on 1 at.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row five times (there should now be 54 sts, on the needle).

Work 14 rows in plain, smooth fabrile without shaping.

Decrease once at each end of the

Decrease once at each end of the Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every follow-ing 10th rew until 44 sts. remain, Worz without shaping until the sleeve measures 10 inches from the sleeve measures 10 inches from the commencement, ending with a p row. In the next row * K 5, k 2 tog, repeat from * to the last 4 sts. k 4 (there should now be 38 sts. on the needle).

In the following row k 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row seventeen times. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 2, increase once in the next st, repeat from * to the end of the row (there should now be 48 sts. on the needle).

2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st. k 1.

E 1.

3rd Row: K.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows
three times, then the 3rd row twice,
Cast off,

JUDY: A dainty knitted frock with fashionably flared skirt and cosy neckline. Adorned with duckling motifs.

Work another sleeve in the same manner, TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP
With a damp cloth and hot iron,
press carefully. Sew up the side
and sleeve seams. Sew in the
sleeves placing seam to seam. Make
a link with the buttons and thread
through the holes at the neck.
Sew the motif in position at the
right side above waist.

SLEEVELESS SWEATER

Materials: 3oz. Sun-Gio Shrink-proof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2185 (maize), 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

Nos. 10 and 12. Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15in.; chest 24in.



ROBERT: un usual cable-stitch pullover for small boys who love rough andtotal fough-and-tumble sports. See color picture of this style on page 2 of the Knitting Book.

0

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, at attich, tog together, si, slip, wrn, wool round needle.

Tension: 7 sts. I inch, 9 rows 1

Tension: 7 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 82 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 23 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. 1st Row: P 2, * k 6, p 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 6, k 2, repeat from * to end of row.

Bepeal int and Znd rows twice.

7th How: P 2, * sl, 3 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k 3, then k he 3 sts. from spare needle, p 2, repeat from * to end.

8th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

These 8 rows complete one pattern. Repeat last 8 rows.

17th Row: K 3, then repeat the 1st row to last 8 sts. k 8.

Ish Row: P 8, then repeat the 2nd row to last 8 sts. k 8.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

2rd Row: K 8, repeat the 7th row to last 8 sts., k 8.

24th Row: Reprat 18th row.

25th Row: K 16, then repeat the 1st row to last 16 sts., k 16.

36th How: P 16, then repeat the 2nd row to last 16 sts., p 16.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

31st Row: K 16, repeat 7th row to last 16 sts., k 16.

2and Row: Repeat 26th row.

Continue in this way working 8 more sts. in st-st. after every cable until all sts. are in st-st. Continue in the sts. and when work measures 9 inches shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times.

When armholes measure 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd rows times.

FERONT

Work the same as for back until

FRONT

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: Work 31 sts. tleave on spare needle), work 31 sts. Continue on last 31 sts. and k 2 tog, at neck edge every 3rd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times, Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

NPCKBAND

Week other and to correspond.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles cast on 3 sts. Work in moss-st, increasing 1 st at the end of every 2nd row until increased to 11 sts.

Continue in moss-st, for 14 inches, then k 2 tog, at anaped edge every 2nd row until decreased to 3 sts. Cast off.

ARMBANDS (2)
Using No. 12 needles cast on 11 ata. Work in mose-st for 11 mehrs. Oust off.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP
Press with a warm iron and damp
cloth. Sew up seams. Stitch armbands and neckband on to wong
side and then turn back and stitch
on to right side.





Dinner Jacket, cost to make, 14/8. Black bourde braided with white Angera and a Farmer's transfer. Make it with 4 balls Clover Boucle at 2/6; 3 balls Angora, 1/3. Free instructions, Transfer 9d.

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Washable Sports Eyeshades

Launders perfectly. Top piece. White, green, navy, canary; or white with green under-lining. 6/11 Lower Ground Floor,



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Ground Floor. Country Carriage exte



Boys' Winter Shoes

Farmer's has just received sturdy new styles to brave the winter. Built for hard wear. Perfect fitting last. Halfs, black, brown calf. 7-10½, 11/9. 11-1½, 12/9 Boys' Shoet - Fourth Floor.



Knit it yourself

-it's fun and it's fashionable

and Farmer's instructions are free!

Knit yourself one of the decorative little Jackets that

Americans and Continentals are living-in these evenings. Try your hand, too, at the interesting pullover of Angora and misty wool. Both are Farmer's exclu-

sives, both are excitingly new. From the most interesting collection of knitting designs in Sydney.

Pullover, cost to moke, 18/6. Fascinating combination of gray "Bery!" Angora and prane-coloured "Spider Mist". Make it from 4 skeim of Angora, at 3/9; 2 of "Spider" at 1/9. Knitting Wools - Ground Floor.

Clever, new idea

Wool costume Fronts

Newsmaking little fronts - because they're knitted and look like attractive little jumpers under your new suits. At left, bow-trimmed style; winter gold, sienna, green, dragee, tropic red, drogan blood. Right, pleated scyle in winter green, winter gold, sienna, etc. 5/11 Neckwar - Genund Floor.

GAY SCOTCH PLAID for little girls who love bright colours Fully pleated Tartan skirts in Royal Stuart, Buchanan, Dress



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Skin Disease and Health Service, 90 Pitt Street, Sydney.

GIRL'S CARDIGAN IN TWO

Knitted in bottle-green with tree motifs in a soft maize tone

COSY button-up cardigan for your small daughter. It's a quickto-knit design in a simple, but attractive, pattern. Make it in 3-ply Shrinkproof wool, and it will stand up to lots of hard, cold-weather wear.

HE original garment was knitted in bottlegreen and maize, but you might prefer another color scheme. Brown and maize would be effective, two shades of blue, or blue and

Here are the instructions:

Here are the instructions:

Materials: 4cz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, ahade
No. 2089 (bettle), loz. "Sun-Glo"
Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool,
shade No. 2185 (maise), 2 pairs
needles, Nos. 10 and 12, 4 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top
of shoulder, 14 inches; chest, 26
inches, length of sleeve seam, 12
inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; at,, stitch; tog., together; g, green; m,

Tension: 7 sts., 1 inch; 9 rows, 1

BACK

BACK

Using g wool and No. 12 needles, east on 92 sis. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 22 inches (working lat row into back of siz.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K 2 g. * 5 m, 7 g, repeat from * to last 7 sis., k 5 m, 2 g.
2nd Row: P 3 g. * 3 m, 3 g, repeat from * to last 6 sis., p 3 m, 3 g.

3rd Row: K 4 g. * 1 m, 11 g, repeat from * to last 5 sis., k 1 m, 4 g.
4th Row: P 4 g. * 1 m, 11 g, repeat from * to last 5 sis., p 1 m, 4 g.
5th Row: K 1 g. * 7 m, 5 g, repeat from * to last 8 sis., k 7 m, 1 g.
6th Row: P 2 g. * 5 m, 7 g, repeat from * to last 7 sis., p 5 m, 2 g.
7th Row: K 3 g. * 3 m, 9 g, repeat from * to last 7 sis., p 5 m, 2 g.
7th Row: K 3 g. * 3 m, 9 g, repeat from * to last 7 sis., k 3 m, 3 g.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows.
Using g wool, work 7 rows st-st.
commencing and ending with a p
row.

THIS preffy cardigan for the small girl was bottle - green and maize 3-ply wool on Nos. 10 and 12 needles. It is the ideal sort of garment for cooler weather when a little extra warmth is Inneeded. structions this page.

17th Row: K 8 g, * 5 m, 7 g, repeat rom * to last 13 sts, k 5 m, 8 g. 18th Row: F 9 g, * 3 m, 9 g, repeat rom * to end of row. 19th Row: K 10 g, * 1 m, 11 g, re-cat from * to last 11 sts, k 1 m,

20th Row: P 10 g, * 1 m, 11 g, re-eat from * to last 11 sts., p 1 m,

21st Row: K 7 g, * 7 m, 5 g, repeat from * to last 14 ats., k 7 m, 7 g, 22nd Row: P 8 g, * 5 m, 7 g, repeat from * to last 13 ats., p 5 m, 8 g.

commencing and ending with a p

These 32 rows complete 1 pattern, Continue in pattern, and when work measures 3 inches shape armholes by casting off 3 sto, at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K 2 tog, each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times, when armholes measure 5 inches, shape shoulders by casting off Tats, at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and g wool cast, on 51 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts. 23rd Row: K 9 g, * 3 m, 9 g, re-peat from * to end of row. Repeat 18th and 19th rows. Using g wool work 7 rows sk-st., 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p 2, (k 1, p 1) 22 times.

Repeat last 2 rows for 21ins. Change to No. 10 needles, increase

Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st.

Next Row: Work 45 sts. in pattern, (p 1, k D 3 times, p 1,
Next Row: (P 1 k D 3 times, p 1,
work 45 sts. in pattern, keeping the 5 border sts. in moss-st, and when work measures 7 inches k 2 tog, at centre front (inside border) on the mext and then every 4th row following. When work measures 8 inches, continue to decrease every 4th row at centre front, and cast off 3 sts, at arminole edge of the next row.

K 2 tog, at armhole edge of the next row, at a times.

Continue to showers a times.

times.
Continue to decrease every 4th row at centre front until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work remaining sto. in moss-st, for 14 inches. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end and making buttomholes as fol-lows: 1st one being tin, from lower edge and 3 more 2 inches apart. Int Bow: Moss-st. 3, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. 2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., moss-st. 3.

SLEEVES

SLEEVES

Using g wool and No. 12 needles cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24 inches (working int row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase I st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st, each end of every 8th row until increased to 63 sts. Work 8 rows, K 2 tog, each end of every row until decreased to 13 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in siceves, placing seam to seam. Join border at back of neck. Sew buttons on left front,

Knitting tips

ElaBoratte patterns are best worked in a plain yarn. Fancy yarns, which are of themselves decorative, lose their character when produced in elaborate stitches. The beauty of such wool is enhanced by plain stitches and by good style and fit.

If your tenaion is not the same as that given in the knitting instructions, it is better to change to different needles, as tension is a personal matter and very difficult to change.



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Goldman's Outfits In scarlet wool . . . BUTTON-UP CARDIGAN for the little schoolgirl

• You'll find this dashing scarlet cardigan—Helen—illustrated on the color pages of this knitting section, and you'll like it for the gay but practical style and for its dainty white collar and buttons.

MATERIALS: 50z, "Sun-Glo"
Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering
wool, shade No. 2138 (red), 10z.
"Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white),
2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12, 6
buttons, 1 press-stud.
Measurements: Legal, for

Measurements: Length from top f shoulder, 16 inches; chest, 26 inches; length of sleeve seam, 15

mehes.
Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make; sl., slip; r, red; w, white.
Tension: T ats. 1 inch, 9 rows 1

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and r wool cast on 88 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 21 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.), Change to No. 10

mito suck of sta.). Change to No. 10 needles.

lat Row: P 4, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 4, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 4, * 1 3, k 4, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: P 4, * k 3, then al. the lat k at, over the other 2 k sta., p 4, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: K 4, * p 2, k 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 4 rows and, when work measures 10 inches shape armiholes by casting off 4 sta. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times.

When armholes measure 5 inches

When armholes measure 5 inches shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

Using No. 12 needles cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 25 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: p 4, k 1, m 1, k 1, repeat from * 6 times (leave remaining 48 sts. on spare needle).

2nd Row: Cast on 6 sts., k 1nto back of cast on sts., * p 3, k 4, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: * p 4, k 3, then st, the 1st k st., over the other 2 k sts., repeat from * to last 6 sts. k 6.

4th Row: K 6, * p 2, k 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 6 border sts. in garter-st and when work measures 10 inches cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row.

next 4 rows, these
4 times.
When armhole measures 3 inches
cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the

When armhole measures 3 incheseast off 6 sts, at neck edge of the next row.

K 2 tog, at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 5 inches shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Join wool at centre-front, 1st Row: K 5, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 4, repeat from * to end of row.
2nd Row: * K 4, p 3, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6, 3rd Row: K 6, * k 3, then al. the last k si, over the other 2 k sts., b 4, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: * K 4, p 2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat last 4 rows, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 14 inches above basque and 5 more 14 inches apart.

BUITTONHOLES

Ist Row: K 3, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.
2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 3.
Shape armhole, neck and shoulder to correspond with left-front.
SLEEVES
Line No. 15 receipes and r. wool.

Using No. 12 needes and r wool cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 24 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needes and work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 72 sts. When work measures is inches k 2 tog, each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With rong side of work towards you,

using No. 12 needles and w wool, pick up and k 65 sts, around neck. P 1 row, purling twice into every 3rd st, 68 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Ist Rew: K 3, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 4, repeat from * to last 5 sts, k 1, m 1, k 4.

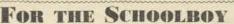
Continue in pattern, keeping 3 sts in garter-st, each end, until work measures 2 inches. K. 6 rows. Cast off.

For little miss

TO MAKE UP

Trimmed with

Press with a warm fron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Sew buttons on left front. Sew press-stud at neck edge.



jumper with a grand, gay air, white collar and butto

PRACTICAL, long-sleeved cardigan knitted in the popular diamond-stitch. Under the name of Charles, it's illustrated on Page 3 of this knitting section.

The original was knitted in bottle-green, but try a neutral shade if you want a practical, hard-wearing

Materials: Son. "Sun-Glo" Shrink-proof, 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2039 (bottle-green), 2 prs. needles Nos. 10 and 12. 5 buttons. Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches. Chest, 26/28 inches. Length of Sietre occum, 10 inches.

ches. Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st itch, tog. together, Tension: 7 ats. 1 inch, 9 rows 1

Hack
Using No. 19 needles, cast on 95
sts. Work in mose-st. for 7 rows
(working 1st row into back of sts.).
Increase 1 st.
Ist Row: K 4 * 9 1 k 7, repeat from

to last 4 sts., p 1, k 3, 2nd Row: P 2, * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 5, epeat from * to last 6 sts., k 1, p 1,

spent from * to last 0 sta, k l, p l.

1, p 3,

3rd Row: K 2, * p I (k l, p l) twice.

3, repeat from * to last 6 sta. (p l.

1) 3 times.

4th Row: (K l, p l) to end of row.

Repeat 3rd, 2nd, and 1st rows.

8th Row: P.

10th Row: * P l, k 7, repeat from

to end of row.

10th Row: K l, * p 5, k l, p l, k l,

peat from * to last 7 sts., p 5, k l,

1.

1. 11th Row: P 1, k 1, p 1, * k 3, p 1 k 1, p 1) twice, repeat from * to at 5 sts., k 3, p 1, k 1. 12th Row: (K 1, p 1) to end of

Repeat 11th, 10th, and 9th rows.
16th Row: P.
Repeat last 16 rows, and when work measures 12 inches, shape arm-holes by casting off 4 sts, at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row twice.

When armholes measure 65 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts, at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 24 sts: Work in st-st, for 35 inches ending with a k row. Leave on a spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 55 sts.
Work 7 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.)
Next Row: Mous-st, 7, work in pattern to end of row.
Next Row: Work in pattern to last

Next Row: Work in pattern to last last 7 sts., more-st. 7.
Continue in pattern, keeping the 7 border sts. in moss-st, and when work measures 4 inches, insert pockets as follows:
Next Row: Commencing at centre-front, moss-st. 7, work 12 sts., cast off 28 sts., work 12 sts., work to 12 sts., east off 28 sts., work 12 sts., work to 24 sts. of 1 pocket in pattern, work 12 sts., moss-st. 7.
Continue in pattern and when work measures 12 inches k 2 tog, at centre-front (inside border) on the next and then every 4th row, at the same time cast off 4 sts, at armhole



CHARLES: Cardigan for the ten-year-old boy knitted in a diamand pattern in bottle-green 4-ply wool.

adje of the next row, K 2 tog, at armhole edge of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row twice.

Continue to decrease at centrefront every 4th row until decreased to 35 sts.

When armhole measures 65 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Work remaining six in moss-st. for 2 inches. Oast off

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working the border at the opposite end and making button-holes as follows: Ist one being a linch from lower edge and 4 more 24 Inches apart.

21 inches apart.

BUTTONHOLES
1st Row: Moss-st, 4, cast off 3
sta, work to end of row.
2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts,
cast on 3 sts, moss-st, 4.

SLEEVES
Using No. 12 needles cast on 48
sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for
21 inches (working 1st row into back
of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles
and work in pattern, increasing 1
st, each end of every 6th row until
increased to 78 sts.
When work measures 16 inches,
k 2 tog, each end of every row
until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS (2)

until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

POCKET TOPS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, pick up sts. for pocket tops. Work 5 rows moss-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join borders at back of neck, Sew buttons on right front. Stitch down pockets and pocket tops.





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ATERIALS: Cardigan— 120z. Paton's "Totem" intitung wool (this is the only wool which should be used). shade 02888. Inca (I). Hood—40z. shade 02888. Mitts—20z. shade 02888. Mitts—20z. shade 03888. Pants—140z. shade H5850 copper (c). Two No. 10 and two No. 9 "Beehive" knitting needles, measured by the Beehive gauge. One 15-inch nipp fastemer. Length of elastic. Small quantity of wool for embroidery. Measurements: Cordinan—Length heavier.

quantity of wool for embroidery.

Measurements: Cardigan—Length
from top of shoulder 141 inches;
width all round at under-arm, 26
inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 14 inches. Hood—Length, 10
inches; width when folded, 8 inches.
Mitts—width around hand at thumb,
55 inches. Pants—Waist, 24 inches;
front seam, 11 inches; leg seam, 19
inches.

Tension: To get these measure-ments, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 5s stitches to the inch on No. 9 needles.

CARDIGAN

BACK
With No. 10 needles and (1) wool cast on 72 sts. Work 23 inches ribbing (k 2, p 2) increasing at end of last row to 73 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and proceed:

The 1st pattern row is on the wrong side of the work.

1st Row: K 10, * p 5, k 11. Repeat from * to last 15 sts., p 5,

10th Row: Knit. Repeat 9th and 3th rows 3 times, then 9th row

Don't you love this SNOW SUIT?

 Perfect for the winter holidays—and just imagine your young daughter in this elfin "Robin" suit. Photographed on another page of the knitting book you will see a gloriously colored picture of this design.

18th Row: 8.2, 1988, 8. peat from * to last 7 sts.; twist, k 2. 18th Row: As 1st row. 29th Row: As 2nd row. These 30 rows complete pattern for back. Continue even in pattern until work measures 91 inches from beginning. To Shape Armheles: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 3 sts. beginning next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of needle every alternate row 4 times (59 sts. on needle).

eedle).

Keeping 3 sts, in garter-st, each not of needle on 1st and 2nd pattern rows instead of 10 sts, and cening 11 sts, in garter-st, each not of needle on 9th and 10th pattern rows instead of 2 sts, continue wen in pattern until armhole leasures 5 inches from first shap-ne.

Te Shape Shoulders: Keeping continuity of pattern cast off 6 ats, beginning next 6 rows, Cast off.

BIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and (I) wool cast on 36 sts. Work 21 inches ribbing (k 2, p 2) hereasing at end of last row to 37 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and proceed:

1st Row: K 10, p 5, k 11, p 5, k 6 (front edge).

let Row: K 10, p 5, k 11, p 5, k 6 (front edge).

2nd Row: Knit.
Repeat let and 2nd rows twice, then let row once.

8th Row: K 8, * lwist, k 3. Repeat from * to less 7 5 ts., twist, k 2.

9th Row: K 2, p 5, k 11, p 5, k 14, 10th Row: K 12, p 5, k 11, p 5, k 14, 10th Row: Knit.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows 2 times then 9th row once.

18th Row: As 1st row.

19th Row: As 1st row.

20th Row: As 1st row.

20th Row: As 1st row.

20th Row: Complete pattern for right front. Continue even in

pattern until work measures 92 inches from beginning
To Shape Armholes: With right side of work facing and keeping continuity of pattern, at armhole edge cast off 3 sts. once, then dec. 1 st. every alternate row 4 times (30 also on peedle). Continue ever in atk, on needle). Continue even in pattern until front edge measures

To Shape Neck: Keeping continnity of patiern, at front edge cast
off 4 six once, then 2 six every alternate row 4 times. At same time
when armhole measures 5 inches
from first shaping, proceed:
To Shape Sheulder: Keeping continuity of patiern, at armhole edge
cast off 6 stx, every alternate row
3 times. LEFT FRONT

3 times LEFT FRONT
With No. 10 needles and (I) wool cast on 36 sts. Work 22 inches ribbing (k 2, p 2), increasing at end of last row to 37 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and proceed:
Ist Row: K 6, p 5, k 11, p 5, k 10 (size edge).

0 (side edge). 2nd Row: Knit. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice,

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice, them 1st row once.

8th Row: K 2. * twist, k 3. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. k 3.

2th Row: K 3. * k 11. p 5. Repeat from * once, k 2.

16th Row: Knit.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows 3 times, then 9th row once.

18th Row: As 3th row,

19th Row: As 1st row,

26th Row: As 2nd row,

These 20 rows complete pattern for left front. Continue in pattern to correspond to right front, being careful to have all shapings for opposite side.

SLEEVES with NO. 10 needles and (I) wool

cast on 32 sts. Work 2 ins. ribbing (k 2 p 2).

Next Row: K 3. * Inc. 1 st. in next st. K 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K 2 (41 sts. on needle.)

Chunge to No. 3 needles and continue in pattern as given for back inc. 1 st. each end of needle on next and every following 6th row to 53 sts. on heedle working increased sts. m garler-st.

Continue even in pattern until aleeve measures 14ins. from beginning or desired length. * Keeping continuity of pattern cast off 2 sts beginning next 2 rows then 1 st. beginning following 2 rows. * Repeat from * to * to 17 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

NECKBAND
Sew shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and No. 10 needles and (1) wool pick up and knit 56 sts around neck. Work time, ribbing (k 2, p 2). Cast off in ribbine.

with No. 10 needles and (I) wool

With No. 10 needles and (D wool cast on 76 ats.

1st Row: *K 2, p 2, Repeat from * to last 4 ats. K 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat lat row for Zins.

Next Row: *K 2, p 1, Inc. 1 at. in next st. Repeat from * to cird of row. (85 sts. on needle.) Change to No. 9 needles and proceed:

1st Row: K 5, *P 5. K 11. Repeat from * to last 10 sts. P 5, K 5.

2nd Row: K 11. Repeat list and

K 5.
2nd Row: Kmit. Repeat 1st and
2nd rows twice then 1st row once.
8th Row: K 5. * Twist. K 3.
Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K 2.
9th Row: K 2. * K 11. P 5. Repeat
from * (o last 13 sts. K 13.
16th Row: K nit. Repeat 9th and
10th rows 3 times then 9th row
once.

once,
18th Row: As 8th row,
19th Row: As 1st row,
29th Row: As 1st row,
29th row; As 2nd row, These
20 rows complete pattern for hood.
Continue even in pattern until
work measures 10ins, from beginning. Keeping continuity of pattern cast off 12 siz, beginning following
2 rows, 8 sts, beginning following
4 rows, and 4 sts, beginning following 8 rows. Cast off.

MITTS

Left Mitt

With No. 2 needles and (I) wool cast on 36 ats.

1st Row: * K 2. P 2. Repeat from * to last 4 ats. K 2. p 1, k 1.

Repeat 1st row for 3im.

Next Row: * K 7. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. (32 ats. on needle) Knit 9 rows garter-st.

Proceed - K 15. Turn. Cast on 2 ats. K 7. Turn. Cast on 3 ats.

K 10. To Make Turns.

sts. K 7. Turn. Cast on 3 sts. K 10. TO MAKE THUMB
Knit 14 rows on these 10 sts. Next Raw: * K 2 togs. Repeat from * to end of row. Break wool. Thread end through remaining sts. Draw up and fasten securely. Sew up seam.

up seam.

Join wool to needle with 10 sts.

Pick up and knit 5 sts. at base of
thumb. K 17 (32 sts. on needle).

Knit 9 rows garter-st. Proceed:

Ist Row: K 21. Print. K 6.

2nd Row: K 31. Print. C 21.

3rd Row: Knit. Repeat 2nd and
3rd rows 3 times then 2nd row once.

Ith Row: A 1st row. Knit 9 rows
garter-st. To collections and the stress of the st

Hib Row: As lat row. Knit 9 rows garter-85. TO SHAPE TOP
lat Row: *K 6. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row,
2nd and Alternate Rows: Knit.
3rd Row: *K 5. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
6th Row: *K 4. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
7th Row: *K 8. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
8th Row: *K 2. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
8th Row: *K 2. K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
1th Row: *K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
1th Row: *K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.
1to end of row.
1th Row: *K 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row. Break wooh. Finish as for thumh.
Right Mitt

Right Mitt

Right Mitt
Work exactly as given for left mitt
to 32 sts on needle. Knit 9 rows
garter-st. Proceed - K 22 Turn.
Cast on 2 sts. K 7. Turn. Cast on
3 sts. K 10. Make thumb to correspond to left mitt.
Join wood to needle with 17 sts.

sond to left mift.

Join wool to needle with 17 sts.

Pick up and knit 5 sts. at base of
thumb. K 10. (32 sts. on needle.) Knit
9 rows garter-st. Proceed.

Lat Row: K 6. Twist. K 21.

2nd Row: K 21. P5 K 6.

Jrd Row: K 21.

garter-st. left mitt.

eft mitt. PANTS

Right Leg: With No. 10 needles
and (D wool cast on 44 sts.

1st Row: * K 2 p 2. Repeat from
to last 4 sts. K 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat
st row for Sins.
Next Row.



ROBIN: cerdigun, pixie hood, mittens, and long trousers.

Next Row: K 1, p to last st, k 1,

1st Row: K 8. Turn. 2nd, 4th, 6th, and 8th Rows: P to

ast st., E l.

led Rew: K 16. Turn.

5th Rew: K 24. Turn.

7th Rew: K 32. Turn.

9th Rew: K to end of row.

10th Rew: K 1, p 7. Turn.

11th, 15th, 15th, and 17th Rows:

12th Rew: K 1, p 15. Turn. 14th Rew: K 1, p 23. Turn. 16th Rew: K 1, p 31. Turn. 18th Rew: K 1, p to inst st. k 1. 19th Rew: K.

19th Row: K.
20th Row: As 18th row.
Continue in at-st, inc. 1 st
at beginning of needle (front edge)
on next and every following 8th
row at same time inc. 1 st at end or
needle (hack edge) on next and
every following 6th row to 118 ms.
on needle.

on needle.
Continue even until leg seam measures 10ins ending with puri row.
Proceed:
1st Row: Cast off 4 sts. Knit to

end of row.
2nd Row: Cast off 4 siz. Puri to
inat at, k 1,
3rd Row: Cast off 2 siz. Knit to
end of row.
4th Row: Cast off 2 siz. Puri to
inst st, k 1, Repeat 3rd and 4th
**The start of the size of t

Tows once.

'th Row: Knit,
Sih Row: Cast off 3 sts. Purl to
last st., k 1. Repeat 7th and 8th
rows once.

Work 4 rows even in st.-st.
endling with purl row,
Dec. 1 st. at beginning of needle.
(front seams on next and every following 10th row and dec. 1 st. at
end of needle, thack seams on next
and every following 6th row to 84
sis on needle.

Continue even in st.-st. until
front seam measures 9tins, ending
with purl row. Change to No. 10
needles.

needies.

Proceed:
Ist Row: *K 2, p 2. Repeat from
* to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat for ow 3 times.
5th Row: *K 2, w.r.n. p 2 tog.
Repeat from * to last 4 sts. k 2, wl.
fwd. k 2 tog. Repeat 1st row 5
times. Cast off in ribbing.

times. Cast off in ribbing.

LEFT LEG

Work to correspond to right leg, being careful to have all shapings at opposite side, until leg seam measures 19ins, ending with knit row instead of purl row.

Continue to correspond to right leg, aubstituting purl rows for half rows and knit rows for purl row.

This puts shapings at opposite side.

This puts shapings at opposite side. To MAKE UP
Press all pleoes carefully. Embroder flowers in lazy daisy stitch as illustrated, on cardigan, hood, sod mitts. Sew all seams. Sew "apper factener in front of cardigan. Sew top seam of hood and make 2 keeps for buttons on the ribbed necknaid. Sew buttons to correspond to leops. Sew seams of mitts. Sew seams of matts. Sew seams of matts and thread elastic through cyclets at waist.



WHAT TO DO! All gifts are available at the following addresses SYDNEY 13 Hunter St.

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AUREEN is such a dear little jumper which just goes show that sel school knitteds can be chic as well as sensible. On another page of this knitting book you will find a charming natural-color photograph. photograph little jersey. otograph of this smart

Materials: 5 ozs. Paton's 4-ply ose Impering, two No. 8 and two lo. 10 "Beehive" knitting needles or "Inox," if metal preferred), seasured by the "Beehive" gauge, "Beehive" stitch-holder. Three

Actual Measurements: Length from top of choulder, 14t Inches. Width all round at undersam, 23 inches. Length of sleeve from undersam (with ouff turned up).

13 inches.

Tension: 6i stitches to the inch in width and stretabed) must be obtained to give a garment of the obtained to give a garment of the above-mentioned size. If, using the needles recommended, more than 6i stitches to the linch are obtained, needles a size obsers should be tried; If less than 6i stitches, then a size finer. Whatever the size of needles found suitable by the knitter, it is absolutely essential that the fabric should measure 6i stitches to the inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purt;

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, puri; teg., together; wl. fwd., wool forward.

THE FRONT
Using the No. 10 needles, cast on

72 stitches.

1st Rew: K 2 * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row seven times.

Using the No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:

Ist Row: Knit piain.

Ist Row: Knit piain.

Ind Row: K 1. purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat the 1st and lad rows nine times, then the ist row once.

22nd Row: K 1, p 5 (p 1, k 1) nine times, p 24 (k 1, p 1) nine times,

23rd Rew: K 6 (k 1, p 1) nine times, k 24 (p 1, k 1) nine times, k 6. Repeat the 22nd and 23rd rews

28th Row: K I, p 5, cast off 18 attiches, p 24, cast off 18 stitches, p 5, k 1. Leave these attiches on a stitch-holder until the pockets have been worked.

DESIGNED FOR SCHOOL DAYS

POCKETS
Using the No. 8 needles, cast on

18 stitches,
1st Row: Knit plain.
2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last
stitch, k 1,
Repeat these two rows eleven
times

Work another pocket in the same

Work another pocket in the same manner.
Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row, working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches. Cominue in plain, smooth fabric, until the work measures 10 inches from the commencement, ending with a puri row.
Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows. In the next row k 1, k 2 tog, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog, k 1. In the following row k 1, p 34, turn.
Work on these 36 stitches as follows:—

Work on these 35 stitches as follows:

Ist Row: K 2 (p I, k I) twice, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog, k I.

Znd Row: K I, puri to the last 6 stitches (p I, k I) three times.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) twice, knit plain to the end of the row.

8th Row: K 1, purl to the last 6 stitches (p 1, k 1) three times.

9th Row: K 2, wl. fwd. k 2 tog. (thus forming a button-hole), p 1, k 1, knit plain to end of row.

10th Row: K 2, wl. fwd. k 2 tog. (thus forming a button-hole) as 5 stitches (p 1, k 1) three times.

Repeat 7th and 8th rows twice.

15th Row: K 2, wl. fwd. k 2 tog. p 1, k 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

Beneat the 10th row once the

Repeat the 10th row once, the 7th and 8th rows twice, the 15th row once, then the 8th row once. 23rd Row: Cast off 8 stitches, & 1, k 2 teg, knit plain to the end of the row

the row. 24th Row: K 1, purl to the last

Stitch, k L.

25th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain
to the end of the row.
Repeat the 24th and 25th rows
twice, then the 24th row once.
Shape for the shoulder as fol-

1st Row: Knit plain to the last stitches, turn.

7 stitches, turn.
2md and 4th Rows: Purl to the last stitch, k 1.

WARM PULLOVER WITH LONG SLEEVES, HIGH NECK, AND PATCH POCKETS

3rd Row: Knit plain to the last 4 stitches, turn, 5th Row: Knit plain to the end

5th Row: Knit plain to the end
of the row.
Cast of 6 stitches and purl the
29 stitches which were left on to
the end of the same needle.
Proceed as follows:—
1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog, knit plain
to the end of the row.
2nd Row: K 2, p to the last st.
k 1

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice.
7th Row: K plain,
8th Row: K 2, p to the last at,

I. Repeat the 23rd and 24th rows three limes.
31st Bow: E plain to the end of

Shape for the shoulder as follows: Ist Row: K 1, p to the last 7 sts.,

urn.
2nd Row: K plain.
3rd Row: K 1, p to the last 14

s. turn. 4th Row: K plain. Cast off. BACK

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on

72 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat
from * to the end of the row. Repeat this row seven times.
Using the No. 8 needles, proceed

lst Row: K plain. 2nd Row: K l, p to the last st.,

k 1.
Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows unill the work measures the same as
the front to the under-arm, ending
with the 2nd row.
Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows.
Decrease once at each end of the

needle in the next and every alter-nate row until 58 stitches remain. Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole, ending with a

row. sape for the shoulders as fol-

1st Row: K plain to the last 7 2nd Row: P to the last 7 sts.,

3rd Row: K plain to the last 14

4th Row: P to the last 14 sts.,

5th Row: K plain to the last 20

6th Row: P to the last 20 sts., turn.
Tth Row: K plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

the row. Cast off.
SLEEVES
Using the No. 8 needles, cast on

Baing the No. a meanes, the state of the last of the casting on 2 sts. at the end of every row until there are 54 sts. on the needle.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the 9th and every following 8th row until 40 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 134 inches from the commencement, ending with a prow.

p row.

In the next row * k 4, k 2 tog., repeat from * to the last 4 sts., k 4.
Using the No. 10 needles, in the following row K 2. * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 4 inches. Cast

Work another sleeve in the same namer. COLLAR Using the No. 10 needles, cast on

87 ats.

1st Row: K 1, increase once in
the next st., *p 1, k 1, repeat from
* to the last 7 ats, increase once
in the next st. purlways, k 2.
2nd Row: K 1, p 1, * p 1, k 1,
repeat from * to the last 3 ats, p
2, k 1.

Srd Row: K 1. Increase once in the next st., * k 1. p 1, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., increase once in the next st., k 2.

4th Row: * K 1. p 1, repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row until there are 111 sts. on the needle, ending with the 4th row. Cast off.

MAUREEN: An easy-to-knil

pullover with long sleeves and high-buttoned nech.

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams, joining the seams of each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row). Sew the 6 cast-on stitiches in position on the wrong side at the front opening. Sew the pocket linings in position on the wrong side at the front opening. Sew the pocket linings in position on the wrong side as the front opening the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the collar in position, placing the ends to the edges of the front. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

IN BASKET-STITCH

TAILORED pullover for the I ten-year-old in new basket-weave-stitch. See it in color elsewhere in this knitting

book.

Materials.—12oz. Paton's "Totem" sports wool. (This is the only yarn which should be used.) Two No. 11 and two No. 9 Beehive kniiting needles, measured by the Beehive gauge. A set of 4 No. 11 Beehive kniiting needles. Width all round at under-arm, 28 inches; length from top of shoulder, 17 inches; length of sleeve from under-arm, 17 inches (cuff turned down).

Tension.—To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce of stitches to an inch, measured over the unpressed pattern.

BACK

the unpressed pattern.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. and work 22 inches in k.1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 9 heedles and pattern. 1st Row: Khit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 2, p 2; repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k 2,

4th Row: * P 3, k 2; repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k 2. Repeat 3rd and 5th rows twice more.

5th Row: As 3rd. Repeat 11th and 12th rows twice more.

Carry on straight, repeating these 16 rows of pattern until work measures 12 inches from commencement.

Here shape armholes (still keeping attern carefully):—Cast off 6 pattern carefully):—Cast off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog, at each end of next

e rows.

The straight will back measures 163 inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

FRONT
Work as for back until armhole shapings are reached.
Next How: Cast off 6, work 35 in pattern and leave on a spare needle, cast off 8, pattern to end.



LAURIE: looking basket-weave stuch is achieved by a simple purl-and-plain ribbing.

Next Row: Cast off 6, 35 in pat-tern. Continue on these 35 stitches in pattern, decreasing at armhole edge on next 4 rows only and at neck edge on every row, until 24

remain:
Now work straight in pattern until
front is same length as back, then
shape shoulders by casting off 8
stitches at beginning of next 3 alternate rows, armhole edge.
Join wool to remaining stitches
and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles, cast on 50 stitches and work 22 inches in k 1, 0 1 rib.
Change to pattern and No. 9 needles, increasing at each end of yeary 3th row until 72 stitches are on needle.

on needle.

Carry on straight until side edge
measures 17 inches.

Shape top by casting off 6 stitches
at beginning of next 2 rows, then
k. 2 log, at each end of every row
until 16 remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP

Press pleces lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew together side, shoulder and sleeve seams; insert sleeves. With front of work facing pick up and kintt 128 statevenly round neck edge, using the 4 No. 11 neckles. Work 1 inch in k 1, p 1 rib; cast off loosely in rib.



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SUIT FOR PLAYTIME

 For the two-to-three-year-old laddie, here is an ideal suit specially designed for plenty of hard playtime wear. The original was knitted in a natural shade, but you might like it in another color. Long sleeves make for cosiness and the useful pocket will delight the tiny boy.

HE knitting pattern is unusually attractive— the pretty, wavy stitch design being something new but not difficult to do. Finish off with blue edging.

Materials Required: 60z. yarn, Shade N.6 (natural), 10z. 4-ply Nursery Viyella Knitting Yarn, Shade N.15 (blue), 6 buttons, 1 buckle, 1 medium size procedure, 1 medium-size crochet hook, pair No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length, shoulder to crutch, 16 inches. Width all round at underarm, 22 inches, Sleeve seam, 10 in-ches, Leg seam, 2 inches, Tension: 7 stitches to 1 inch.

Tension: 1 seed.
10 rows to 1 inch.
10 rows to 1 inch.
K knit,

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, d.c. double crochet, ch. chain. Note: Work into back of all

cast-on stitches. Left Leg: Cast on 71 sts.

Left Leg: Cast on 71 sts.
with natural yarn,
lst Row: *7, p 1, k 6 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: *P 6, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 5 *
repeat * to * tast st., p 1.
3rd Row: *K 5, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 4 *
repeat * to * last st., k 1.
4th Row: *K 5, p 5, k 4 * repeat
* to * to last st., k 1.

Sth Row: * P 5, k 5, p 4 * repeat
* to * to last st., p 1.

8th Row: * P 5, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 4
* repeat * to * to last st., p 1.

7th Row: * K 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5
* repeat * to * last st., p 1.

8th Row: * P 7, k 1, p 6 * repeat
* to * last st., p 1.

8th Row: As 5th row.

18th Row: As 2nd row, increasing.

1 st. at each end of row (73 sts.).

These 14 rows complete a pattern and are repeated throughout.

Continue in pattern, increasing. 1 st. at each end of every 14th row.

(working the extra sts. into pattern)

until 83 sts. are on needle.

Work 2 rows on 83 sts.

* Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 71 sts. remain.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows.

Break matural yarn, join blue yarn.

Rib 1 row. Cast off in rib.**

RIGHT LEG

Cast on 71 sts. and work as for left leg until 79 sts. are on needle.

Work 5 rows in pattern.

Cast on 10 sts.

Next Row: K 2, p 3 * k 1, p 3, k 1, p 9 * repeat * to * to end.

Continue in pattern, always knitting the last 2 cast on sts. every row and increasing 1 st. at each end of every 14th row until 93 sts. are on needle.

Work 1 row.

Cast of 10 sts., pattern to end of

needle.

Work 1 row.

Cast off 10 sts., pattern to end of row. Repeat from ** to ** of left leg.



TODDLER'S PLAYSUIT knitted in natural-colored yarn. fit two-to-three-year-old boy.

Sew up each leg seam,
Sew both legs tog, leaving small placket free on front seam.
With right side of trousers facing, join yarn with centre sia of 3rd diamond from back seam, pick up and k 71 sta, across back.

Ist Row: * K 1, p 12, k 1 * repeat to * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1
* repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1

nond from back seam, pick up and 71 sts. across back.

1st Row: *K 1, p 12, k 1 * repeat to * to last st, p 1.
2nd Row: *K 2, p 1, k 9, p 1, k 1 repeat * to * to last st, k 1.
3rd Row: *P 3, k 9, p 2 * repeat * o * to last st, p 1.
Continue in pattern, increasing 1 to each end of every 10th row until 9 sts. sre on needle.

Work 1 row,

SHAPE ARMHOLES

SHAPE ARMHOLES Cast off 3 sts. at beginning

Take 2 tog, at beginning of every row until 67 sts. remain. Continue on 67 sts. until 10 dia-montis are worked from waist. SWAPE NECK

SHAPE NECK
Pattern 16 ats, coat off 35 ats,
pattern 16 ats.
Work on last 16 ats. only.
Pattern 7 rows.
Cast off.

Join parn at centre of sts. left un-worked and work to match other

FRONT

Make Pocket Lining Make Pocket Lining
Cast on 20 sts. with natural yarn.
1st Row: P 2, k 1, p 13, k 1, p 3.
2nd Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 11,
1, k 1, p 1, k 1,
2rd Row: K 1, p 3, k 1, p 9, k 1,

3rd Row: K 1, p 3, k 1, p 9, k 1, p 9, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 1, k 5, p 9, k 5.

Continue in pattern until 3 diamonds are completed. Leave on a spare needle.

With right side of front trousers facing, pick up and k 71 sts.

Work as for back until 79 sts. are on needle. Work 1 row.

Shane Armbeles.

on needle. Work I row.

Shape Armholes
Cast off 3 sts., pattern 12 sts., cast off 20 sts., work to end of row.
Cast off 3 sts., pattern to cast off sts., insert pocket lining, pattern 20 pocket ase, pattern 12 sts.
Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 67 sts. remain.
Continue in pattern on 67 sts. until 8 diamonds are worked from waist.
Shape Neck

8 diamonds are worked from waist.
Shape Neck
Pattern 16 sts., cast off 35 sts.,
pattern 16 sts.
Work on last 16 sts. only. Work
in pattern until front is the same
length as back.
Cast off. John yarn at centre to
sts. left unworked and work to match
other aide.

NECK RIBBING
Pick up and k 25 cast off sts.

Pick up and k 35 cast off sta-cross front neck with natural yarn. Work k I, p 1 rib for I row.

Next Row: Take 2 tog., rib to end. Repeat the last 2 rows until 16 sts.

remain,
Break natural yarn, join blue yarn,
Next Row: Take 2 tog., rib to end.
Cast off in rib.
With natural yarn pick up and k
21 sts, along right side of neck and
work other side to match, reversing
degreesing.

decreasings.

With natural yarn pick up and k
35 sts, across back neck and work as

for front,
With natural yarn pick up and k
7 sts. along each side of back neck
and work to match front.

and work to match front.

SLEEVES

Cant on 20 sts. with natural yarn.
Commence pattern as for pocket.
Cast on 2 sts. at beginning of every
row until 56 sts are on needle.
Continue in pattern, taking 2 tog.
at each end of every 10th row until
44 sts. remain.
Continue in pattern until 13 dismonds are worked from cast on.
Work in k 1, p 1 cib for 25 inches.
Break natural yarn, join blue
yarn. Rib 1 row.
Cast off in ib.

BELT

BELT
Cast on 10 sts. with natural yarn.
Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 21 inches.
Take 2 tog, at each end of every
row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off.

row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on wrong side with
hot iron over damp cloth.

Sew up shoulder seams for \$ inch.

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew
sleeves into armholes.

Work 1 row dc. along edge of
small placket (working 1 dc. into
each \$t. of knitting).

Work 1 row dc. along each front
shoulder, making 3 buttenholes of
4 ch.

Work 3 rows d.c. along each back

coulder. Sew mitred corners of neck tog.

Sew mitred corners of neck tog-neatly,
With blue yarn pick up and k 20
sts, across pocket top.
Cast off in k 1, p 1 rib.
Sew back of pocket down neatly.
Make 2 lengths of 9 ch. and sew
at each side seam for belt.
Sew buttons on back shoulder to
match button-loops on front
shoulder.
Sew buckle to straight end of belt.

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See the NAYWINS being demonstrated at the Easter Show, stands 141 and 142 in the conter of the Hordern Pavilian or at

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4718357

Adorable for your two-year-old

MANUEL . UNIPER

HIS jumper suit will fit a child of one to two years. It's such an unusually charming design you'll find it a joy to knit, Proceed as follows:

ceed as follows:

Materials: 35cz. 3-ply Nursery
Viyelia wool. 54d. elastic, 6 amail
buttons, 1 pr. No. 10 knitting needles,
1 pr. No. 11 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit a child 1-2
years old. Jersey: Length, 13ins;
width all round 22ins. Length of
aieeve and aboulder from neck, inclidding cuff, 15ins. Length of
aieeve seam, including cuff, 12ins.
Knickers: Length down centre
front, 11ains. Length down centre
back, 12bins. Width across widest
part, 12ins.
Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to lin.
Abbreviations: K. knit; p. puri;
st. stitch; sts., stitches; g.-st.
garter-stitch; st.-st., stockingstitch; m. make; patt., pattern;
rep., repeat; tog., together; beg.

T'S designed to be made in white or a pastel tone. If white isn't your first choice, we suggest primrose or pale blue. Finish with buttons to match and, of course, make jersey and knickers in same color for best effect.

beginning; dec., decreasing; inc., increase; in., inch; ins., inches.

JERSEY

Back: Using No. 11 needles, begin at the lower edge by custing on 80 sts. Work 25 rows in (k 1, p 1) rib, working into the backs of the sts. on the first row.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern:

Ist Row: K 1, p 3, k 2, rep. from 8 nll across, ending p 1.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 3, p 2, rep. from * all across, ending p 1.

3nd Row: As let row.

Now without dec. on these sts. for 2ins.

Next Row: Work 16 sts., cast off 30 sts., work 16 sts.. Cast off 14 sts.

lying between the st. just worked and the next one—kultwise—then k 3, pass the ploked-up loop over the 3 sts. just kuitted, p 2, rep. from all across, ending p 1.



IMAGINE your wee laddle in this attractive suit. It's designed for the one-to-two-year-old boy and should be knitted in white of a pastel shade. Instructions given on this page.

16 sts., finishing at end of 4th row of pattern. Change to g.-st. and work for tin. Cast off. Join wool to inside edge of op-posite side and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work exactly as for back till ork measures lin, past armhole

shaping.

Next Row: Work 16 sts., cast off
30 sts., work 16 sts. Work on the
last 16 sts. till armhole edge is same
depth as back, not including the
g-st, band, Cast off,
Join the wool to inside edge of
opposite side and work to correspond.

SUEEVES (both alike)

SLEEVES (both allie)
Using No. 11 needles, cast on 46
sta. Work 25 rows in (k 1, p 1) rib,
working into the backs of the sts.
on the lat row, and decreasing to
st. at end of last row of ribbing.
Change to No. 10 needles and
main patt. and work 9 rows
straight.

On next and every following 7th row inc. in the edge st. at both ends of needle till there are 65 sts on the needle. Work 4 rows

on the needle. Work 4 rows straight.

Shape the top by dec. the edge sta at both ends of needle till 35 sts, remain. Cast off.

Neek Bibbing: Pin the shoulders of the front over the g.-st. borders of the front over the g.-st. borders of the back, and sew tog, neatly on the armhole edge.

Using No. 11 needles, and holding the right side of the work towards you pick up and k through every st. and the edge of every row round the back of the neck, including the g.-st. borders. On the original there were 66 sta, in all.

Work back in (k 1, p 1) rib, Continue in the ribbing and on next row work 3 sts, tog, on both inner corners. Rep. last 2 rows till 50 sta remain on needle. Cast off.

Work the ribbing for front in same way, but instead of 66 sts. there will be 78 sts.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP

Sew the tops of the sleeves into the armholes. Press out work lightly on the wrong side with a warm fron over a slightly damp cloth.

Sew up the side and sleeve scams and press these scams. Work three buttonhole loops on the edge of each front shoulder, then sew buttons on the g-st, border of the back shoulders to meet these.

KNICKERS FRONT

FRONT
Using No. 10 needes begin at top
by casting on 70 sts. Work 8 rows
in (k 1 p 1) rib, working into the
backs of the sts. on the 1st row.
Next Raw: * Rib across 3 sts., m
1, work 2 tog., rep. from * all
across, rib 9 rows straight.
Change to st-st. and work 8
rows straight. On next and every
following 8th row, inc. next to

To alter size

To enlarge or reduce the size of a garment when working from written directions, work as follows:

For each size larger than the one given in the directions, add the required number of stitches to make an rich. Add one inch to the back section and one inch to the front section.

If the garment is knitted in patiern, the repeat of this must be taken into consideration, and the addition made accordingly.

the edge st, at both ends of needle till there are 86 sts. on needle. Work 7 rows straight. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of each of next 18 rows (32 sts.). Cast off.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work ribbing top in the same way as for front.

Pass 24 sts, off to free needle. Join wool to next st and k over 32 turn.

Join wool to next st. and k over 32 sts., turn.

Next Row: P sts, of last row and 4 sts, further along ribbing, turn.

Next Row: K sts. of last row and 4 sts, further, turn. Continue work.

Ing backwards and forwards in st.-st., taking 4 sts. more each time till all sts. have been worked. Work 5 rows straight.

On next and every following 8th row inc, next to the edge st, at both ends of needle. Work 7 rows straight. Cast off 4 sts, at beg, of each of next 10 rows, then 2 sts. at beg, of each of next 10 rows, then 2 sts. at beg, of each of next 10 rows, then 2 sts. at beg, of each of next 10 rows, then 2 sts. at beg, of each of next 3 rows (32 sts.). Cast off.

Sew the two sets of 32 sts, between the legs tog.

LEG RIBBING

tween the legs tog.

LEG RIBBING

Holding right side of work towards you, and using No. 11 needles, pick up and k through every st. all along one leg edge. On the original there were 80 ats. Work a depth of lin. in (k 1, p 1) rib. Cast off, Complete second leg in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong and then on right side with a hot tron over a dimp cloth. Sew up the side seams and press these. Thread the clastic in and out of the holes round the waist and join.







I THOUGHT: I'm glad I discovered the secret of keeping linens looking their hest.



I THOUGHT: New trock! Is Judith joking, or does the use of a superfined starch really make that much difference!



I THOUGHT: Fancy Judith thinking my bedspread is new -I must tell her about Clifton's Rice Starch.

THERE IT IS GIRLS -



I THOUGHT: How



I THOUGHT: Well that's my good deed for teday.





IMPORTANT: Most good grocers everywhere stock Clifton's Rice Starch-if yours does not, he can secure supplies for you without delay.



the new Keslos

'high-line' brassière



'The 'High-line' brassiere has all the desirable Kestos features, plus a touch of genius that means for you a new beauty, a new uplifted and accentuated breastline. From 4/11. Other Kestos Brassieres from 3/11 Obtainable from all leading



BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal hewel action promptly and naturally — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere 24 pleasant-tasting tablets ... 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

LITTLE GIRL'S CARDIGAN ...

with Fair Isle border

HE original, illustrated in color on Page 2 of this issue, was knitted in fawn, with the Fair Isle border in a pretty shade of

Materials: 7oz. 4-ply Nursery Viyella knitting yarn, shade N.6 (beige), 1oz. 4-ply Nursery Viyella knitting yarn, shade N.15 (blue), 9

buttons.

Knitting Needles: 1 pair each Nos.

8 and 11 Viyella needles.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm. 28 inches. Length, shoulder to hem, 173 inches. Sleeve seam, 14 inches.

Tension: Seven stitches to 1 inch: 9 rows to 1 inch.

8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; st.-st., stocking-stitch; iog., together; bl., blue; b, beige.

Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

N.B.: When working the Pair Isle border, twist in the yarn loosely at the back of the work to allow full elasticity.

RIGHT FRONT
Cast on 44 sts. on No. 11 needles

Oast on 44 sis. on No. 11 necessariand bl. yarn.
Work k i, p i pib for i row,
Change to b yarn and continue in
rib for 24 rows, increasing 1 st. at
end of last row.
Change to No. 9 needles and work
in sh.-st. (1 row k, 1 row p) for 2

end of last row.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. (1 row k, 1 row p) for 2 rows.

John bl. yarn and work in following Fair Isle pattern.—

1st Rew: K 1 b, 2 bl. * 3 bl. 2 b, 2 bl. * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: * P 2 bl. 2 b, 3 bl. * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: * P 2 bl. 2 b, 3 bl. * repeat * to * to end.

4th Row: * P 1 b. 4 bl. 2 b * 3 bl. 2 bl.

2 b * repeat * to * to end.

4th Row: * P 1 b. 4 bl. 2 b * repeat * to * to end.

4th Row: * P 1 b. 4 bl. 2 b * repeat * to * to end.

6th Row: * P 1 b. 4 bl. 2 b * repeat * to * to end.

6th Row: * P 6 bl. 1 b * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: * P 2 bl. 1 b * 2 b. 4 bl.

1 b * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: * P 2 b, 2 bl. 3 b * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: * P 2 b, 2 bl. 3 b * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: * P 2 b, 2 bl. 3 b * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: * P 2 b, 2 bl. 3 b * repeat * to * to end.

9th Row: * P 2 bl. 2 bl. 3 bl. * repeat * to * to end.

19th Row: * P 2 bl. 2 bl. 3 bl. * repeat * to * to end.

19th Row: * P 2 bl. 2 bl. 3 bl. * repeat * to * to last 3 sta. p 2 bl. 1 b.

Reak off bl. yarn.

Continue in st.-st. untill work measures 114 inches from cast on.

ending on a k row.

Shape armbole: Cast off 6 sts.

work to end. Take 2 tog, at armbole edge on every k row until 34 sts.

semain. Continue in et.-st. on 34 sts. until armbole measures 41 inches incasured straight up, ending at front edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog, at areck edge on every trow until 20 sts. remain, ending at armbole edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog, at neck edge on every tow until 20 sts. remain, ending at armbole edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog, at neck edge on every tow until 20 sts. remain, ending at front edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog, at neck edge on every tow until 20 sts. remain, ending at front edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Take 2 tog, at neck edge on every tow tower tower tower to end. Take 2 tog, at neck edge on ever

written rows of the right front backwards.

BACK

Cast on 98 sis, on No. 11 needles and bl. yarn. Work in & 1, p 1 rib for 1 row.

Change to b yarn and continue in rib for 24 rows, increasing 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. for 2 rows.

Join bl. yarn and work Pair Isle pattern thus:

1st Row: * K 3 bl., 2 b. 2 bl. *
repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

2nd Row: P 1 b. * 2 bl., 2 b. 3 bl.

*repeat * to * to end.

3rd Row: * K 3 b., 2 bl., 2 b. *
repeat * to * to end.

3rd Row: * K 3 b., 2 bl., 2 b. *
repeat * to * to end.

Sth Row: P 1 b. * 1 b. 4 bl., 2 b

*for Row: * K 1 b. 5 bl. * repeat *

to * to last st. k 1 b.

6th Row: P 1 b. * 6 bl. 1 b

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

8th Row: P 1 b. * 6 bl., 1 b

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

8th Row: P 1 b. * 2 bl., 2 b. 2 bl.

*repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

8th Row: P 1 b. * 1 b. 4 bl., 3 b

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

8th Row: P 1 b. * 1 b. 4 bl., 3 b

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 b.

9th Row: P 1 b. * 2 bl., 2 b. 2 bl.

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 bl.

10th Row: P 1 bl. * 2 bl., 2 b. 3 bl.

repeat * to * to last st. k 1 bl.

10th Row: P 1 bl. * 2 bl., 2 b. 3 bl.

repeat * to * to last st. writtle work

Continue in at-st. until work

at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog, at each end of every k row until 77 sts. remain.

Continue on 77 sts, until armhole measures 51 inches, measured

measures 57 inches, measured straight up.
Shape neck and shoulders: Work 24 sts., cast off 29 sts., work to end.
Work in st.-at, on last 24 sts only.
Next Row: *Cast off 7 sts, work to last 2 sts., take 2 tog.
Next row: Take 2 tog., work to end. * Repeat. * to * once.
Take 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 6 sts. remain. Cast off.
Join yarn at centre to sts. left unworked and work to match other side.

Side.

Cast on 48 ats. on No. 11 needles and bl. yarn. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 row.

Change to b yarn and continue in rib for 16 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and continue in st.-st., increasing 1 st. at each end of 7th row and every following 8th row until 74 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 74 sta until work measures 14 inches from cast on. Cast off 2 sta at leginning of every row until 26 sts, remain. Cast off. RIGHT FRONT BAND

Cast on 10 sts. on No. 11 needles nd b yarn. Work in k 1, p 1 rib or 4 rows.

Next 2 rows: Make a buttonhole thus: Rib 3, cast off 4 sts., rib to

end.

Next Rew: Rib 3, cast on 4 sts.,
rib 3. Continue in rib, making 7
more buttonholes 18 rows between
each, i.e., on every 19th and 20th

aren, i.e., on every bein and agen row. After last buttonhole has been completed, work 12 rows in rib. Left FRONT BAND Cast on 10 sts. on No. 11 needles and b yarn. Work to match right front band, omitting buttonholes.



GWEN: Long sleeves and snug front buttoning make this cardi-gan a must in your daughter's winter wardrobe.

NECK BAND

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, and by arn, sing 10 sts. of right front hand deft on safely pin) on to a No. 11 heedle, then on to same needle, commencing at right front edge, pick up and k 100 sts. evenly round neck, work in rib across the 10 sts. left front band sts.

Work in rib across the 10 sts. left front band sts.

Work in k 1. p 1 rib for 5 rows, ending at right front edge.

Make buttenhole in next 2 rows this: Rib 3, cast off 4 sts., rib 3 rib 9, p 3 tog., * repeat * 10 to last 14 sts., rib 13 sts. cast off 4 sts., rib 3.

Next Row: Work in rib to last 3 sts. cast on 4 sts., rib 3.

Next Row: Work in rib. Change to bl. yarn and work 1 row in rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side with hot iron over damp cloth. Sew up side and sleve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.

Sew front hands into position. Sew buttons on left front to match buttonholes on right front.

Press all seams.

Three-color Jumper

N three gay colors, as shown on Page 3, this little jumper is guaranteed to bring a cheerful air to the nursery.

ful air to the nursery.

Materials: 40z. "Sun-Gho" Shrinkproof 3-ply fineering wool, shade No.
2137 (green. 10z. "Sun-Gio"
Shrinkproof 3-ply, shade No. 1075
(white). 10z. "Sun-Gio" Shrinkproof 3-ply shade No. 2133 (red.)
1 set of 4 No. 10 needles (pointed
both ends). 1 pr. No. 12 needles.
Measurements: Length from top of
aboulder, 14 inches. Chest, 24 inches
Length of sleeve seam 3 inches.
Abbreviations: K. Knit, p. purl, st.
stitch. tog. together, g. green, w. white,
r. red.

Tension: 7 sts, to 1 inch, 9 rows

I inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and g wool cast on 80 sta. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2sin. (working let row into back of sta.) Change to No. 16 needles, increase 1 st.

Work in moss-st., and when work measures 9 inches shape armboles by casting off 4 sta. at the heginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row twice.

Work 16 rows.

Next Row: Work 28 sts. deave on a spare needle), cant off 9 sts., work 28 sts.

Continue on last 28 sts. k 2 tog. at neck edge, and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armboles have been shaped.

Next Row: Work 28 sts. (leave on a pare needle), cast off 9 sts., work 28 sts.

repeat * to * to end.

7th Row: * K 2 b, 4 bl., 1 b *
repeat * to * to last st., k 1 b.

8th Row: P 1 b, * 1 b, 4 bl., 3 b
repeat * to * to last 2 sts., p 2 b.
9th Row: * K 2 bl., 2 b, 2 b. 1 s
repeat * to * to last st., k 1 bl.

16th Row: P 1 bl. * 2 bl., 2 b, 3 bl.
repeat * to * to last st., k 1 bl.

16th Row: P 1 bl. * 2 bl., 2 b, 3 bl.
repeat * to * to end. Break off bl.
yarn.

Continue in st-st. until work
measures 11l inches from cast on.

Shape armheles: Cast off 6 sts.

side to correspond.

St.EEVES

Using No. 12 needles and g woot,
cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1,
p 1, for 1 inch (working 1st row into
needles, p 3, * p twice into next st.,
p 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
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0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., v
0.2, repeat from * to last 3 sts., v
0.3, repeat from * to last 3 sts., v
0.4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., v
0.5, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p
0.1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., v
0.2, repeat from



MARY: Worked in moss-stitch . . with a new and unusual yoke treatment.

yoke treatment.

YOKE

Join the 10 sts for shoulder, With right side of work towards you, using wood, and 4 No. 10 needles, pick up and k 132 sts, around neek.

Ist Beund: "Mose-st, 5, k 6, repeat from to end of round.
Repeat last round twice.
4th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2, k 2 tog, k 2, repeat from to end.
Repeat last round twice.
8th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 5, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last round twice.
8th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2, k 2 tog, k 1, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last round twice.
12th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 1, k 2 tog, k 1, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last round twice.
12th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2, repeat from " to end.
13th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, k 1, repeat from " to end.
13th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, k 1, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last rounds twice.
16th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, k 1, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last round twice.
20th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, repeat from " to end.
Repeat last round twice.
20th Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, repeat from " to end.
Work 1 row mose-st, 12nd Round: "Mose-st, 5, k 2 tog, repeat from " to end.
Work 1 row mose-st, 2 tog, repeat from " to end.
Work 2 rounds mose-st, 4 w.r.n., k 2 tog, repeat from " to end.
Work 2 rounds mose-st, Cast off leosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm fron and damp cloth. Sew up scame, pleat sleeves around armiloles. Using double r wool crochet a chain, and thread it through holes at neck. Make 2 pompons with r wool and sew on ends of chain.

Dende Authors * Bronghits * Hay Feer ends of chain.



"But Munmy, I den't like it, not hungry," Nancy was a re problem child over breakfast.





"Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" we Nancy's Rice Bubbles next mornis "O-sh Munmy, I like Rice Bubble



No more breakfast time tantrums! Now Namey has a big bond of crunchy, delicious Rice Bubbles for breakfast every merning.

Thousands of methers all over Australia have discovered how to solve breakfast time problems — with Kelloge's Rice Bubbles. It's fun for the kiddles to bear "Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" when they pour the milk on. And Rice Bubbles are an energising, easily digested food.



Asthma Mucus Dissolved 1st. Day

HE'S Glad HE CHANGED TO Because-wet or fine, Nugget will shine In Black, Dark Tan Stain, Blue, Etc. BEATS EVERTHING For comment and purching FASE TEETH BEATE 1/6 FOR COMMENT AND STORMS AND

Change Partners Continued from Page 14

walked back to the car.

Dora touched Hugh's arm. She knew that an unconcerned laugh would have appealed to him more than the controlled misery in her cyes. But she just couldn't manage it.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said.
"Quite all right."

They got into the car. All the joy had gone out of the evening to come. Though there was no means of reading anything from Hugh's expression, instinct told her he was comparing her with Eve.

They changed had a quick dinner, and went on to the dance. The color of uniforms, the lift of a regimental band, the bright lilac of the Egyptian night sky were a blend that made her forget the past hours.

her forget the past hours.

Between dancing with a confusing succession of young officers, she
found time to partner Jonathan occasionally in his well-mening
efforts. Despite his clumsiness, it
came to her that with him she had
a feeling of reatfiliness. With him,
there was no need to be on guard.
She could refax and say exactly
what she liked. He was the 30rt of
man, she thought irrelevantly who
would think nothing of being asked
to empty the sink-busket.

Hugh danced with her three times.

to empty the sink-basket.

Hugh danced with her three times.

He seemed to know everybody there. It was only to be expected, she reasoned, that he would have to dance with the various girls he knew. Any idea of monopolising him here would be silly.

Somewhere towards midnight she saw Jonathan sitting on his own.

"Tired?" she asked.

"Convalescing."

"Convalescing."

Where's Eve?"

"Keeping away from me, if she's wise, I pity my partners." Dora laughed gently, "Honestly, you're not too had."

"You're a nice girl, but untruth-ful. I'm awful. What I'd like now would be a awim, then a tankard of beer and a steak and chips."
"It's no good wishing. The best we can do is a breath of cool air out-side."

He got up, and wayged a finger, "No vamping then. I'm only a boy." He took her arm, and they walked out into the gardens where the palms and bougainvilles loomed as a shadowed rich green under the bril-liant night.

Been enjoying yourself?" he said 'Rather!

"Good." He grew unusually pen-stand how a girl like Eye eyer came to care about me. Can't under-stand why a girl like you should like me either. I'm tremendously grate-ful."

ABSURDLY, tears prickled in Dora's eyes. "You really are a most extraordinary man and a terribly nice one," she said, laughing huskily.

They strolled on in silence, and them stood for a while, staring at the pale cluster of the city.

Something inoved in the shadows away to the right. They glanced round. That wide tree just failed to mask the two people behind it. The moon was on their faces. Hugh and Eve were in each other's arms.

Not daring to look at Jonathan, Dors turned hurriedly away.

Jonathan's grip tightened on her clbow. All he said was: "You'll get cold out here. Come along . . ."

Although the long windows of the hotel bodroom were wide open, the night felt stiffing. Dora lay there aleepless, making no attempt to cope with ner thoughts. They kept warming down upon her until her very being shrank from them, as if the could bear no more. Escape was the only thing she longed for, and towards dawn she drifted off.

At about nine she went down to the dining-room, which opened upon the terrace and the garden.

Jonathan was there. He, too, looked tired, but his smile was tenial and protective.

"This melon," he said, "is better than a shampoo. I recommend it." Dora sat down at his table. "No thanks, All I want is tea."

"That sounds bad. If I didn't know you, I'd think all sorts of things." He looked at her in a kind and understanding way.

She said awkwardly; "Where's Eve?"

"Having breakfast in her room, I expect. All the best people do. We're too conscientious, aren't we?"

She sipped her tes, and tried to grapple with the same old whirl of thoughts and arguments. Curiously, they no longer hurt as wounds.

But something had to be done. She had to face the truth and get it over. No use pretending that last night in particular and the past weeks in general had meant nothing.

weeks in general and meant nothing.
Covertly she glanced at Jonathan.
All she saw was a good-tempered homeliness, and her admirration for him rose to the heights. Whatever his auffering, he refused to let it distress other people; he just made affable, commonplace remarks, and then suggested they should have a sigarette in the garden.

Then welled set you have the subtle.

They walked out upon the sunlit stretch of turf. Not a word did he say about last night. It amazed her that he could be so forgiving and at last her restraint crumbled away, and she burst out: "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

He picked a leaf from a bush, and snipped it twirling to the ground. He was slow to answer, and he spoke without any trace of resentment.

She drew a quick breath, "What are you going to-----?"

are you going to—?"
"Don't you worry." He patied her hand. "I don't believe in quarrels. They can't help in a case like this. We can't alter what's happened, and we can't alter our natures. And don't let's pity each other, Dora."
"Why shouldn't we?" she asked. "They've."

Jonathan turned. "There he is—and Eve's with him."

and Eve's with him."

Dora's throat worked. She stared at High. As ever, he had that alight, aloof smile, that careless arrogance. His face was a little paler. Nobody could deny the fascination of him. What atruck her with an increditious bewilderment was her own acceptance of her loss, if ought to have meant the end of her world. But it hurt nowhere near so much as that.

"Bulle "said Eve."

"Hullo," said Eve.

Jonathan looked at her gently. "Dyou mind if I take the chair? Of course, if anybody else wants

to—9"
"What do you mean?" said Hugh,
his slim figure stiffening.

"I think you know. We all know An ounce of blunt common sens is worth a ton of delicate honor

RICHES

To love grey days, Blue skies and sunsets' blaze, God's holy ways: To joy in earth and seas, And thus find heart's deep

My mother taught me these.

To see in flowers Glad rainbow bowers Of petalled showers: In leafy alsles Fair Nature's wiles, Each Season's smiles

Where seed has lain, To see in rain The harvest's gain: To love to share The gifts I bear From God's dear care.

To seek the best With earnest rest, And thus find rest: Speak words that case As whisper trees: My mother taught me these, -Constance L. Wallen.

Eve said curtly: "More of your humor, Jonathan? Is's a bit mis-placed, lan't it?"

"No. Eve. it isn't. You and Hugh
—forgive me for saying this—aren't
the type to acknowledge your mistakes. You'd go on with a think
knowing you were wrong. A kind of
honor-of-the-regiment business. I
don't call that honor." He laughed
softly. "I call that just silly."

Hugh took a pace forward. "Look

"My dear fellow, you're human.
So am I. Likewise, I'm not blind.
If you won't announce it, then I will. You're in love with Eve, and she's in love with you."

THERE was a pregnant silence. Hugh took his cigarette out of his mouth and threw it away. For one minute Dora thought he was going to strike Jonathan.

"I'm just as guilty, or not guilty," went on Jonathan. "I hope Dora realises I'm in love with her." He smiled down in complete adoration. "Do you, dear?"

The last thing she expected to do was to laugh. Yet she heard her own laughter as from a long way off and it was trembling with relief, not lears.

"I'm awake at last, Jonathan," she said, and slid her hand into his. In another hush they all stared at each other. For once Hugh appeared embarrassed.

"That's all very well," he mut-tered. "But two wrongs don't make a right."

But four wrongs do," said Jona-an. "I challenge you to deny it."

Eve's hand rested on Hugh's arm. I don't think we want to deny it," he said, quietly.

"There you are!" Jonathan's grin split wide across his plain, attractive face. "You two and we two are of one mind."

We are do the state of the stat

A LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fletilious, and have no reference to any living person.



Mother proud of her pretty daughter!



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Keeps her skin healthy and so naturally beautiful

Keep your daughter's complexion flawlers during the adolescent agel Give her skin the protection of Rexona Medicated Soap to keep it always clear and unblemished, radiantly bealthy, naturally lovely.

Flowless Skin Beauty with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Even when you are past the adolescent age you must guard skin-loveliness carefully. For with so much germ-laden dust in the air you are in constant danger of getting skin blemishes. The surest way to keep the skin clear is with the regular use of Rexona Soap. The medicated lather tones up slackened tissues and gives your complexion the youth and vitality of radiantly healthy skin.

These revitalising medications in REXONA SOAP comost full to improve the skin. EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften

NUTRIENTS - to nourish and

ASTRINGENTS - to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

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REKONA SUAP SHAME OF YOUR SHAME OF THE SHAME

REXONA . . Best Boby Soup!
Baby's tender skin needs Rexona
Suap. Its medications guard against
chaling, rashes, all skin irritations.
Rexona Soap and Ointment, used
together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.



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If blemishes don't clear up rapidly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing treatment leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

unmarked.

Treatment Work
with Recong food
At night steed
Recong Oldment on
the affected parts.



Brother and Sister Suits

SLEEK little knitteds with a chic tailored air, specially designed for five-yearolds. They will make your adorable pair of mischiefs look ever so smartly dressed. Knit both in the same tones or in contrasting shades.

HE brother and slater knitted outfits shown on our front cover and also on this page have been designed for five-yearolds

Both jumpers are made exactly the same, except for the placket in the front, which is reversed for the boy's jumper and the sleeves of the girl's jumper are made a little fuller.

Both are knitted in a very simple two-row pattern and have little ties, which can be made either in the same wool or in a contrasting color.

Materials: (Girl's Outfit): 8ox Paton's super-fine 3-ply. A pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 kmitting needles. A No. 10 circular knitting needle for making the skirt. 20in. of clustic for skirt. Three buttons for jumper.

(Boy's Outfit): 7oz. Paton's super-fine 3-ply. Three buttons. 20in, of clastic for knickers. A pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements (Girl's Outfit): Jumper: Length, 14in. Width all round at underarms, 24in. stretching to 35in. Siecve seam, 4in. Skirt; Langth 13in. to 25in, Sk Length, 13in.

(Boy's Outfit): Jumper: Length, 14in. Width all round at underarms. 24in., stretching to 25in. Sleeve seam, 4in. Knickers: Length down side fold, 12lin. Width across widest part, 13in.

Tension: 8 stitches in width and 9 ows in depth to one inch.

Abbreviations: Alt., alternate or alternately; beg., begin or beginning; cont. continue; dec., decrease or de-creasing (by knitting or purling 2 sts. together); Inc., increase or in-creasing (by knitting into the front and back of the same stitch); K. knit; P., purl; Ptn., pattern; Rem. emain or remaining; Rep., repeat; St., attich; Sta., attiches; St.-st., Stocking-attich; k. on the right side and p. on the wrong; Tog, together; WLfwd., wool forward; In., inches.

Casting-on: If you cast on with wo needles, work into the backs of he cast-on sts., but if you use the humb method this is not necessary.

THE GIRL'S OUTFIT

Begin at lower edge of front of jumper. Using No. 12 needles, east on 88 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 ribbing for 3in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row (89 sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in pin, as follows.

Ist Row: * K 4, slip 1, repeat from until 4 sts. remain, k 4.

and Row: P. These 2 rows form the ptn. Repeat them 4 times. Now inc. I st, at each end of next row and every following 8th row 5 times. (101 sts. now on needle). Condinue in pattern without further inc. until work measures 9th. from the beginning, finishing after a prow.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 ats. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row 7 times (79 sts. remain.)

7 times (79 sta remain.)
Here begin the front opening, P 44, and work in pattern over these sts., keeping 8 sts. in (k 1, p 1) the at frent edge, making 3 button-holes in the front border and always alipping the first st. at the front edge to form a neat border. The first buttonhole is made lin. The first buttonhole is made lin. from the beginning of the opening and the others are each lin. apart. To make a buttonhole. With the right side of work facing, rih 3, cast of 3, work to end of row.

Following Bow: P to last 8 sts.,

last buttonhole has been completed,

last buttonhole has been completed, shape neck as follows:
Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then k 2 sts. together at the neck edge in every row until 27 sts. remain. Work one more row without dec. finishing at armhole edge.
Shape Shousder: Cast off 9 sts. at the armhole edge 3 times.
To complete the other side, cast 9 sts. on to the empty needle for the underlap and work the sts. that were left on to the same needle.
(44 sts.) Continue in pattern on these sts. to make the other side, omitting the buttonholes.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 88 sta, and work exactly as for the front until armhole shasping is completed, Then continue over remaining 79 sts until armholes measure 4 sin measured up straight, then shape the neck and shoulders.

Next Row: Pattern 27, cast off the next 25 sts, for neck, pattern 27. Now shape the right shoulder by casting off 9 sts, at armhole edge three times; then join wool to opposite edge of neck and work one more row to left armhole edge, and shape shoulder as before.

THE SLEEVES

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 ribbing for 2sin. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows: *K 1, k twice into pect st, repeat from * to end of row. P next row, purling the last 2 sts. tog. (89 sts.) Then continue in pattern as on back of jumper for 2in. Shape top. of sleeve. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 33 sts. remain. Cast these off.

THE COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 152 sts., and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 2 rows. Cast off 26 sts. Rejoin woel at needle point and continue in k 2, p 2 rib, knitting 2 sts. tog. at both ends of needle on every 2rd row until collar measures 23in. from lower edge. Cast off 20 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows. then cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next two rows. then cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off. Pasten off. Sew the 26 cast-off sts. to each side of collar to form a border at each side.

cach side.

THE TIE

Cast on 16 sts. on No. 12 needles and work as follows:

Ist Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat this row for 30in, and cast off.

To Complete Jumper: Using a damp cloth and hot iron, press each piece carefully, avoiding the ribbing, and do not stretch the edges. Join side and shoulder seams by back-attliching iin from the edges. Gather up the top of the girl's sleeves to fit armholes and sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join the boy's sleeve seams and insert into armholes, placing seam to seam. Turn up the culfs. Sew on collar, placing the cast-off edge to neck and the front edges to the centre of the placket. Sew the underlap in position on the wrong side and sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Lightly press the.

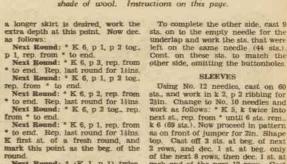
THE SKIRT

Using circular imitting needle, cast on 420 sts., and proceed as follows, working backwards and forwards to ensure that the work is not twisted before includes.

to end. 2nd Row: * K 4, p 6, rep. from

* to end.

3rd Row: * K 6, p 4, rep. from
to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice
more. Now proceed round and round,
marking the beg. of the round with
a colored thread as a guide.
Ist Round: * K 6, p 4, rep. from
to end. Rep. this round until work
measures 7ins, from the beg., or if



round.

Next Round: * (K. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 3 tog. (p. 1, k. 1) twice, p. 3 tog. Rep. from * to end.

Next Round: K. 1, p. 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. last round until the work measures 13ms, from the beg. Cast. off.

Cast off.

To complete skirt, stitch the small seam at the base of skirt. Then attach to a cotton bodice, or thread elastic through a casing made as follows: Holding the wrong side of the skirt towards you, and beg about in. from the top, make a herring-bone slotting all round, then thread elastic through holes.

THE BOY'S OUTFIT Begin on the jumper. Make the back exactly like the girl's jumper and the front the same until you reach the armholes. Then cont. as follows:

To make a buttonbole: With the wrong side of the work facing, rib 3, cast off 3, work to end of row. Following row—K to last 8 sts., rib 2, cast on 2, rib 3.

COLLAR AND TIE Work as for girl's jumper

KNICKERS

KNICKERS

Do not work into the backs of the cast-on six. "* For first leg cast on 96 six. on No. 10 needles and work 20 rows in st-st. Turn up hem by knitting the first at with the first cast-on st., and contact on st., and then the 2nd st with the 2nd cast-on st., and contact on the 2nd cast-on st., and contact on the 2nd cast-on st., and contact on seedle. Work 7 rows in st-st., begwith a puri row. Inc. I st. at each end of next row and on every following knit row until there are 110 st. on needle. Work 7 rows without shaping, then dec. I st. at each end of next row and on every following knit row until 82 sts. rem. "Work one more row after last dec. Now begin shaping back. Next Row: K until 20 sts. rem. Lurn and p back. Now leave 10 sts. more unworked at end of every k row until you have 70 left at end, then turn and p 22.

Next Row: K to end. Now work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 ribbing.

Next Row: Rtb 2, k 2 tog., wifwd. rep. from " all along row, ending rib 4 sts.

Work 4 more rows in ribbing and

seach the armholes; Inem contact has follows:
Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at the beg, of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row 7 times, leaving 79 sts. Purl the following row. Here begin the front opening. K 44, turn and work in pin. over these 44 sts. keeping 8 sts. in (k 1, p 1) ribbing at the front edge, making 3 buttonholes in the front border and always slipping the first st. at the front edge to form a neat border. The first buttonhole is made lin, from the beg, of the opening and the others each lin, apart.

Sts. Work 4 more rows in ribbing and



FOR THE young muster of the house a knitted suit on smartlu tailored lines. Knickers and jumper should be knitted in the same Instructions on this page shade of wool.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 ats., and work in k 2, p 2 ribbing for 23in. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows: K 5, k twice into next at, rep. from " until 6 ats. rem. & 6 (69 sts.). Now proceed in pattern as on front of jumper for 2in. Shape top. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, and dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 12 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

For second leg, work same as first leg from ** to ** Then beg, shaping Next Row: P until 20 sts. rem., turn and k back. Now leave 10 more

turn and k back. Now leave 10 more sts. inworked at end of every p row until you have 70 sts. left at end, turn and k 22.

Next Rews: P to end. Then finish as for the other leg.

To complete knickers, sew up back and front seams and leg seams and news. Then fold the legs in halves, so as to make a crease down back and front of each leg, then press well. Insert elastic. Make up jumper as directed for girl's jumper. east on 3, rib 3.

After the last buttonhole has been completed, shape the neck as follows: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then k 2 sts. tog, at neck edge on every row until 27 sts. rem. Work one more row without dec. finishing at armhole edge. To shape shoulder, east off 9 sts. at armhole edge three times.



FOR SISTER. A hautted outfit to match her brother's. Jumper has little pair sleepes and softly-fluted skirt to give extra feminine appeal.

What a big difference breakfasts of

can make

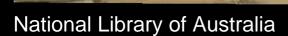
Every morning this young lady has health heaped on her breakfast plate. Crisp, crunchy Vita-Brits — these flakes of sun-nourished wheat pressed and golden toasted into thick biscuits of goodness — start her day in a wonderful way. Light and easily digested, every helping is quickly transformed into vigorous energy. Every helping builds up her body and fortifies her system against illness.

Vita-Brits make such easy, time-saving breakfasts. They're ready to serve straight from the packet in any way you please . . . with hot or cold milk . . . stewed or fresh fruit . . . butter or honey . . . cream and jam . . . golden syrup or maple syrup. Their deliciously malted flavour is an appetite-tempter, too!

And Vita-Brits build bodies as well as energy



Vitamins, Minerals, Carbohydrates, Proteins, Bran — in the whole wheat of Vita-Brits is stored the biggest supply of nourishment that ever went on a breakfast plate. Vita-Brits hold all the food-elements which make wheat the supercereal for building up healthy tissue, muscles and good rich blood. All these practious elements are kept in Vita-Brits in exactly the right proportions to quickly make a very big difference in the bodily sturdiness, energy, and general health of young and old alike.



TAILORED DRESS . . . for little Miss Schoolgirl

SUCH flattering tailored lines in this "Jocelyn" dress for your schoolgirl daughter ... Wide ribbing falls smoothly in pleats in the action skirt. You'll be enchanted with the smart two-color design.

HE HE original was knitted in light and dark shades of blue, but of course you could choose any other color you fancy

Materials: 80z 3-ply Nursery Viyella knitting yarn. The original uses 70z light blue and 10z dark blue. One set of No. 10 and 2 No. 12 Viyella knitting needles. A medium-sixed crochet hook. Three dark blue buttons and a dark blue belt.

bell.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 24 inches; width all round underarm, 24 inches; length of sleeve seam (cuff turned back), 23 inches; & knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; tog., together; lns., inches; rep., repeat; inc., increase.

Tension: 7) stitches to one inch.

FRONT

Using the light blue yarn and 4 No. 10 needles cast on 420 sts. (140 sts on each of 3 needles). Work in rounds of (k 4, p 8) rlb for 2im. Ist Decreasing Round: * K 4, p 6, p 2 tog. Repeat from * all round. Work in rounds of (k 4, p 7) rlb for 2im.

Work in For 21ms, 2nd Decreasing Round: * K 4, p 5, p 2 tog. Rep. from * all round. Work in rounds of (k 4, p 6) rib

For Zins:

3rd Decreasing Round: * K 4, p 4,
p 2 tog. Rep. from * all round.

Work in rounds of (k 4, p 5) rib

Work in For Zins.

4th Decreasing Round: * K 4, p 3, p 2 tog. Rep. from * all round.

Work in rounds of (k 4, p 4) rib for Zins.

Work in two properties of the properties of the

6th Decreasing Round: *K 4, p 1, 2 tog, Rep. from * all round. Work in rounds of (k 4, p 2) rib

7th Decreasing Round: * K 4, p 2 tog. Rep. from * all round.

Work in rounds of (k 4, p 1) rib for lin.

Work in rounds of (k 4, p 1) rib for 1ln.

Next Bound: *K 14, k 2 tog. Rep. from * to the last 15 sts., k 13, k 2 tog. (168 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and work in (k 1, p 1) rib on the first 82 sts. of the round, turn and work backwards and forwards on these sts only for the front, (Silp remaining 83 sts. on to one needle and leave for the back).

Work 1 lins. In (k 1, p 1) rib on the front sts., ending with a row on the right side.

Change to No. 10 needles, and work the bodice as follows:—

P 45, cast on 8 sts, for the front facing, Now continue in st.-st. (1 row plain, 1 row purt), increasing once at the side edge in the next and every following 10th, row, but when the work measures 11ins, from the top of the waist ribbing, end with a purl row, and in the next 2 rows make a set of buttenholes thus:—

K 2, cast off 4 sts. (counting the

rows make a set of buttenholes thus:

K 2 cast off 4 sts. (counting the sts. on the right-hand needle), k 4, cast off 4 sts. Knit to the end.

Following Row: Purl to the last 6 sts., cast on 4 sts., p 4, cast on 4 sts., p 5, cast on 4 sts., p 6, cast on 4 sts., p 7, cast on 4 sts., p 8, cast on 8, cast on 9, cast

6 sts. cast on 4 sts. p 4 cast on 4 sts. p 2.
Continue increasing at the side edge until 4 increases in all have been made. Then continue without shaping until the work measures 3ins from the top of the walst ribbing, ending at the side edge.
Make another set of outforholes 2in above the set already made (measuring from the centre of the last buttonhole) at the same time shaping the armhole by casting off 5 sts., at the beginning of the next row, then k 2 tog, at the armhole edge on every knit row until 46 sts. remain.

remain.

Continue in st.-st. without further shaping, making a 3rd set of buttonholes 2in, above the 2nd set, then shape for the neck thus:
Cast off 16 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then k 2 tog.

at the neck edge on every 2nd row until 23 sts. remain.

Now k 2 tog, on every following 4th row until 21 sts. remain.

To shape shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at the armhole edge 3 times.

To complete other side:—Cast 8 sts. on to the empty needle and purl the remaining 37 sts, on to the same needle (45 sts.).

Continue in st.-at on these sts., increasing once at the side edge on the next and every following 10th row until 4 increases have been made, then continue without further shaping until the work measures 34ins. from the top of the walst ribbing, ending at the side edge.

To shape the armhole: Cast off 6 sts, at the beginning of the next row, then k 2 tog, at the armhole edge on the following knit row.

Commence the pocket thus:—Lat Rew: P 14 (k 1, p 1) 10 times, purl to the end.

2nd Row: K 2 tog, k 6 (k 1, p 1) 10 times, knit to the end.

3rd Row: K 2 tog, k 5, cast off 20 sts. in rib, knit to the end.

Leave these sts. on a spare needle until the pocket lining has been worked.

Worked
POCKET LINING
With No. 10 needles and light
blue yarn, cast on 20 ats, and work
2llins, in st.-st., ending with a knit

row, commencing again on the sta on the front, purl across the next row, purling across the pocket lining sts, to replace the 20 cast off

ing sts, to replace the 20 cast off sts.

Continue in st.-st, knitting 2 sts at the armhole edge on every knit row until 38 sts. remain, then continue without further shaping until the work is the same depth as the first side to the neck ending at the neck edge.

Shape for the neck thus:—
Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then k 2 tog, at the neck edge on the next and every following 2nd row until 23 sts. remain, then k 2 tog, on every following 4th row until 21 sts. remain. Work back to the armhole edge, then shape the shoulder as given for the first side.

BACK

BACK Join in the light blue yarn and ork on the remaining 82 sts. as

follows:

With No. 12 needles work 1in, in (k I, p I) rib ending with a row on

With No. 12 needles work 13m, in (k 1, p 1) rib ending with a row on the wrong side.

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.-st., increasing once at each end of the next and every following 10th row until there are 90 sts. on the needle.

Continue without further shaping until the work is the same depth as the front to the underarm.

To shape the armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then k 2 tog, at both ends of every knit row until 68 sts remain. Continue without further shaping until the armhole is the same depth as the front armhole.

To shape the neck and shoulders: Work across 23 sts., cast off 22 sts., work to the end. Work on the last 23 sts., casting off 7 sts at the armhole edge 3 times, whilst at the same time k 2 tog at the neck edge on each return row until all the sts. are worked off.

Work on the remaining 23 sts. in the same way.

SLEEVES

With No. 16 needles and light blue yarn cast on 59 sts. and work 1½ins. in st.-st., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 15, inc, once in each of the next 29 sts., k 15 (88 sts.),

Work 1in, in st.-st., ending with a

Work lin, in st.-st., ending with a prow.

Then shape the top thus: Continue in st.-st., casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 80 sts. remain, then commence the shoulder darts as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 15, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 14, k 2 tog., k 18.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to the

3rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to the

6th Row: Cast off 1 st., p to the

end.

7th Row: Cast off 1 st., k 11, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 12.

Now continue in this manner casting off 1 st at the beginning of every row, at the same time dec. 4 sts. across every following 6th row (following the line of deca.) until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS

CUFFS

With No. 10 needles and light blue yarn cast on 59 sts, and work 8 rows in g.-st. (every row plain).

Change to dark blue yarn and work 2 rows in g.-st., change to light blue yarn and work 2 rows in st.-st.

Change to dark blue yarn and work 2 rows in g.-st. Change to light blue yarn and continue in st.-st. until cuff measures lains. in all. Cast off.

With No. 16 needles and light blue yarn cast on 158 sts., and work as fellows:—

s lentwes.—

Ist Row: K 25, (k 2 tog.) twice,

100, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 25,

2nd Row: Knit,

Repeat the 1st and 2nd row 3

Repeat the 1st and 2nd row 3 times.

Change to dark blue wool and repthe 1st and 2nd row once, change to light blue yarn and rep. the 1st row once, then puri the next row. Change to dark blue yarn and rep. the 1st and 2nd row once (130 sts.). Change to light blue yarn and rep. the 1st and 2nd row once (130 sts.). Next Row: Cast off 20 sts. As to the 1sst 20 sts. cast off remaining 20 sts. Rejoin light blue yarn at needle point and continue in st.-st. on the remaining 90 sts. knitting 2 sis. together at both ends of every knit row until 70 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP

Press the work carefully under a damp cloth. Join the side and shoulder seams. Join the sieeve seams and sew in the aleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on the cuffs to turn back, placing the cast-off edge to the sleeve edge.

Turn back the right front facing and invisibly sew in the position on the wrong side. Sew the underlay in position and work a row of double crochet along the edge.

Neaten the buttonholes and sew on the buttons to correspond. Sew the

the buttons to correspond. Sew the pocket lining in position on the wrong side.



belt and large buttons, this tailored frock has high fashion value. It's pretty—and sensible, too—for work or play.

Sew the 20 cast-off sts. to each side of the collar to form a striped border on three sides. Sew on the collar, placing the edges im. from the front edge, on each side.

Press all seams. Make two crochet belt slots in dark blue wool and stitch

to the side seams at the waist.
Alternative Instructions for Long

Sleeves: With No. 10 needles and Steeves: With No. 10 needles and light blue yarn cast on 40 sts. and work the cuff exactly as given for the short alseves, but do not cast off. Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib, ending with a row on the right side.

"Jocelyn" Instructions continued an last page Knitting Section



and Knitting Wool makes this Dress. Instructions in Specialty Book No. 106. Price 6d. (Posted 7d.)

ress on The P&B PLAN

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A TRIO OF GAY NEW DESIGNS . . .

Looking ahead to the winter holidays







- LAURIE: "Just like father's"—This manly tailored pull-over for the ten-year-old. Let him wear it for school or sport, for it can take the rough-and-tumble wear that a small boy will give it . . . The effective basket-weave design, achieved by a simple purl-andplain ribbing, will be immensely popular. (Above).
- ROBIN: A snow-suit of elfin charm... knitted in gloam-dispelling (and patriotic) red, white, and blue. The set consists of zipped cardigan, bloused trousers, hood and mittens, and is ideal if you are holidaying up the mountains this winter. An intriguing inlaid pattern is used for the cardigan, hood, and mittens, and cute little white flowers add to their appeal. The long trousers, knitted in a plain stitch, fit snugly round the ankles with a ribbed band. (Top left).
- DIANA: There's winsome appeal in this jumper of vieux rose, which is pretty enough to wear to a party. The Peter Pan collar edged with white and prim little bow will enhance glowing young faces. Notice, too, the dainty, puffed sleeves and the scattering of snowy V's strewn over the rose ground.

INSTRUCTIONS for knitting these garments are given on other pages.

EASY-TO-KNIT STYLES ...

To bring a touch of sparkle to drab winter days...

• This season make a point of sending the kiddies off to school looking very gay and dashing, and feeling as cosy as a baby chick. And it's very simple to do—just plan a whole wardrobe of delectable knitteds in a fetching array of colors and novel new designs. Here are three new suggestions to make young people feel very swank and fashion-conscious.

INSTRUCTIONS for knitting these garments are given on other pages.





- TONY: If your young hopeful plays cricket at tennis he will want this white sweater to slip an after an energetic game. Knitted in a wide cable stitch in plain white wool ... or if you want to give him a special thrill knit his school colors into the neckband. The long sleeves and closely knitted stitch will keep him warm all winter. (Above).
- HELEN: A cheery splotsh of color comes to the playground with this dashing scarlet cardigam, offset with a touch of white at the neck. It's worked in a new semi-open stitch that's just right for those 'tween season days—not too hot for romping, but warm enough to keep out chilly breezes. And it is specially designed to fit trimly to young figures. (At top).
- MAUREEN: School studies are not so hard if she can wear this smart and sensible lersey, in a gay saxe-blue. You'll like the long peaked collar with three-button front closing making it so easy to pull on. Long sleeves fit costly at the wrists with ribbed bands, and there's plenty of room for her handkerchief and playlunch pennies in those two patch pockets. (Right).



THIS HAND-KNITTED PULLOVER-quick and simple to make will provide your young son with some extra necessary warmth in cold weather. So get basy with needles and wool now.

H BY III AIK B PULLOVER

KNIT this useful garment for your young son. It's snug for cold weather wear—an ideal "extra," therefore, for the youngster's wardrobe during the winter school term.

HOOSE a cosy 4-ply fingering wool in a good practical color that will stand up to hard use

and won't show soil marks too quickly, and your lad will get lots of wear out of his pullover. Here are knitting instructions: Materials: 50x, Paton's Rose fin-gering wool, 4-ply, (This is the only yarn which should be used). Two No. 8 and two No. 10 Beehive knit-ting needles, messured by the Bee-

No. 8 and two No. 10 Beeshive knit-ting needles, messured by the Bee-hive gauge.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18 inches, width all round at underarm, 30 inches. Tension: To get these measure-ments, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 64 stitches to the inch in width.

FRONT
Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 14 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.
Repeat this row 36 times.

38th Row: K 2, * increase once in the next stitch, k 1, p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row (there aboutle now be 92 stitches on the needle).

Using the No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:—

" lat Row: K l, " k 4, p 2, repeat from " to the last stitch, k 1.
2nd and Alternate Rows: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.
3rd Row: " K 4, p 2, repeat from " to the last stitch, k 2.
5th Row: K 1, " k 2, p 2, k 2, repeat from " to the last 2 stitches, k 2.
3th Row: K 1, " k 2, p 2, k 2, repeat from " to the last stitch, k 1.
1th Row: " K 2, p 2, k 2, repeat from " to the last stitch, k 1.
1th Row: K 1, p 1, k 4, p 1, repeat from " to the last stitch, k 1.
12th Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1 " Repeat from " to the stat stitch, k 1 " Repeat from " to the four times, then from " to the 5th row once. Proceed as follows:—

list Row: K 5, puri to the last 5 stitches, k 5.
2nd Row: K 8, * p 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, p 1, k 5.
3rd Row: K 6, puri to the last 6 stitches, k 6.
4th Row: K 7, * p 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 7 stitches, p 1, k 6.
5th Row: K 7, puri to the last 7 stitches, k 7,
6th Row: K 7, * p 1, k 4, p 1, repeat from * to the last 7 stitches, k 7,
7th Row: K 9

k 7.

7th Row: K 8, purt to the last 8 stitches, k 8.

8th Row: K 11, *p 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 9 stitches, p 1, k 8.

9th Row: K 9, puri to the last 9 stitches, k 9.

10th Row: Cast off 5 stitches, k 5, p 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 9 stitches, k 9.

10th Row: Cast off 5 stitches, k 5, p 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 10 stitches, p 1, k 9.

11th Row: K 5, k 2 log, k 5, 12th Row: K 5, k 2 log, k 3, * 2, k 4, repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, p 2, k 3, k 2 log, k 5, 13th Row: K 5, p 32, k 6, p 32, k 5.

14th Rew: K 5, k 2 tog, k 1 (p 2, k 4) four times, p 2, k 10 (p 2, k 4) four times, p 2, k 3, k 2 tog,

5. 15th Rew: K 5, p 30, k 8, p 30, k 5, 16th Rew: K 5, p 2 tog., p 1 (k, p 2) four times, k 11, p 1 (k 4, p) four times, k 3, k 2 tog., k 5, 17th Rew: K 5, p 28, k 10, p 28,

5. 18th Row: K 5, k 2 tog., k 3 (p 2, 4) four times, k 4, turn. Work on these 37 stitches as fol-

45. 4th Row: K 5, p 2 tog, p 1 (k 4, p 2) three times, k 9, 6th Row: K 5 (p 1, k 4, p 1) four times, k 5. Sth Row: K 9 (p 2, k 4) three times, p 2 tog, k 5. Continue in patiern (keeping a border of 5 stitches in plain knitting at each end of the needle), decreasing once at the neck edge inside the border) in every following 6th row until 28 stitches remain. Shane for the shoulder as following 6th row until 28 stitches remain.

Shape for the shoulder as fol-

lows:

Ist Row: K 5, purl to the last 5
stiliches, turn.

Ind and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

Ird Row: K 5, purl to the last 13
stiliches, turn.

5th Row: K 5, turn.

6th Row: K 5, purl to the last 5
stiliches, k 5, purl to the last 5
stiliches, k 5, stiliches, k 5, 8th Row: Cast off 21 stiliches, k 5,

off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge, and working across the remaining 38 stitches, k 4 (k 4 p 2) four times, k 3, k 2 tog, k 5.

Proceed as follows:

Ist and Alternate Rows: K 5, puri to the last 5 stitches, k 5,

2nd Row: K 5, k 2 tog. (p 2, k 4) three times, p 2, k 3, k 2 tog. k 5,

4th Row: K 5 (p 2, k 4) three

4th Row: K 5 (p 2, k 4) three times, p 2, k 3, k 2 tog, k 5.

6th Row: K 5 (p I, k 4, p 1) four times, k 5.
8th Row: K 5, k 2 log., k 2, p 2 (k 4, p 2) three times, k 5.
Continue in pattern (keeping a border of 5 stitches in plain knitting at each end of the needle), decreasing once at the neck edge (Inside the border) in every following 6th row until 27 stitches remain. Work 5 rows without shaping.
Shape for the shoulder as follows:

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

Ist Row: K 5, p 2 tog, work in pattern to the last 5 stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Puri to the last 5 stitches, k 5.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 13 stitches, turn.

5th Row: K 5, turn.

5th Row: K 5, turn.

5th Row: K 5, turn.

5th Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

8th Row: Cast off 21 stitches, k 5.

Work 11 inches in plain knitting on these 5 stitches. Cast off.

BACK

on these 5 stitches. Cast off.

BACK

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 74 stitches.

Work exactly as given for the front until the stitches have been cast off at the underarm.

Continue in pattern (keeping a border of 5 stitches in plain knitting at each end of the needle, decreasing once at each end of the needle (finside the border) in the next and every alternate row until 70 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole, ending with a puri row.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

lows:—
1st Row: Work in pattern to the
last 5 stitches, turn.
2nd Row: Purl to the last 5
stitches, turn.
3rd Row: Work in pattern to the
last 13 stitches, turn.
4th Row: Purl to the last 13
stitches, turn.

stitches, turn.
5th Row: Work in pattern to the
last 21 stitches, turn.
6th Row: Puri to the last 21
stitches, turn.
7th Row: Work in pattern to end
of row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and hot from press carefully. Sew up the side and shoulder seams, joining each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row). Join together the bands from the fronts and sew to the back of the neck.

Knitting Hints

WHEN measuring knit ting, especially when checking up the tension to be used for a garment, always measure it flat on the table. Don't hold it in the hand, as it will stretch in all directions. Lay it flat and pat it into position, and then make the measurement. Do not stretch it.

WHEN mending socks or stockings always use yarn that is a little finer than that of the garment. If wool of the same texture is used, the darn will be thick and clumsy, with the two thicknesses of wool. If it is impossible to match the wool except in the same thickness, divide the strands of the yarn before using it for menting. it for mending.

If for mending. *

IF knitted garments become baggy at the elbows or skirts, but don't need washing, you can restore them to shape by laying the garment on a flat surface and covering with a wet towel. After an hour or two the garment will be damp enough to model to shape. Do this by amoothing out with a firm hand until it takes the required dimensions. Straighten the lines of the fabric, and leave it until dry.

Instructions for "Jocelyn" dress-continued.

dress—continued.

(HANGE to No. 19 needles and continue in st.-st. commencing with a knit row (thus reversing the fabric for the turn-back cuffs), increasing once at each end of the 7th and every following 6th row until there are 70 sis. on the needle.

Continue in st.-st. without further shaping until the work measures 14 inches from the lower edge.

To shape the top, cast off 2 sis. at the beginning of every row until 26 sis. remain. Cast off. Turn back the cuffs.



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Section-Leader Joan Burnett, pretty twenty-two-yearold daughter of Australia's Air Chief Marshal (Sir Charles Burnett), is chief of staff of the 190 W.A.A.F.'s at Coastal Command Headquarters.

NERVE centre of Britain's coastal defences, the Coastal Command directs and records with the utmost effi-

CORSETRY

ciency day and night opera-tion of all sea and air activity.

When, at the outbreak of war, Miss

STRONG in man-power, and growing stronger in woman-power each day, Britain's defenders of the skies have come to rely on their country's wamanhood, who, when the call came, were ready to do their part, shoulder to shoulder, with their men.

Burnett was appointed leader of a small number of women auxiliaries there were few duties deemed suitable for the girls to take over.

To-day there is scarcely a section in which girls are not working shoulder to shoulder with the men with such efficiency that they have proved once again that women are as invaluable in Britain's war effort as they are in homes and offices in peacetime.

It was early morning when I arrived at this important air command, yet Miss Burnett was already at her desk in telephonic communication with the Command's numerous sections.

From instructions received she

Of the highly important and stremely secret duties taken over Of the highly important and exiremely secret duties taken over by W.A.A.F.'s in the cipherers' rooms I am not allowed to write. But Miss Burnett told me these girls—all of whom must have a close relative serving in the Air Force—have become invaluable to this branch of the signals department.

Their duties cover every moment of the twenty-four hours; they know even the most highly-secret code. Because of the important nature of their work they have their own sleeping quarters and mess.

mess.
In another signals branch section
I again found W.A.A.F.'s taking over
the work of aircraftsmen. These
were the efficient operators of teleprinters which form part of the
vital link in communications.

Capable as aircraftsmen

"HERE." Miss Burnett told me,
"the girls have been found just
as capable as the most skilled aircraftsmen. Every girl we train relieves a man for service, and
W.A.A.F.'s are showing great
efficiency."



MEMBERS of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force operate switchboards at Great Britain's Coastal Command.

craft units, it is one of the busiest switchboards in the country. "The lines are partirularly busy just now," Miss Burnett said, "so we shall only be able to stay a few moments."

Those few moments, however, were enough to impress me with the valuable assistance W.A.A.F.'s are giving the Junior Service.

giving the Junior Service.

Raiders were sighted over the Shetlands as we stood there, while telephonists phaged the calls from Coastal Command to every unit engaged in combating them.

"We are training more and more girls for this switchboard," their Section Leader said, "aircraftsmen still take the night watches, but every week sees more telephonists trained to assist them."

We walked to the motor repair

We walked to the motor repair shops where W.A.A.P.'s in boiler suits were overhauling the service cars. With the bonnet up, a girl who made headlines only a season or two ago, when she won the beauty competition at a big seasile resort, was instructing two of her assistants in the intricacles of motor mechanics.

Drivers of transport, cooks, clerks



MISS JOAN BURNETT, chief of stall of the W.A.A.F., gives orders



The hour-glass idea - In comfort!

There is really no need to be at all perturbed by the news that the "hour-glass" figure is in again. It needn't mean an atom of discomfort for you. As soon as the makers of LIBERTY foundations realised that the Fashion Dictators were serious . about this "hour-glass" idea, they set their eleverest designers and cutters to work.

And they've done a very marvellous job of work. They have succeeded in creating a new LIBERTY corset and a new LIBERTY brassiere which, between them, give the fashionable hint of wasp waist and seductive swelling curves without any constriction. (You see them in the picture.) Like all LIBERTY models, these new ones are built to give maximum support with maximum comfort.

Ask for

LIBERTY CORSET MODEL No. 666

The Cornet hooks at the sider is cut with a clever above-the-waist upward curve which accents the waist and smooths away any suggestion of a "apare-tyre" above it: is made in lace-trimmed silk batiste, with elastic side panels and lined front. Sizes: 22 to 30.

LIBERTY BRASSIERE, MODEL No. 8498

The Brassiere (shown on Bust form at right of picture) fastens at the back, with a silk elastic Inset: has a perfectly-cut figure-moulding bandeau of tex-rose (or white) satin: lace bust with corded uplift sections. A Brassiere demanded by to-day's fracks and costumes. Sizes: 30 to 38.

Obtainable At All Leading Stores.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying at the southern estate of wealthy COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter. DOT: His daughter, has accompanied Mandrake and Lethar on a search to find the alleged ghost, SO FAR: OL' JEAN: Who is supposed to haunt the place where once a pirate band hid their treasure. JEFF: Dot's aweetheart, remains at home. A storm breaks and the party is about to return when they see strange, sinister figures on the river bank and their boat mysteriously floating in the air high over the river. NOW READ ON:





































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e" Veet" leaves the skin soft and smooth, without a trace of ugly stubble like the razor leaves.

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spector Maine waited respectfully.
With a sigh, Legge shook his head.
"Carry on," he said. "Just for a
minute I felt I'd got somewhere.
Got, as it were, the clue of the thing.
It's gone now. Go ahead with what
you were saying."

Maine went on: "There were ten people to be—executed, let's say. They were executed, U. N. Owen accomplished his task. And some-how or other he spirited himself off that island into thin air."

The A.C. said: "First-class van-ishing trick. But you know, Maine, there must be an explanation."

Maine said: "You're thinking, sir, that if the man wasn't on the sland he couldn't have left the shand, and, according to the account of the interested parties, he sever was on the island. Well, hen, the only explanation possible s that he was actually one of the

The A.C. nodded,

The A.C. nonded.

Maine said earnestly: "We thought of that, sir. We went into it. Now, to begin with, we're not quite in the dark as to what happened on Nigger Island, Vera Claythorne kept a diary; so did Emily Brent. Old Wargrave made some notesdry, legal, cryptic stuff, but quite clear. And Blore made notes too.

ciear. And Blore made notics too.

"All those accounts tally. The deaths occurred in this order: Marston, Mrs. Rogers, Macarthur, Rogers, Miss Brent, Wargrave. After his death, Vera Claythorne's diary states that Armstrong left the house in the night, and that Blore and Lombard had gone after him. Blore has one more entry in his notebook, Just two words: 'Armstrong disappeared.'

"Now oft, it seasond to me at the control of the control o

peared.
"Now, air, it seemed to me, taking everything into account, that we
might find here a perfectly good
solution. Armstrong was drowned,
you remember Granting that Armstrong was mad, what was to
prevent him, having killed off all
the others, committing suicide by
throwing himself over the cliff, or
perhaps while trying to swim to the
mainland?

"That was a good solution, but it won't do. No, air, it won't do. First of all, there's the police surgeon's evidence. He got to the island early on the morning of August thirteenth. He couldn't say much to help us. All he could say was that all the people had been dead at least thirty-six hours, and probably a good deal longer.

"But he was fairly definite about."

"But he was fairly definite about Armstrong. Said he must have been from eight to ten hours in the water before his body was washed up.

before his body was washed up.
"That works out at this: That
Armstrong must have gone into the
sea sometime during the night of
the tenth-eleventh—and Til explain
why. We found the point where the
body was washed up; it had been
wedged between two rocks and there
were bits of cloth, hair, and so on,

Little Ten

on them. It must have been de-posited there at high water on the eleventh—that's to say, round about eleven o'clock a.m. After that, the storm subsided, and succeeding high-water marks are considerably lower.

"You might say, I suppose, that

island after Armstrong was dead."

He paused and then went on:
"And that leaves—just what
exactly? Here's the position early
on the morning of the eleventh Armatrong has 'disappeared'—drowned.
That leaves us three people—Lombard, Blore and Vera Claythorne.
Lombard was shot. His body was
down by the sea, near Armstrong's.
Vera Claythorne was found hanged
in her own bedroom. Blore's body
was on the terrace. His head was
crushed in by a heavy marble clock
that it seems reasonable to suppose
fell on him from the window above."

The A.C. said sharply: "Whose

THORNE'S. Now, sir, let's take each of these cases separately. First Phillip Lombard, Let's say he pushed over that lump of marble onto Biore; then he doped Vera Claythorne and strung her up. Lastly, he went down to the seashore and shot himself. But if so, who took away the revolver from him? For that revolver was found up in the house just inside the door at the top of the stairs—Wargrave's room."

The A.C. said: "Any fingerprints on

"Yes, zir, Vera Claythorne's."

"But that chair wasn't found kicked over. It was like all the other chairs, neatly put back against the wall. That was done after Vera Claythorne's death—by someone

Continued from Page 6

Lombard and inducing Vera Claythorne to hang heraelf, he then
went out and pulled down a whacking great block of marble on himself
by tying a string to it or something
like that-weil. I simply don't believe you. Men don't commit suicide
that way-and what's more, Blore
wasn't that kind of man. We knew
Blore—and he was not the man that
you'd ever accuse of a desire for abstract justice."

Inspector Maine said; "And therefore, sir, there must have been someone else on the Island. Someone who tidled up when the whole business was over. But where was he all the lime—and where did he go to? The Sticklehaven people are absolutely certain that no one could have left the tsland before the rescue boat got there. But in that case—" He stopped.

Sir Thomas Legge said: "In that case—" He sighed. He shook his head. He leaned forward. "But in that case," he said, "who killed them?"

A MANUSCRIPT DOCUMENT SENT TO SCOTLAND YARD BY THE MASTER OF THE EMMA JANE, FISHING TRAWLER

JANE, FISHING TRAWLER
From my earliest youth I realised
that my nature was a mass of contradictions. I have, to begin with,
an incurably romantic imagination.
The practice of throwing a bottle
into the sea with an important document inside was one that never
falled to thrill me when reading
adventure stories as a child. It
thrills me still—and for that reason
I have adopted this course—writing
my confession, enclosing it in a
bottle, sealing the latter, and canting
It into the waves.
There is I summers a hundred-to-

There is, I suppose, a hundred-to-one chance that my confession may be found, and then—or do I flatter myself?—a hitherto unsolved murder mystery will be explained.

I was born with other traits besides my romantic fancy. I have a definite sadistic delight in seeing or causing death,

or causing death,

I remember experiments with wasps, with various garden pesta. From an early age, I knew very strongly the lust to kill. But side by side with this went a contradictory trait—a strong sense of justice. It is abhorrent to me that an innocent person or creature should auffer or die by any act of mine. I have always felt strongly that right should prevail. uld prevail.

It may be understood—I think a psychologist would understand—that with my mental make-up being what it was, I adopted the law as a profession. The legal profession satisfied nearly all my instincts.

CRIME and its

punishment have always fascinated me. I enjoy reading every kind of detective story and thriller. I have devised for my own private amusement the most ingenious ways of carrying out a murder.

When, in due course, I came to preside over a court of law, that other secret instinct of mine was encouraged to develop. To see a wretched criminal squirming in the dock, suffering the tortures of the dammed, as his doom came slowly and slowly nearer.

Mind you, I took no pleasure in seeing an innocent man there. On at least two occasions I siopped cases where, to my mind, the accused was palpably innocent, directing the jury that there was no case. Thanks, however, to the fairness and efficiency of our police force, the majority of the accused persons who have come before me to be tried for murder have been guilty.

I will say here that such was the case with the man Edward Scion. His appearance and manner were misleading, and he created a good impression on the jury. But not only the evidence, which was clear, though unspectacular, but my own knowledge of criminals told me without any doubt that the man had actually committed the crime with which he was charged—the brutal murder of an elderly woman who trusted him.

I have a reputation as a hanging judge, but that is unfair. I have always been strictly fust and accupulous in my summing up of a case.

All I have done is to protect the jury against the emotional effect

All I have done is to protect the jury against the emotional effect of emotional appeals by some of our more emotional counsel. I have drawn their attention to the actual evidence.

actual evidence.
For some years past I have been aware of a change within myself, a lessening of control—a deaire to act instead of to judge. I have wanted—let me admit it frankly—to commit a murder myself. I recognised this as the desire of the artist to express himself. I was, or could be, an artist in crime. My imagination, sternly checked by the exigencies of my profession, waxed secretly to colossal force.

I must—I must—I must commit

I must—I must—I must commit a murder! And what is more, it must be no ordinary murder! It must be a fantastical crime—some-thing stupendous, out of the com-mon! In that one respect, I have still, I think, an adolescent's imag-ination.

I wanted something theatrical impossible! I wanted to kill. Yes, I wanted to kill. But—incongruous as it may seem to some—I was restrained and hampered by my innate sense of justice. The innocent must not suffer

Bull—incongruous as it may seem to some—I was restrained and hampered by my innate sense of justice. The innocent must not suffer.

And then, quite suddenly, the idea came to me—started by a chance remark uttered during casual conversation. It was a doctor to whom I was talking—some ordinary undistinguished G.P. He mentioned casually how often murder must be committed which the law was unable to touch. And he instanced a particular case—that of an oid lady, a patient of his, who had recently died. He was, he said, himself convinced that her death was due to the withholding of a restorative drug by a married couple who attended her and who stood to benefit very substantially by her death. That sort of thing, he explained, was quite impossible to prove, but he was, nevertheless, quite sure of it in his own mind. He added that there were many cases of a similar mature going on all the time—cases of deliberate murder—and all quite untouchable by the law.

That was the beginning of the whole thing. I suddenly saw my way clear. And I determined to commit not one murder but murder on a grand scale.

A childish rhyme of my infancy came back into my mind—the rhyme of the ten little nigger boys. It had fascinated me as a child of two—the inexorable diminishment, the sense of inevitability.

I began, secretly, to collect victims, I will not take up space here by going into details of how this was accomplished. I had a certain routine line of conversation which I employed with nearly everyone I met, and the results I got were really surprising.

Pleose turn to Page 55

Please turn to Page 55

Panies are Australia's Best Immigracia. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of historia was used to the disappointment of historia was wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Compared to Depart 15 d. sent for postage to Depart of the Childrent of Stillasherh Sicel



Armstrong managed to polish off the other three before he went into the sea that night, But there's another point, and one you can't get over Armstrong's body had been dragged "We found it well above the reach of any tide. And it was laid out of any tide, and it was laid out straight on the ground, all neat and tidy. So that settles one point definitely. Someone was alive on the island after Armstrong was dead."

The A.C. said sharply: "Whose window?"

VERA sir.

The A.C. said: "Any fingerprints on it?"

But, man alive, then-

"But, man alive, then—"
"I know what you're going to say, sir. That it was Vera Claythorne. That she shot Lombard, took the revolver back to the house, toppled the marble block onto Blore, and then hanged herself. And that's quite all right, up to a point. There's a chair in her bedroom, and on the seat of it there are marks of sea-weed, same as on her shoes. Looks as though she shood on the chair, adjusted the rope round her neck and kicked away the chair.
"But that chair wasn't found

"That leaves us with Blore, and if you tell me that after shooting





1/6 AND 2/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SALT

GAVE IT AWAY

TRAVELLING in a train one day a few weeks ago, a woman got in with a little boy.

"How old is the little chap?" asked a ticket inspector.

"Just four." the woman replied. The little boy said: "Well, Munnny, what did you put six candles on my cake for?"

cake for?"
10/6 to E. Langferd, 8 Clifton St.,
Prospect, S.A.

TREATED WRONG MAN

TREATED WRONG MAN

I WAS travelling in the country
with my father, who was suffering from heart trouble. We arrived
late at an hotel. My father was
selzed with a heart-attack.

I Jumped out of bed, wet a sheet,
and raced back with it and covered
him with the soaking wet linen, as I
always did when he had an attack.
All of a sudden a man jumped out
of bed with a terrible yell. I had
mistaken the door of our room.

2/6 to G. Marish, Dolphin St.,
Randwick, N.S.W.

MAKING IT CLEAR

ENDEAVORING to intimate to the public that he would give a reward of 5/- to the finder of his lost property, the following advertisement was inserted in the "Toowoomba Chronicle" some years ago by one of the Middle Ridge farmers.

"He vos a she carf—his two hind legs vos black—who brings him back to — will pay five bob." He got the calf.

2/6 to H. Probert, c/o Rookery Nook, Scarborough, Qld.

FROG WAS SET

DURING a holiday vacation at Tuggerati Lakes, we set a jelly in a deep basin, and, having no toe-chest, placed it on top of the water-

When I went to bring the jelly I found a green frog had jumped into the bash and had set hard in

2/6 to Lillian Bolde, Gordon Ave., uildford, N.S.W.

A GENTLE HINT

A GENTLE HINT

F.XCUSING myself to unexpected,
late-staying vinitors as I had to
catch an early train, I took up the
kitchen clock preparatory to winding the alarm, a repeating type new
to me at that time. Without thinking and simply for the sake of
making a pleasant remark, I held it
up, saying brightly, "Ever seen one
of these?" Then as I looked at the
hands pointing to well after midmight I realised how it sounded and
went cold all over. I crept away
to bed.

2/6 to Mrs. S. Raynes, Post Office, airnsdale, Vic.

RECEIPT FOR 3d.

AN elderly relative sent me to the bootmaker's to have a small repair done to her shoe. On returning with the shoe—the mending of which cost 3d.—I was asked to return and get a receipt. The cobbler wrote:

For patching and contriving 3 nails and driving.

Workmanship and leather, 3d altogether 2/6 to Madeleine Byrne, Police Quarters, Kangaroo Flat, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE gumes is paid for the best Real lafe Story each week. For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given

we pay 10'6. Primes of 2/6 are given for other items published. Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or imusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Sanapy" column. Pull address at top of Page 3.

Sheepdog saved woman's life from wounded boar



Desperate, I levelled the rifle and took a chance shot. It wounded the boar, which began racing ro

a circle.

Suddenly the boar began zig-zagging towards me. I dropped the
rifle and ran for the nearest wilga
tree. The wounded boar saw me
and charged.

AS I LAY

lpless, I san d flash past me and attack the boar."

My legs wavered under me. I stag-gered and fell. As I tay helpless on the ground something flashed past me. It was Red, on the war-path.

I picked myself up and saw Red stashing and chopping at the boar's hindquarters until the boar bailed at a tree.

Blood and froth from the boar's mouth was smeared up my stock-ings. The boar had been as close as that.

A "coo-ee" brought my husband.
Three bullets knocked the boar to
his knees. Each time he rose and
fought Red more savagely. A
fourth bullet finished him.

I owe my life to Red.

f1/1/ to Mrs. L. Peacock, Illaros Rd., Nowra, N.S.W.

Hen gave fright

ON a surprise visit to my brother I slept on the verandah, and after blowing out the light I reached out to get a matchbox.

In the cool of the evening I went looking for a mob of kangaroos which usually came at sundown to feed on an open patch.

The shortest way to the patch was through a swamp where there were often pigs. I purposely avoided this and made a detour round a sand-bil.

and made a detour round a sand-hill.

Sighting the kangaroos, Red and I moved up to a coolibah tree.

As I fired something moved on my right. A huge boar was coming straight towards me. Red had raced after the kangaroos.

raced after the kangaroos.

I was too frightened to move. I saw the boars razor-edged tusks, suddenly the boar, only a few feet away, gave a frightened "whoof," turned, and galloped off.

I had saved myaelf by not moving, but I knew the boar would attack again. My hands were too shaky to use the rifle.

I began moying to the back of the tree. The boar jerked up his head, and took a pace towards me.

out to get a matchbox.
Suddenly something bit me. I thought it was a snake. I sucked my finger then tied my handkerchief around it for a tourniquet. I was too scared to look for the matches again. I thought if I even dozed it might be fatal, so I sat up all night

night.
Eventually daylight came. I was too scared to get out of bed. I felt sleepy, and I felt sure it was the poison working. I leant over on my stomach, and received an awful nip on my nose, I began to tremble. Then the milkman came running. I told him I had been bitten twice by a sinke under the bed. He stepped on to the verandah, lifted up the quilt, and found a broody hen.

2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Foote, Royal Ave.,

Train cut hat

LIVING in the small town of Collector, I had a sick call to Goul-

burn, and had to travel 11 miles a country railway platform sdalbane,

As I was crossing the line to the as I was crossing the new to the train the heel of my shoe caught in the points, throwing me over. I had a baby in arms, and a little girl two years old. The train was shuntang back.

I threw the baby clear of the line, unbuttoned my aboe, slipped my foot out, and, dragging the little girl, crawled over the line. The train wheels cut the brim of the hat I

2/6 to L. C. Beck, Bourke, N.S.W.

Convicts left chains

MY mother lived at Hill End, a gold-mining centre. The house was isolated and surrounded by bush. Outside a nide fence was the woodheap with its block and axe

woodheap with its block and axe.

One night there was a great clanking of chains at the woodheap, but the family thought there were hobblied horses straying there. Next morning my mother found the anklet chains of several convicts, who had severed them with the axe. They had escaped from a police escort taking them to Bathurst.

2.76 to Wee & McClebrad Hol.

Train ment on

ON a bitterly cold night my mother and I went to meet friends on the evening express, taking sixpence to buy our two platform tickets. Our friends were in a reserved carriage down the lower end of the platform, and we were still chatting with them when the train started off.

The conductor said it was no use ringing the communication cord

ringing the communication cord We could get out at the first stop-

we could get out at the first stop-ping place. Stawell.

Enough money to pay our fares was lent us, but we all forgot that we would also be required to pay for bed and refreshments.

We had resigned ourselves to several cold hours without rugs sitting on Stawell station awaiting the 5.30 a.m. train when a stranger offered his bed at a boarding house to mother. On arrival we found the boarding house full and another man in the bed mother was to have

We sat up for the rest of the night. 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

Crushed by hoist

WAS working at a motor firm in Adelaide and was oiling and

greasing a 2-ton truck when some one turned the handle of a hydraulic hoist to let it down, not knowing that I was reaching across the side of the pit for the grease.

of the pit for the grease.

Next minute I let out a terrific yell. Men dropped their tools and turned to see me being slowly crushed. Portunately one of the men rushed over and reversed the handle, and I escaped with one or two broken ribs.

2/6 to F Aldon.

2/6 to F. Aldous, McKinnon Pde., Lower North Adelaide,

Sat on train line

AT Stanthorpe, Qid., our back fence adjoined the railway line, and when I was a small child I became friendly with the guard of a train, who promised to throw me a ball when he was passing on the evening train.

evening train.

That night I was missing, and
after a frantic search mother found
me sitting on the rallway line waiting for my "train-man," just as the train came whisting around the bend. Mother was just in time. 2/6 to Miss Elma Lee Martin, Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.



BUT NOT WITH SOAP !

MY DEAR! I've never seen your hair look so lovely ... such fascinating silky softness.

No risks for you — washing such beautiful hair with alkaline-laden soaps and powder sham-poox. You found out long ago how alkali can make hair dull, brittle and hard-to-manage.

Remember the day on the beach when you got your hair wet! It was the cauntic effect of the alkali in the salt water that made your hair so coarse dry and "flat". Yes, just the same "burning" chemical found in soap and powder shampoos.

and soap ano powder snampsess.

And you know now why so many Society leaders and famous beauties are preferring.

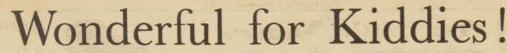
Colinated, the only hair shampoo which has been through the amazing "colinating" process.

Every woman who values the full youthful lustre of her hair delights in washing it herself to feel the magic, pure-

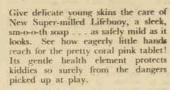
cleansing bubbles "foam" deep down amongst the hair roots, and to revel in the glorious "loosened up feeling of a re-freshed scalp.

freshed scalp.
Just a little of this luxurious Colinated "footh" Shampoo is plenty to give a rich sparkling foam 15 times more foam than alkali-laden soap). Watch how only one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust dandruff "oily-film" and acid perspiration and them, drying it with Nature's own Sun and Wind you're risere nothing can spoil its natural radiance. So you discover, joyfully, a more vivid YOU, with hair so soft — with a new thrilling burnished sheen!"

Get some Colinated "foam" Shampoo to-day from your chemist or store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving cham-poon. Thrill to its wonderful beauty-cleansing Know why it's Australia's heat selling shampoo.



Super-milled



Kiddies love the lather New Super-milled Lifebuoy gives such a big, creamy cloud of lather . . .

cleanses each chubby little roll of skin so very soothingly. Before bedtime, this mild lather is a cooling, comforting caress for hot, tired little bodies.

For you discreet protection With its discreet fragrance and luxuri-ous lather, New Super-milled Lifebuoy leaves you cool and confident. The clean scent vanishes completely away as you rinse . . . and you're meely protected from the risk of "B.O." (Body Odour).

Keeps young skins lovably fresh.

Men often prefer "Regular" Lifebuoy. Get a supply to-day.

WHAT SUDS! I'VE NEVER SEEN THEIR LIKE BEFORE! THESE NEW RINSO SUDS ARE, SO RICH, DIRT DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!

AM I THRILLED! **NEW RINSO HAS** MADE THESE WHITES SIMPLY DAZZLING

JUST LOOK AT THESE COLOURS ... BRIGHT AS NEW ! THAT'S RINSO FOR YOU

AND BEST OF ALL RINSO IS SAFE EVEN FOR THE FINEST THINGS!

FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON EVERY PACKET FOR THE FUEL SAVING RINSO

BOIL !

New Rinso-the easiest, quickest, safest washer you've ever known! Wonderfully economical -because no extras are needed-because the famous Rinso 2-minute boil saves at least 30 minutes' fuel cost with every copperful! Make your next wash a Rinso wash-a wash to

NEW RINSO'S RICHER, THICKER SUDS FOR THE WORLD'S WHITEST, BRIGHTEST WASH

Was in a nursing home, after an operation, I collected the case of Doctor Armstrong—a violently terical stater who attended on me being anxious to prove to me the evits of drink by recounting to me case many years ago in hospital, when a doctor under the influence of alcohol had killed a patient on whom he was of rating. A careless question as to where the sister had trained, and so on, soon gave me the necessary data. It racked down the doctor and the patient mentioned without difficulty.

A conversation between two old military gossips in my club put me on the track of General Macarthur. A man who had recently returned from the Amason gave me a devastating resume of the activities of one Philip Lombard. An indignantiady in Majorca recounted the tale of the puritan Emily Brent, and her wretched servant girl.

Anthony Marston I selected from a large group of people who had committed similar offences. His complete callouaness and his inshifty to feel any responsibility for the lives he had taken made him. I considered, a type dangerous to the community and unfit to live.

Ex-Inspector Biore came my way quite naturally; some of my professional brethren discussing the Landor case with freedom and viger. Took a serious view of the offence. The police, as servants of the law, must be of a high order of integrity. For their word is perforce believed by virtue of their profession.

Finally, there was the case of vera Claythorne, It was when I was crossing the Atlantic. At a late hour one night, the sole occupants of the smoking-troom were myself and a good-looking young man called Hugo Hamilton.

o Hamilton was unhappy, usage that unhappiness he had a considerable quantity of He was in the maudin con-



YOU may have the personality of a screen star, but if a skin blemish mars your appearance people will want to pass you by. Yet it is so simple to conceal all kinds of skin blemishes with COVERSFOT. Merely rub it over the hlemish like a face cream and the result is an unmarred complexion all day long. COVERSFOT does not fade or easily rub off, and cannot be detected. Four shades. Two sizes 1/8 and 2/6, Get some from your chemist today or direct from Tasha Cosmetics Pty, Ltd., Box 4311XX G.P.O., Sydney.

OVERSPOT is equally good as an illever make-up. Gives unexcelled centers—makes powder ellig heurs ager. Effectively conceals uneven inhurn and freelies on face, ack, uniders, etc. Frevents wichtum of it applied before spending a day



Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

Cystex Profess For New In

Ten Little Niggers

fidential stage. Without much hope of any result, I automatically started my routine conversational gambit. The response was startling. I can remember his words now.

remember his words now.

He said: "You're right, Murder sn't what most people think—giving someone a dollop of arsenie, pushing them over a cliff—that sort of stuff." He leaned forward, thrusting his face into mime.

He said: "Twe known a murderess—known her. I tell you. And what's more, I was crazy about her. Heaven help ms, sometimes I think I still am. It's hell, I tell you—hell. You see, site did it more or less for me. Not that I ever dreamed—Women are flends—absolute flends. You wouldn't think a girl like that—a nice, straight, jolly girl — you wouldn't think she'd do that would you? That she'd take a kid out to sea and let it drown—you wouldn't think a woman could do a thing like that?"

I said to him: "Are you sure she

I said to him: "Are you sure she did do it?"

did do H?"

He said, and in saying it he seemed suddenly to sober up; "I'm quite sure. Nobody else ever thought of it. But I knew, the moment I looked at her, when I got back, after — And she knew I knew. What she didn't realise was that I loved that kid."

He didn't say any more, but it was easy enough for me to trace back the story and reconstruct it.

I NEEDED a tenth victim. I found him in a man named Morris. He was a shady little creature. Amongst other things, he was a doop peddier, and he was responsible for inducing the daughter of friends of mine to take to drugs. She committed suicide at the age of twenty-one.

During all this time of search my

During all this time of search, my plan had been gradually maturing in my mind. It was now complete, and the coping stone to it was an inter-view I had with a doctor in Harley

I have mentioned that I under-went an operation. My interview in Harley Street told me that another operation would be use-less. My medical adviser wrapped up the information very prettily, but I am accuationed to getting at the truth of a statement.

I did not tell the doctor of my decision—that my death should not be a slow and protracted one, as it is would be in the course of nature No, my death should take place in a blaze of excitement. I would live before I died.

And now to the actual mechanics of the crime of Nigger Island. To acquire the island, using the man Morris to cover my tracks, was easy enough. He was an expert in that sort of thing.

Tabulating the information I had

Continued from Page 52

collected about my prospective vic-tims, I was able to concort a suft-able batt for each, and, to explain my own presence on the Island. I sent myself an invitation. None of my plans miscarried. All my guesta arrived at Nigger Island on the eighth of August. The party in-cluded myself.

cluded myself.

Morris was already accounted for.

He suffered from indigestion. Before leaving London, I gave him a capsule to take last thing at night, which had, I suid, done wonders for my own gastric juices. He accepted it unhesitatingly—the man was a slight hypochondriae. I had no fear that he would leave any compromising diccuments or memoranda promising diccuments or memoranda. promising documents or memoranda behind. He was not that sort of

benish. He was not that sort of man.

The order of death upon the island had been subjected by me to special thought and care. There were, I considered, among my guests varying degrees of guilt. Those whose guilt was the lightest should. I decided, pass out first, and not suffer the prolonged mental strain and fear that the more coid-blooded offenders were to suffer.

Anthony Marston and Mrs. Rogers, the other in a peaceful sleep. Marston, I recognised, was a type borrythout that feeling of moral responsibility which most of us have He was amoral pagan. Mrs. Rogers, I had no doubt, had acted very largely under the influence of her husband.

I need not describe closely how those two met their country to the proposition of the supplemental of the substant.

Rogers, I had no doubt, bad acted very largely under the influence of her husband.

I need not describe closely how those two met their deaths. The police will have been able to work that out quite easily. Potassium cyanide is easily obtained by house-holders for putting down wasps. I had some in my possession, and it was easy to slip it into Marston's almost-empty glass during the tense period after the gramophone restal.

I may say that I watched the faces of my guests closely during that indictment, and I had no doubt whatever, after my tong court ex-perience, that one and all were country.

guilty.

During recent bouts of pain. I had been ordered to take a sleepting draught—chloral hydrate. It had been easy for me to suppress this until I had a lethal amount in my possession. When Rogera brought up some brandy for his wife, he sel it down on a table, and in passing that table I put the stuff into the brandy. It was easy, for at that time suspicion had not begun to set in. General Macarthur met his death.

set in.

General Macarthur met his death quite painlessly. He did not hear me come up behind him. I had, of course, to choose my time for leaving the terrace very carefully, but everything was successful.

Please turn to Page 56

What's the Answer? "Test your knowledge on these questions:"

-Easter week! But do you still trip up on that tricky formula, or do you know, without hesitating, that Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after

March 20 — March 21 — March 22 —March 23 — March 24.

-It's all very well for us to talk of our pennies and halfpennies as coppers, but are they really made of copper?

Yes-no.

-You've heard of Bolly Varden.
She's the heroine of Dickens' novel
"Hieak House" - "Pickwick
Papers" "Barnaby Rudge"
"David Copperfield."

Certainly an amber necklace would go well with the autumn into so your new ensemble; and, by the way, real amber is A mineral—a sort of resin—a product of ambergris—fossilised animal.

In the midst of iess pleasant happenings in Europe last month, did you notice one really nice news item—the birth of a daughter to the Crown Prince and Princess of

—Talking of bables, when a baby has cut his first set of teeth, he should have 12 — 16 — 20 — 24 — 26.

-If you are an ornithologist, you study Birds—Egyptian remains—sea shells—prehistoric animals—in-nects.

-Still another member of the Rooseveli family has stepped into prominence. Major Kermit Boose-velt, Commander of the British volunteer force to Finland, is re-lated to both the former U.S.A. President, Theodore Roosevelt, and the present President, being, respectively, their

Brother — son — grandson uncle-nephew—cousin.

—In a game of chess, the first move is made by the player who Has the red men—has the white men—wins the tass—gets in first.

10.—Xes, of course, you know that Henry VIII had six wives, but can you pick, from this selection of them, the mother of Good Queen Bess?

Anne of Cleves-Katherine Part Jane Scymour-Anne Boleyn.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Tel.: MA 4496

As I had anticipated, a search was made of the laland, and it was discovered that there was no one allive on it but our seven selves. That at once created an atmosphere of auspicton. According to my plan, I should shortly need an ally.

I selected Doctor Armstrong for that part. He was a gullible aort of man; he knew me by sight and reputation, and it was inconceivable to him that a man of my standing should actually be a murderer!

All his suspicions were directed gainst Lombard, and I pretended a concur in these. I hinted to im that I had a scheme by which might be possible to trap the surderer into incriminating him-

Though a search had been made of everyone's room, no search had as yet been made of the persons them-selves. But that was bound to

I killed Rogers on the morning of August tenth. He was chopping sticks for lighting the fire and did not hear me approach. I found the key to the dining-roum door in his pocket. He had locked it the night

In the confusion attending the finding of Rogers' body, I slipped into Lombard's room and abstracted his revolver. I knew that he would have one with him; in fact, I had instructed Morris to suggest as much when he interviewed him.

At breakfast, I slipped my last dose of chloral into Miss Brent's coffee when I was refilling her cup. We left her in the dining-room, I slipped in there a little while later. She was nearly unconscious and it was easy to inject a strong solution of cyanide into her.

The bumblebee business was really rather childish, but somehow, you know, it pleased me. I liked adher-ing as closely as possible to my nursery rhyme.

Immediately after this, what I had Immediately after this, where the alrendy foreseen happened—Indeed, I believe I suggested it myself. We full submitted to a rigorous search, I had safely hidden away the revolver, and I had no more eyamido or chloral.

or chloral. It was then that I intimated to Armstrong that we must carry our plan into effect. It was simply this: I must appear to be the next victim. That would perhape ratile the murderer. At any rate, once I was supposed to be dead, I could move about the house and say upon the unknown murderer.

Armstrong was keen on the idea. We carried it out that evening. A little plaster of red mud on the forehead, the red curtain and the wool, and the stage was set. The lights of the candles were very flickering and uncertain, and the only person who would examine me closely was Armstrong.

It worked perfectly. Miss Clay-thorne screamed the house down when ahe found the seaweed which I had thoughtfully arranged in her room. They all rushed up, and I took up my pose of a murdered man.

took up my pose of a murdered man.

The effect on them when they found me was all that could be desired. Armstroug acted his part in the most professional manner. They carried me upstains and laid me on my bed. Nobody worried about me; they were all too deadly scared and terrified of one another.

I had a rendezvous with Armstrong outside the house at a quarter to two. I took him up a little way behind the house on the edge of the cliff. I said that here we could ace if anyone eise approached us, and we should not be seen from the house, as the bedrooms faced the other way. He was still quite unsuspicious—and yet he ought to have been warned. If he had only remembered the words of the nursery rhyme: "A red herring awal-

The answer is-

1.-March 31.

(Bronge.)

3.—"Barnaby Rudge."
4.—A sort of resin.
5.—Italy.

6.-Twenty.

6.—Twenty.
7.—Birds.
8.—Son (of Theodore Root veit) and cousin (of the present President).
9.—Has the white men.
10.—Anne Boleyn,
Questions on Page 55

Ten Little Niggers

lowed one—" He took the red her-ring all right.

It was quite easy. I uttered an exclamation, leaned over the cliff, told him to look, wasn't that the mouth of a cave? He leaned right over. A quick, vigorous push sent him off his balance and splash into the heaving sea below.

I returned to the house, It must have been my footfall that Blore heard. A few minutes after I had returned to Armstrong's room, I left it; this time making a certain amount of noise, so that someone should hear me. I heard a door open as I got to the bottom of the stairs. They must have just glimpsed my figure as I went out the front door.

the description of the descripti

again on my bed.

I calculated that they would search the house again, but I did not think they would look closely at any of the corpses—a mere twitch aside of the sheet to satisfy themselves that it was not Armatrong masquerading as a body. This is exactly what occurred.

I forgot to say that I returned the revolver to Lombard's room. It may be of interest to someone to know where it was hidden during the search. There was a big plie of tinned food in the larder. I opened the bottommost of the tins—biscuits, I think is contained—bedded in the revolver and replaced the cover with a strip of adhesive tape.

I calculated—and rightly—that no one would think of working his way through a pile of apparently un-touched foodstuffs, especially as all the top tins were soldered.

The red curtain I had concealed by laying it flat on the seat of one of the drawing-room chairs under the chints over, and the wool in the seat cushion, cutting a small hole

A ND now came the moment that I had anticipated. Three people who were so frightened of one another that anything might happen—and one had a revolver. I watched them from the windows of the house. When Blore came up alone I had the big marble clock poised ready. Exit Blore.

From my window I saw Vera Clay-thorne shoot Lombard. A daring and resourceful young woman. I always thought she was a match for him, and more, As soon as that had happened I set the stage in her bedroom.

It was an interesting psychological experiment. Would the consciousness of her own guilt, the state of nervous tension consequent on having just shot a man, be sufficient, together with the hypnotic suggestion of the surroundings, to cause her to take her own life? I thought it would.

I was right. Vera Claythorne hanged herself before my eyes, where I stood in the shadow of the wardrobe.

came forward, picked up the chair and set it against the wall I looked for the revolver, and found it at

Continued from Page 55

the top of the stairs, where the girl had dropped it. I was careful to preserve her finger-prints on it.

And now?
I shall finish writing this. I shall enclose it and seal it in a bottle, and I shall throw the bottle into the sea.

In all this, I have assumed that the mystery of Nigger Island will remain unsolved. It may be, of course, that the police will be cleverer than I think. There are, after all, three clues.

One: The police are perfectly aware that Edward Seton was guilty. They know, therefore, that one of the ten people on the Island was not a murderer in any sense of the word, and it follows, paradoxically, that that person must logically be the murderer.

The second clue lies in the seventh verse of the nursery rhyme. Arra-strong's death is associated with a "red herring" which he swallowed-or, rather, which resulted in swal-lowing him!

lowing him!

That is to say, that at that stage of the affair some hocus-pocus is clearly indicated, and that Armstrong was deceived by it and sent to his death. That might start a promising line of inquiry. For at that period there are only four persons, and of those four I am clearly the only one likely to inspire him with confidence.

The third is symbolical. The

what connence.

The third is symbolical. The manner of my death marking me on the forehead. The brand of Cain.

There is, I think, little more to say. After entrusting my bottle and its message to the sea, I shall go to my room and lay myself down on the bed.

To my eyeglasses is attached what seems a length of fine black cord but it is elastic cord. I shall lay the weight of the body on the glasses. The cord I shall loop round the door handle and attach it, not too solidly, to the revolver. What I think will happen is this:

I think will happen is this:

My hand, protected with a hand-kerchief, will press the trigger. My hand will fall to my side; the revolver, pulled by the elastic, will recoil to the door; larred by the door handle, it will detach itself from the elastic and fall. The elastic released, will hang down innocently from the eyeglasses on which my body is lying. A handker-chief lying on the floor will cause no comment whatever.

I shall be found leid neatly on

I shall be found, laid nestly on my bed, shot through the forehead in accordance with the record kept by my fellow victims. Times of death cannot be stated with any accuracy by the time our bodies are examined.

When the sea goes down, there will come from the mainland boats and men. And they will find ten dead bodies and an unsolved problem on Nigger Island.

LAWRENCE WARGRAVE



Crooner from the cold. cold snows

Yet Sydney nights make him long for central heating

Although he has lived in snow country all his life, Smiling Billy Blinkhorn, the Singing Cowboy, who is heard regularly over the air from Station 2GB, had to come to Sydney to know what it is to be cold at night, even under a mountain of blankets.

But the absence of central-heating is his only complaint against Australia. Architecturally and in every other respect he regards it as being as modern as America—altogether, a very happy place.

THERE is one thing, how-THERE is one thing, how- "Home on the Range." "Can't You ever, on which he is very Take it Back and Change it for a emphatic—that Sydney's girls Boy," and "Poor Ned Kelly" (one make up for everything. make up for everything.

"There are more pretty girls to the square inch in Sydney than anywhere else in the world," he says. "Not in the world," he says. "Not only are they smart in them-selves, but they dress like prin-

This- twenty-five-year-old cowboy, of medium height, fair completion, and film star moustache, has one of the largest fan mails of any radio star in Sydney.

His singing history started ten years ago, when, as a boy on a ranch in British Colum-bia, he met a visitor who was singing on radio.

Recalling that experience, he says: "I reckoned that if that fellow could sing on the radio, so could L I had a ukulele, and I was saving to buy a guitar. Then I saw a newspaper advertisement which offered eight guitar lessons for the



BILLY BLINKHORN, singing cowboy, on Station 2GB.

price of one. I managed to get the guitar and had those eight les-sons, and before I knew where I was I was singing in a kids' ses-

"Things went well after that. I got a big while horse, and soon had a complete cowboy outfit down to the chaps and the ten-gallon hat. Then I found myself on the air each day of the week.

"The folks were mighty good to me. Somehow they seemed to like my singing, and for months I lived on the horse, moving from town to town throughout Western Canada, broadcasting by arrangement."

broadcasting by arrangement."

Last year, having heard much of Australia, he pecked his guitar, his chaps, and his ten-gallon hat, and salled for Australia. He knew only one person in the Commonwealth—a man in Sydney. The steamer on which he arrived called first at Adelaide, and the young cowboy caught the first train for Sydney.

Arriving in Sydney on a Monday Arriving in Sydney on a Monday

Arriving in Sydney on a Monday morning, he presented himself for an audition at 20B on Monday afternoon, and two days later made his first broadcast in Australia.

His success was immediate, and ever since he has made three fea-tured appearances on 2GB each

The most popular numbers in his repertoire are: "There's a Hole in the Old Oaken Bucket," "There's a Bridle Hanging on the Wall,"

of the 34 songs he has written, sung and recorded).

and recorded).

Not the least interesting phase of his broadcasts is the extraordinary arrangement by which he achieves a mouth organ-guidar duel in some of his songs. An ingenious wire frame attached to one side of his guitar is fitted to grip a mouth organ, and in that way he plays the mouth organ while his fingers strum the guitar. Naturally, when he snigs the mouth organ fides from the ploture.

A delightful personality his.

A delightful personality, his soft Canadian drawl imparts the essence of good-fellowship, and he has achieved a very wide popularity both sonally and as a singer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 28— Special Session: "Reaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, March 21.— June Marsden—"Solving the problems and choosing careers of boys and girls."

of boys and gris."
FRIDAY, March 21—The Anstralian Women's Week, Concert Party,
SATURDAY, Nearch 22—
"Swinging Round the World."

SUNDAY, March 24.—Jane Maraden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folis; Australia's Destiny dur-ing the coming month.

MONDAY, March 25,-The ustralian Women's Weekly ∆ustralian Wome Çelebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, March 26.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women,

MARCHE

Going to the Show? Then don't miss this wonderful Easter Offer-59's values



Man-Tailored Suit in all wool Worsted Suiting. Well cut and made with moulded shoulders. Fully lined. Shades of Black and Navy. Sizes XSSW to 39/11

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The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

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Also Serve

League of Health holds war fund pageant

N a spectacular display, 300 I has a spectacular display, 300 members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty will give an All-Australian Demonstration at the Adelaide University Oval on March 25 to aid the Red Cross.

Miss Jean Barnet, in charge of the South Australian League, is hav-ing a busy time as leader of the hostess State which is making most

ing a busy time as leader of the hostess State which is making most of the arrangements. "Throughout the demonstration we will carry out our motto, 'Movement Is Life." she said. "Most of our exercises will be of the stretching and swinging variety, which are our specialty. They make us breathe more oxygen into our lungs, bring a sparkle into our eyes, and put a new sest into living."

Miss Barnet says that in spite of the war the leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty in England Prunella Stack, now Lady David Douglas Hamilton, is carrying on with the League work. "We consider that health is most important for women in these days of stress and strain" said Mise Barnet.

Barnet
The world total of the League is about 250,000 members. There are 10,500 in Australia and 1300 in South Australia.

Producing own operettas for Comforts Fund

for Comforts Fund
To raise money for the Victorian
Division of the Australian Comforts Fund, Miss Edith Harriy and
Miss Leila Pirani, of Melbourne, are
producing two operettas for children at the National Theatre this
month.
Miss Harrhy has composed the
music for both operettas, and Miss
Pirani the dialogue and verses, and
they will be responsible for the
entire production.
"Play Day in Happy Holland" has
been performed before for charities, but this will be the first production of "Little Gypsy." Miss
Betty Paterson has given a painting
depicting the two operettas to be
disposed of for the funds.
Miss Harrhy is constantly heard
at war concerts, playing her own
compositions, and as accompanist to
other artists.



ARNET (right) rehearses with Miss Betty James (centre) and Miss Jeanette McBean.

Goes shopping daily for Red Cross Depot

ONE of the busiest sections at the Red Cross Depot, Brisbane, is the purchasing department under the convenential of Mrs. John Ward. She has worked with the Red Cross since 1914, and was one of the first to receive the Red Cross long-service medal.

medal.

All requisitions that come from nospital or military camps are attended to under Mrs. Ward's supervision. Recently she handled with the assistance of others an order for 500 pairs of pylamas, 500 quilts, and 1000 handkerchiets. Every day Mrs. Ward visits the depot to see what has to be bought, and then sets forth on her shopping expedition.

For the men who scour seas for mines

THE difficult and dangerous work of the minesweepers in England ecciving practical assistance from

Australia.

Mrs. Arthur Reading, of Sydney, has sent eight consignments of knitted goods from her depot at King's Cross, where she has been working since two days after the war broke out.

As soon as her honorary work became known people flocked to bring knitted goods for the men, some of whom already have written to Mrs. Reading to express their appreciation.



MRS. FRED SIMONETT

Sends out Red Cross goods by the "mile" and "ton"

WE have sent out so much financiette that it would stretch 12 miles from Adelaide to the Outer Harbor, said Mrs. Pred Simonett, discussing her work as one of the distributors of South Australian Red Cross goods. "Literally tons of wool has gone out, and stacks of sheeting," she said.

Red Cross goods from her denot. Red Cross goods from her denot.

out, and stacks of sneeting, one said.

Red Cross goods from her depot go as far afield as Cape Thevenard, on the west coast of South Australia; Alice Springs, in the north; Border Town, in the south; and east to Broken Hill.

She and Miss Mary Cave work at the depot on three days each every week supervising the distribution. The latest effort of this energetic war-worker is running a limerick competition for the Red Cross. The prize is an exquisite handworked tablecloth which has been donated to the Red Cross.

Threepences for war work amount to useful sum

amount to useful sum
THOUGH only a small place, Lilydale, Victoria, is contributing
well to war funds.

Mrs. Richard Lawrance, who was
honorary secretary for the local Red
Cross, stated that one of the first
plans to raise money was a houseto-house canvassing campaign.

Members of the branch carried
out the work in every street, and
many of the families promised to give
anything, from a penny to a shillling, each week for the duration
of the war.

The sum usually was threepence.

The sum usually was threepence, and the regular monthly collection for the town is £8.

Happy Babyhappy mother!



Teething time has no anxieties for restning time has no ansettes in the mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS always at hand. These powders are cooling, comforting and promote regular chay motions. And they are absolutely SAFE.

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"THE PLAY GOES ON"



SYDNEY'S GREAT

Amateur Dramatic Competition



Will be broadcast in future at 8.30 p.m. instead of 8,45 p.m. each Monday over

2GB



Leading big appeal for Poles, Finns, and Turks

CONSIDERING PLANS for the Patriotic Appeal are Mrs. G. D. Bowcher (left), Lady France (centre) and Lady Guillett.

WITHIN a week of the launching of an appeal in Melbourne for Polish war refugees, Finnish war victims, and Turkish earthquake sufferers, £3000 was available for distribution.

distribution.

Leading the appeal are Lady Fraser, Lady Gullett, and Mrs. G. D. Bowcher.

Lady Gullet designed and donated a striking small badge in dark blue and gold initialled P.T.F., by which name the fund is known.

Many of the badges have been sold for from 5/- to £10/10/-.

Mrs. Bowcher is honorary organiser of the appeal, which depends on direct giving.

The head office is at the Melbourne Town Hall, and the committee has received many offers of help from all sections of the community.



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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



SENSE OF HUMOR

IN these times of stress and strain we are prone always to look on the serious side of things, which makes us pessi-

The most effective antidote

During the last war the A.I.F. was noted for its humor. This was extolled and immortalised

The Digger's capacity humor helped him to endure the privations and horror of battle, and men of the A.I.F. always managed to see the funny side of things as well as

Let us imitate them now

£1 for this letter to Miss Jean Massie, Woorarra, Alford, via Boonah, Qld.

FEAR TO TELL AGE

WHY are women so sensitive about

Wir are women so sensine about divulging their age?
Up to about 60 years of age women do not like disclosing their years, but after that they seem to vie with each other in comparing their ages.
Perhaps it does not occur to those under 60 that growing old gracefully is something we all can do.

Mrs. E. F. Dalton, Ha Gurr's Rd., Beulah Park, S.A.

SALARY QUESTION

MANY women when making ap-plication for employment (par-ticularly in cierical work) are asked "What salary do you require?"

The employer knows what he is prepared to pay. The applicant usually needs every stilling she can earn, but is harassed by the fear that another may quote less and obtain the position. Therefore she probably commits herself by naming a sum less than her services are a sum less really worth,

Miss R. Watson, 10 Athol St., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

ADELAIDE

When SUMMER mellows into AUTUMN-

Itinerary provides for 7 days hotel accommodation in Adelaide, scenic motor tours specially planned to enable the tourist to view Autumn attractions to the fullest advantage, trips around the city parks and gardens, and Anzac Bay in Adelaide.

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Inclusive Cost: 15/10/-, PLUS fares between your home town and Adelaide.

Far Further Information & Bookings, consult S.A. Representative GOYT. TOURIST BUREAUX, MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY Or SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOYT. TOURIST BUREAU, Adelaide

Are ultra-polite people social hypocrites?

NICE people with nice manners' are apt to become jedious, Miss Grace (2/3/40), when one knows that their attitude lg artificial and only conventional politeness. But to offset them are the people who mean what they say; who will temper justice with mercy and gruth with kindness.'

These people are truly nice, and



Just a little too flattering.

one can always depend upon them as friends.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 East Crescent St., McMahon's Pt., N.S.W.

Try happy medium

I Do not believe in a "trying to be nice" hypocruy.

There is no need for effusiveness or indirectly "just to be nice"—on the other hand, it is essential to convey any dislike or disagreement of opinion in a kindly, unoffending manner.

Mrs. D. Walter, 42 Ramsgate St., Glenelg, S.A.

Can help others

TRYING to be nice is not really hypocrisy; it is the oiling of the wheels of life.

If by trying we hope to make life pleasant for others, surely that is better than continually criticishs, which we are prone to do.

However, if we "gush" to people we do not like then we are indeed being hypocritical.

Mollie Asphar, 19 Onslow St., South Perth.

IS CHARMING!

In public, private, and roadside gardens in the city, suburbs, and throughout the Mt. Loty Ranges, richly huest flowers of autumn bloom in profusion or ealing universal profusion or ealing of the courist. Warm days, and cool bracing nights offer an invitation to exhibitating enjoyment at beautiful mountain and coastal resorts.

Join the Special Escorted

AUTUMN TOUR

delaide

Opinions differ Do many women about hospital routine in lucky charms?

IN my opinion, Mrs. Sparkes' suggestion (2/3/40) that dying patients should be segregated is unwise.

Miraculous recoveries are not un-known, and hope is not abandoned until death occurs.

The psychological effect of removal to a "death ward" might be tragic. Also, how much better for a patient to be diverted by cheerful companions in the last few days of life than to spend them either alone or in the company of those also dying.

Retards recovery

I is very upsetting to other patients, and often retards their overy, to have a dying patient in the same ward.

Certainly screens are used, but they are practically useless.

they are practically uscless.
Surely a person who is known to
be dying could be taken to a private
ward without any extra expense.
It would be so much easier for
the friends and relations, too.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Must share trouble

FOR a very sick patient to be moved into the suggested "dying" ward would not have a very en-couraging effect either on the patient or relatives. Quite a number of people for

Suburban life is sometimes lonely

THE closer a place is settled the more lonely one can be. One young wife recently said to me, "I'm not a gossip, but how I wish someone would say a cheery 'good morning' over the fence. We have lived here for six months with my mushand very ill and neither of our neighbors, only a few yards away, has even asked after him."

I live where the houses are

I live where the houses are scattered. Everyone speaks to everyone, and the store is like a pleasant club.

Mary Meegan, Reid St., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

whom even the doctor has given up hope recover.

On going into hospital one has to be prepared to see and hear many of the unfortunate brobles of other

Mrs. H. G. Johncock, 32 Bevington d., Glenunga, S.A.

Effect on patient

IT must be very upsetting for a sick person in a ward to have patients dying near her.

But if a separate ward were es-tablished and a patient railied to find herself in the dying ward imagine her distress? While there's life there's hop

Need cheering up

A FERSON sick or even gravely ill would be greatly buoyed up by sering others in surrounding bedendeavoring to be cheerful and making the best of their lot.

The very sick person is rarely told of the gravity of his condition.

To put one in a separate ward for the dying would be equivalent to placing them in the doomed cell, and the psychological effect would be like the aborigine pointing the bone.

Mrs. J. James, Dimboola Hotel, Dimboola, Vie.

£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stomped envelope unused letter is to be returned.

DEAR DIARY

believe

THE wearing of a mascot does bring good fortune, Miss McCure (2.3/40).

A friend of mine wears a lucky tone and would not be seen without i. On the one occasion that she vent out without her charm she net with an accident.

I have worn a turquoise for several years, and have always been lucky.

When my sister was ill in hospital ahe wore it, and as a result had a remarkable recovery.

Miss E. Smith, 134 Wakefield St., Adelaide.

Pure superstition

LUCKY charms are just a silly superstition.

What possible bearing can they ave on any of our actions?

As a dress accessory a "charm" bracelet may look quite attractive, but the gir who buys one because she believes it will bring her good luck is waating her money. No small trinket can make or mar

Miss J. Scott, Normanby Rd., Kew,

Mrs. E. Mercer, Devon, Caringbah Rd., Cronulla, N.S.W.

WHEN on holidays this year I found many people asternished on learning that I was the keeper of a dlary.

Some thought the ides silly, while others regarded it as out of

It may be both; but all I can say this: My diary proves a constant surce of pleasure.

Why don't more people start diaries and live a little for the memories they cherish as well as for the present and future?

Miss Yvonne Boyce, 533 Ann St., Brisbane B20.

TOO CLINGING

WHY do so many young girls and women form the habit of clinging to a man's arm on every possible occasion, even in shops and places of amusement?

Out for a stroll together it is quite in order, though much better when the man takes the initiative. But it must be embarrassing, for instance, when a young man in a trowded street is doing his best to sneeze and use his handkerchief while his girl clings on.

Miss E. Griffiths, 4 Erica Ave.

Miss E. Griffiths, 4 Erica Ave., Glen Iris SES, Vic.

PERSONAL TALK Can prove useful THE possession of a "lucky" charm may not be quite so absurd as it

WHY do some people discuss private affairs while travelling

nounds.

In the back of most people's minds is the idea that a certain thing is lucky to them.

As in the law of attraction, your mental stiffule can act as a magnet, so a nices of tawdry imitation jewellery or any other object can acrve as a reminder to be always on the lookout for opportunities that will lead to good fortune.

We be Morey Desan Caringbah

private affairs while travelling in trains, trains, and buses?

I find it most annoying to travel with inyone who audibly discusses their latest illness or how Mrs. So-and-So's husband treats her.

These people miss the pleasure of being out of doors, when even if one travels over the same route, there are always some interesting things to see, such as new buildings or the ever-changing beauty of gardens.

Mrs. L. Willows, Bremlier Ave.

Mrs. L. Willcox, Bromley Ave., Pymble, N.S.W.



By all means have hair-do's ... they are fashiomable and attractive ... but if you want to make the most of them, be very, very careful, to guard your head from—"Permined" Scolo:

Harsh chemicals and burning, drag-ging "perming" machines harden the hair fibres make them spir and lose their lustre. Hot art driers parch the scalp, dry out the natural oils, destroy the softness of the hair.

the hair.

Come to the rescue! . . . Ask your chemist, to-day, how Crystells Rapid guickly stops the liching — restrengthens the nor miflocated hair-cells, and re-nourishes the scalp!

Get Crystolis-Rapid - the specialist's

"I am a hairdresser and, coming in connect with scalp troubles of all descriptions, I have much pleasure in say-ing that in every case I have recommended GRYSTOLIS—results have been and the

National Library of Australia



Namedy's investment

"SHE NEEDS A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT one that neither both nor exercise can tender ineffec-tive..."

OU may think you do not perspire enough to matter, but every girl does. Even slight moisture may ruin a lovely dress,-will certainly destroy your charm

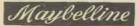
Thousands of women rely on Liquid Odorono to safeguard their feminine appeal. Used and recommended by doctors, Odorono simply diverts undersrm perspiration to other parts of the body where it may evaporate more freely. Easy to use, ir scientifically controls perspiration moisture and odour

ODO-RO-NO



BEAUTIFUL EYES!

Yes, yot too can have beautiful eyes. Just a few quick strokes with Maybelline miscara and your eyes will become like two beautiful pools of enchantment, sangiline compatity. Black



By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

** THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Week's Best Release Charles Laughton, Hara. (RKO.) Maureen

Others. (RKO.)

VICTOR HUGO'S classic romance of old Paris reaches the acrom again—in colossal sweep.

Everything in the film runs to apperlative—the hurly-burly mob scenes, the tumultuous and staggering pageantry, the wild climax in the storming of the Cathedral. I have never seen larger sets or bigger crowds.

The deformed beliringer of Notre Dame, who turns from his sinister patron when the latter persecutes a gipsy girl and who has the feelings of a man inside the frame of a monster, is played this time by Charles Laughton.

The supporting characters are ex-

ster, is played this time by Charles Laughton.

The supporting characters are excellent against their towering background—particularly Thomas Mitchell as the beggar king, and a new-comer. Esimond O'Brien, in the role of the poet who loves the girl Esmeralda, too.

Matterial O'Brien of Esmeralda.

of the poet who loves the girl Exmeraida, too.

Maureen O'Brien, as Esmeraida has the beauty, and, in the dramatic scenes, a warm, emotional freedom. But the crux of the whole film is, again, the Hunchback himself.

Charles Laughton follows in the steps of Lon Chaney, whose 1923 Hunchback was a classic. Repulsive to look upon, Laughton acts the beliringer finely, adding a curlous touch of freakish humor. But only in two scenes—the flogging, and his talk with Exmeraida in the tower—does he wring the heart with horrified pity, as Chaney did. Otherwise, you feel you are watching a magnificent actor.

The film is, nevertheless, melo-framatic entertainment on the grand scale, quickening to headlong excitement.—Regent; showing.

** BALALAIKA

Nelson Eddy, Hona Massey.

NELSON EDDY and Hona Masse

NELSON EDDY and Hona Massey sing this entertaining screen version of the operetia which has been aeen on the Australian stage. In case you do not know the story Eddy is a flashing Cossack prince, and Hona a heautiful cafe singer in pre-war Russia. When I call Hona beautiful I mean it. She's a fragile, exquisité blonde, with narrow, sparkling eyes, a glorious soprano voice, and intriguing promise of stardom.

Nelson poses as a student to make Hona love him. But enter assassimation, and then war. The lovers are partied—to meet again in Paris long after the war has ended.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given "Balaislas" sparkling production. Indeed, I wish they had left it all pure romance—and forgotten the revolution and war altogether.

The conflict does give Nelson a chance to sing "Silent Night." But it is Nelson as the star of gallanury and song who is so attractive.

One of the surprises of the film is

Gradings ** Excellent ** Above average

Our Film

* Average No stars — below average.

"The Volga Boatman"—to which Nelson's song gives a new and thrill-ling interpretation.

On the side of comedy go Frank Morgan, and Charlle Ruggles—with a priceless fringe, Cossack coatume, and a mad gleam in his eye.

On the side of drama go a silver-bearded Lionel Atwill, and C. Aub-rey Smith, as the most autocratic nobleman of them all—St. James

* LAW OF THE PAMPAS William Boyd, Steffi Duna, (Para-

MORE beautiful scenery than usual, the addition of music, and that hearty laugh of William (Hopalong) Boyd ringing out frequently make this, the latest Hopalong Castidy, one of the best of the series.

Hopalong with Rusself ("Lucky") Hayden, and Mexican, Sidney Toler trail over mountain tracks into Mexico to escort cattle to Senor Valdez rancho.

Valdez rancho.

Hopalong early takes a dislike to
the aenor's son-in-law. Sidney
Blackmer, He learns that Valdez son
and daughter have recently been
killed in mysterious accidents. So
when he arrives at the rancho he
decides to stay a while and do a
little investigating.

This leads him into all sorts of trouble—involving Steffi Duna, dancer, and a heap of Mexicans and

Americans.

As a melancholy Mexican, who is always worrying about something. Sidney Toler is amusing—and provokes many a lough from easy-going, good-natured, but ever-watchful "Hoppy."—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

STREET OF MISSING MEN

Charles Bickford, Harry Carey. (Republic.)

THE abourd plot and the feeble characterisation drag this ac-tion-full newspaper melodrama down to below average film fare.

to below average film fare.

It is a story of delayed venigeance—very much delayed, Bickford, after a five-years' gaol sentence (for what the story doesn't reveal) sets out to ruin newspaper editor Harry Carry, who helped send him to prison.

Carey is the soul of kindness and honesty—very guilfole indeed.

honesty—very gullible indeed.

Bickford, however, joins Carey's staff, but schemes with gangaters for his downfall. For the rest of the film Bickford wears an air of mingled sulkiness and perplexity, apparently always just on the point of turning in his wicked schemes.

His better nature is kept well to the fore by brusque affection for newsboy Tommy Ryan. Tommy registers emotion by blinks and gulpa, and is generally a thresome lad. He is also superfluous to the story. Could it be that it is he who helps to bring about Bickford's change of heart?—Capitol; showing.

LITTLE ACCIDENT

LITTLE ACCIDENT

Sandy, Hugh Herbert. (Universal.)

HAVING seen Baby Sandy twice
before cooing gurgling, clapping
hands, acting coy and angry according to story demands. I must confess I found this comedy tame.

As in "East Side of Heaven" and
"Unexpected Father" Sandy is causing trouble to a heap of people who
are no relation to her. She is left
in the office of a newspaper's baby
editor, Hugh Herbert, by her father.
Ernest Truex. To save his job. Hugh
pretends he is Sandy's grandfather.
For the same reason Sandy is entered into a baby contest. Of course
sie wins, and the publicity puta
Hugh's attractive only and single
daughter, Florence Rice, on the spot.
Hugh Herbert is occasionally
amusing, and there is a brief glimpse

SCREEN ODDITIES *



Here's hot from all

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

GINGER ROGERS has filed proon the grounds of desertion.

Married in 1934, they have been

separated for over three years.
Hollywood suspects that Ginger is divorcing Lew to marry Howard Hughes, noted flier and film producer, with whom she is very ducer, w friendly.

friendly.

LUPE VELEZ was furlous when she discovered that a gipsy fortune teller had robbed her of £650.

The fortune teller told her she could concentrate better if she held a package of money in her hand. Lupe let her hold her purse. When she got it back the bag was empty, but Lupe didn't discover that until the gipsy was gone.

CLARK GABLES pet ambition is to raise prize poultry. He

CLARK GABLE'S pet ambition is to traise prize positry. He bought a load of chickens at £5 each, housed them in tuxurious cages, and save them expert supervision. He took sick for a few days and went to the hospital for treatment. In his absence, Carole, who did not appreciate the value of the poullry, decided to hand them out to needy families. She thought it would be

Shows Still Running

**Three Waltzes. Yvonne Printemps. Pierre Freanay in gay French musical.—Savoy. 7th week **Hiller, Beast of Berlin, Rolam Drew, Steff Duma in melodram of German persecution.—Lyceum

so nice for them to enjoy a good chicken dinner. Was Clark sore when he found the birds had flown! Was Carole's face red!

. CARBO has gone completely femi-nine since Gayelord Hauser came into ber life. No more pole-coats, slouch hats, or flat heela She wears picture hats, furs, and, best of all, the gay smile "Ninotchka" made famous.

POBERT STACK, the young man who had the honor of giving Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss is in New York visiting Cobina Wright, Jun. Cobina is the gorgeous acciety "deh." and singer who rivalled Brenda Frazier last season for publicity. She and Rubert are holding hands in a manner definitely romantie. itely romantic.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has decided to shelve "The Return of Raffles," which was to have been a sequel to "Raffles," again starring David Niven. Niven is in England waiting to be called up on active service.

She Wanted to Lose Weight

AND LOST EXACTLY 14lbs.

of German persecution.—Lyceum, 2nd week.

*Remember? Robert Taylor, Greer Garcon in absurd romantic comedy.—Liberty, 2nd week.

*Adventure in Diamonds. Iss Miranda, George Brent in mildly entertaining romantic adventure.

*Prince Edward, 2nd week.

*Sherlock Holmes. Baull Ratinbone. Nigel Bruce in exciting detective thriller.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

*Sherlock Holmes. Baull Ratinbone. Nigel Bruce in exciting detective thriller.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

TIVOLI

8 p.m.

"SPICE OF LIFE" VARIETY REVUE

"REFLECTIONS IN A WINE GLASS"

One of the most delightful 1-hours on the air

Will be broadcast in future each Tuesday at 8.30 p.m. instead of at 9 p.m. over

BARBARA finds contentment





Mrs. Robert Taylor in private and public life. At left, sprinting down the Valley road to their ranch with Bob. Above, glamor girl plus in a scene from Paramount's "Remember the Night."

Movie Magic in the most amazing Easter Attraction yet presented

Paramount's Full Length Cartoon in GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!



this lovely, demure young thing is thirty-three years of age. It is the latest studio portrait of Barbara Stanwyck.

IT is ten months since a I is ten months since a shiny-eyed Barbara Stanwyck, with a platinum circlet on the third finger of her left hand, returned to Hollywood and ordered the name-plate over her dressing-room door to be changed to "Mrs. Robert Taylor." Taylor.

I have just seen the premiere of her new film, "Remember the Night." The Barbara who gleamed from the screen in a variety of exotic frocks was new to me. She seemed in-credibly young.

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

She has never looked loveller. She herself will tell you that she has never been so happy. What has Barbara been doing since her marriage? She and Bob spend all the time they can get together on their ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

on their ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

There you wouldn't feel comfortable unless you came dressed to romp with the dogs, go riding in the hills, or walking through the alfalfa which Bob has under cultivation.

Bob and Barbara are deeply interested in each other's career, but they never interfere.

Bob broke this unwritten rule only once-during the filming of "Remember the Night." He objected to the "undress" scenes in which his wife appeared, and some of the love stenes, which he considered unnecessarily prolonged.

Barbara is proudle wearing a diamond-crusted bracelet round her slender wrist-a recent birthday present fom Bob.

They are planning a quiet little tete-a-tete dinner at home on May 19—their first wedding anniversary.

Their next-door neighbors?

CONSIDER HARPO MARX'S MUSICAL EVENINGS, BENNY'S WORKING BEES, WENDY BARRIE'S TAP-DANCING CRAZE.

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

FULM stars are generally awfully nice people-but how do they rate as next-door neighbors?

I put this question to noncelebritles who do live next door to a film star family in Hollywood.

were practically unanimous . . . it has its dis-

umanimous . . . it has its disadvantages.
For instance, at any hour of the day you may find your garden trampled upon by a buslead of sight-acers, peeking from your side of the fence into your more famous neighbor's palatial residence.
They may even stand on your cherished flower-pots and newly-painted garden seat to get a more comfortable view.
You must be prepared to ignore the solitary sightseer, making a private tour of inspection via your grounds. It can be awkward. You can never be sure whether you have on your premises a fan or a more indigenous prowler.

indigenous prowler.
You're likely to be awakened from
your peaceful slumber by your
neighbor arriving home from work
in the wee hours of the morning
or getting off to an early start
at the studio somewhere round
about five o'clock. And you know
how noisy a car can be warming
up at that chilly hour.

Music disturbs

A ND when you're entertaining at

A ND when you're entertaining at dinner you may find conversation difficult above the sounds of a trumpet, violin, or piano, drifting across from next door.

For instance, take the "At Homes" arranged by Harpo Marx, who dotes on music. Every Wednesday night Harpo leads an amateur evening. He plays the cymbals, playwright Harpo leads an amateur evening the plays the cymbals, playwright Gharles MacArthur beats the drums, and brother Grouche is maestro of the cornet.

They practise for hours with the

They practise for hours with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Australian

The people living near Jack Benny's home are complaining they can't get any sleep at night.

Now it happens that Jack is in the threes of making a picture. It's called "Buck Benny Rides Again," and Jack is anxious to make a success of it.

Jack is not only a tiger for work, but a most hospitable fellow. He has his staff of "gag mem" come home with him from the studio. With wife Margaret Livingstone zerving black coffee and cheese biscuits at regular intervals, they all apend the evening working out gags for the picture.

Midnight performer

Midnight performer
THE boys have fun—as restless neighbors testify. Their laughter rings out far into the night. Allan Jones is another offender. He likes to sing whenever the mood takes him. It may take him somewhere round midnight. Then you can hear windows being loudly slammed, see lights angrily switched on in adjacent houses.

Wendy Barrie's new enthusiasam for tap-dancing is causing local home-lovers concern.

When Wendy gets home from work, while mother strums on the plano, she earnesdy begins practising tap routines. They can be heard distinctly and distractingly three doors up the street.

But Mickey Rooney is the lad Hebrings his party of young people home after an evening at one of the mightclubs. They switch on the wireless, and jitterbug far into the evening.

Occasionally the programme is varied when Mickey plays the latest hits on the piano.

This accomplished 18-year-old needs little encouragement to perform. He'll play for hours until some neighbor rings through to ask him to put on the soft pedal.

Well, how would you like to live pext door to a film star? Still want to, I suppose Even if they had notsy nightly parties, sang all day and all night, it still would be fun to be neighbor to someone like Norma Shearer or Clark Gable.



Wendy Barrie, RKO player, enjoys the marning sunshine on the porch of her Beverly Hills home-with her dachshund at her feet. Wendy is generally a quiet, home-loving young woman, but her latest craze for tap-dancing has neighbors worried.

JOAN CRAWFORD

. . . candid cameraman's ideal

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

OAN CRAWFORD has been voted "the most co-operative star of the the year" by the Hollywood News Photo-graphers' Association.

graphers' Association.

These are the boys who earn their living taking candid comera shots of the stars at premieres, sporting events, and other public places.

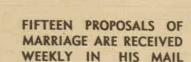
Naming Bette Davis runner-up, the association declared that Joan Crawford had shown them more consideration and courtesy than any other actor or actress in Hollywood.

To put a formal seal on their favor, they gave her a dinner—and a handsomely engraved cigarette box. It isn't an honor to be dismissed lightly. These candid cameramen play a really important part in the lives of Hollywood celebrities.

Hollywood celebrities.

When a star treats them kindly, they'll discard unflatter-ing shots. But when a star goes "high hat," and refuses to pose, the Hallywood News Photographers' Association may send her to Coventry. Then not one photographer in Hollypose, the Hollywood News Photographers' Association may send her to Coventry. Then not one photographer in Hollywood will take her picture.

They also deliberately set out to take and print nothing but the most unflattering pictures of the offender. This harmful publicity infuriates the stars.



Jimmy...

L INE up the male stars of Hollywood, and you would never guess, by merely looking at them, that James Stewart is rapidly becoming glamor boy

He has none of the good looks of Clark Gable or Robert Taylor, or the stern virility of Gary Cooper, or the devastating "great lover" appeal of Charles

Yet this long, lean, ungainly youth has won the hearts of millions of girls all over the world, and receives an average of fifteen proposals of marriage a week in his fan mail. In Hollywood tiself Jimny is a popular escort of such glamor girls as Loretta Young, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer.

giris as Loretta Young, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer.

He met Olivia de Havilland for the first time when he took her to the New York premiere of "Gone With the Wind."

This was prearranged by Olivia's manager, but it so happens that Jimmy had long wanted to meet the sweet Olivia, and they have been going places together ever since.

When Jimmy first started in pictures, the idea that he might become a really great star was laughable. Secondary character parts, yes, but how could this awkward, gangling, sometimes inarticulate, youngster hope to hit the top as a lead?

sometimes marticulate, youngster nope to mt the top as a lead?

Yet picture after picture "clicked" with the public, and 1838 he emerged as the probable winner of the Academy Award for his work in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

He scored another triumph in "Desty Rides Again," and now critics are enthusing over his work in "The Shop Around the Corner," which has just been previewed in Hollywood.

According to tradition.

By JOHN B. DAVIES, from New York

According to tradition, the man with the most appeal is an adventur-ous, strong-willed, con-quering hero. Certainly Jimmy does not answer

Why the girls are wild about



nourishing meal in the hope of "fat-tening him up a bit."

tening him up a bit."

James Stewart is a typical American. He comes from the small city of Indiana, Pennsylvania. He was a Boy Scout as a kid, and indulged in the usual sports, together with the other boys on the block. His father ran a large hardware store, and because he was a graduate of Princeton University, Jimmy chose Princeton, too. He specialised in architecture, and graduated in 1932.

But no American edifice bears the stamp of Jimmy's talent, for as soon as he was through with school he joined up with a small stock com-pany, and has remained in the theatre ever since.

to this description. On the contrary, he is shy and diffident, But it is precisely his shyness which attracts women fans. Jimmy appeals to their maternal instinct. They want to brush his unruly locks, want it brush his unruly locks atraighten his tie, give him a good nourishing meal in the hope of "fat-

Angry as she was, when she faced the wistful eyes of the awkward young man Miss Cowi did not have the heart to fire him.

the heart to fire him.

To-day Jimmy leads the life of a typical bachelor. He lives alone, except for the servants in an unprelentious house in Brentwood. His hobby is planes, and he files his own inexpensive model. As you might guess of slow-moving Jimmy—who is sometimes called "the white Stepin Fetchit"—his aeroplane travels no faster than 100 miles per hour.

His accordion also takes up a lot of his spare time. He has played it ever since he can remember.

Jimmy is six feet three inches tail.

The theatre meant so much to him that even when he couldn't get work as an actor he would take nenial jobs. It was because of wighted exactly 10 stone. He is still Jimmy's carclessness that American

main hobby is flying, his special pride keeping his plane gleaming and immoculate. He is shown here in the hangar near his Brentwood home, waxing the fuselage of his streamlined plane.





Thomas Mitchell as the doctor attending young STAGE COACH." matron Louise Platt, while social outcast Claire Trevor looks on.



"GONE WITH THE WIND." Mitchell as the "crazy" father of Scarlett (Vivien Leigh). At left, with sons Tim Holt and Terry Kilburn in a scene from RKO's adventure epic, "Swiss Family Robinson."

YOU will be pleased to learn that Thomas Mitchell, that popular and versatile character actor, has been

and versatile character actor, has been given official star rating this year. Impressed with Mitchell's performances of the past year, RKO unhestatingly signed him to star in their million-dollar adventure yarn, "Swiss Family Robinson."

This is the screen's first version of the well-known classic, written by Johann David Wyss 127 years ago.

Mitchell plays the Swiss watchmaker, who, disgusted with the snobbery of high society, sails with his wife and four sons to seek

new life in distant places. A shipwreck brings them paradise on a tropic island. You may not know Thomas Mitchell by name, but you will recognise him immediately you see him on the screen. You first saw this lovable actor in "Lost Horison," when he played with Ronald Colman.

Colman.

He was Cary Grant's aviator friend in "Only Angels Have Wings," the drunken doctor in "Stage Coach," the reporter in "Mr Smith Goes to Washington."

He has appeared in films for practically every studio, His versatility makes him one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood.



QUESTION TO LADY HARMSWORTH

Wherever you are Lady Harmsworth at social gatherings, at the theatre in the country your skin always has the same flawless smoothness. What is your beauty

ANSWEE

I use nothing but Pond's. At night
I put Pond's Cold Cream on my skin
to remove every trace of make-up,
powder and dust. Its fine olds go
right down into the pores,
loosen every bit of dirt.
then float it all away.

QUESTION TO LADY HARMSWORTH

Lady Harmsworth, tell us why you choose Pond's Vanishing Cream in preference to expensive beauty preparations?

ANSWER
Pond's Vanishing Cream makes my
skin soft and amooth instantly. It
holds my powder longer than any
other powder foundations I've tried,
and it guards my skin against roughening and coarsening by bad weather.

QUESTION TO MISS BAGLEY:

When you spend a lot of time out in the sun and wind, don't you find that your skin gets rough?

ANSWER:
That was a big worry. But I've found that Ponds Vanishing Cream protects my skin, and even If it does get a bit rough and flaky sometimes. Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it smooth and soft again at once.

That's one reason why I'm so enthusiastic about Pond's! It only costs a few pence a week. and Pond's Cold Gream is simply marvellous the way it cleanses my skin and keeps it nice and smooth all the those.

A lovely complexion is so important in your job . . don't you find that skin care is a bit of a problem on your budget, Miss Bagley?



This is how these two lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every use POND'S COLD CREAM every right and morning and to freshen up during the day. They pat it on a few minutes, then wipe it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing itssues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and make-up..., keeps skin flawless. They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! Por lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight, too, after your usual cleansing



KACHKE.	BEINE .	SUNTAN
CREAM	NATERAL [LIGHT NATURAL
	X = 3 Sec 11513	GFO MELBOURN
NAME -		

THE HOMEMAKER



BEAUTY is only skindeep, so the old adage tells us . . . Modern knowledge has taught us that there's a lot more to beauty than that. But clear, glowing skin is a beauty-must, so see to it that your skin achieves a lasting loveliness.

A CLEAR SKIN

DESPITE the continuous use of greusepaint and heavy screen make-up, Rosalind Russell, MGM star, retains the youthful smoothness of her skin with a well-planned daily routine.

ODERN beauty is not a matter of luck, of being born that way nor are a lot of money and leisure necessary to retain one's appearance as the years pass by. It's mostly common sense, attention to health, and to that regular routine of a few minutes daily.

Bad temper and nervous worry are reflected in wrinkles and lines, and any careless-ness in one's daily beauty routine is revealed unerringly in the skin.

If your skin remains clear and lovely as the years pass by, there you have a firm foundation for lasting charm that will not fade with the years. So let's resolve to this fundamental beauty problem of the complexion and get it under control without more delay.

Many of the lovellest women are those who lead the busiest lives, with numerous diversions demanding their attention every moment of the day. Yet it is just such women who often contrive to achieve greater charm as they grow older. What is their secret? For it is obvious that they cannot spend hours each day on beauty routine.

One woman confided that she

One woman confided that she carried out her daily beauty routine

By JANETTE

in the evening bath. This is a com-fortable, relaxing place, and a well-planned beauty routine will only add a few minutes to your bath time. The important point, of course, is to do it regularly.

course, is to do it regularly.

All you will need is a good skin cleanser, a skin food, and a good astringent.

If your skin is normal you will find it difficult to discover a better cleanser than a good, pure soan. Use one of the super-brands that most beauty houses include among their products, if you like. Or you can try a baby soap that makes a good, close lather.

Bath treatment

LATHER your face and neck for about a minute when first you get into your bath.

get into your bath.

The steam from the bath will by then have opened the pores, so the time is ripe for skin food. Massage this in gently, remembering always to work across any lines or wrinkles, and not with them. You won't need to massage long, as the steam from the bath aids you, and the skin food sinks in very quickly.

Leave the skin food on to do its

Leave the skin food on to do its good work while you are finishing your bath

Afterwards wipe face and neck with a damp cloth or flannel, and dab on your pet astringent or witch

So you see it doesn't really take much of your precious time. But

the regular cleansing and massage will keep your complexion in dazz-ling good order.

ling good order.

Having the basis of a clear complexion, you can use the cosmeties that are so important a part of the modern woman's beauty routine with confidence and success.

But don't let your cosmetics rule you. They can—so easily.

you. They can—so easily.

At first you use them sparingly.
Then one day, when you are looking pale, you might put on a little more rouge than usual, or apply your mascara just a shade more heavily.

Remember that the most admired women are those whose make-up enhances their natural charms and does not hide them under an artificial mask.

No matter how well-proportioned

does not note them under at according to a ficial mask.

No matter how well-proportioned a face may be, nor how lovely the skin, it can never be really beautiful if it is expressionless. And it will lack expression be masklike, where there are dormant muscles.

This is specially important for women who are not so young. In her youth a woman may see no need to give Nature any assistance, but even the most fortunate of us will find that muscles soon begin to sagif not properly exercised and cared for.

Skin always tends to take the form of the underlying tissue, but although it is flexible to a remark-able degree, it must be remembered that its natural elasticity is naturally

To prevent loss of contour and to restore elasticity to the skin, it should be exercised and manipulated—not only on the surface skin, but on the underlying muscles and tissues also.



"Vivacity characterises to-day's heads—as A Stegman a challenge, no doubt, to the times," says M. Stegman, late of Maison Wielsch, premier Salon of Zurich, who has won many international awards, including the London Grand Prix, for designing coiffures to symbolise the world's fashion trend.

"My 1940 creation, FANTASIA, has a sparkling suphistication, becoming to lovely Australian women...."
"But of course no stylist would attempt to create such an elaborate conflure without first using VELMOL to make the hair soft, pliant, and wave-holding.... And no woman would attempt to wear it, without the aid of regular Velmol 'damp-sets' to keep each swirl perfectly and naturally in place."

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Yes, and "damp-setting" is the secret behind those latest Hollywood hair styles you mest admire, too! For a Velmo! "damp-set" is so simple ... works perfectly on any hair ... and takes just 4 minutes!

Whether your style is a simple conflure, or a gorgeous extrava-ganza—give yourself the lasting thrill of a fashionably-moded head by using Velmol to "damp-set" it.

and to keep it lustrous, silky and always "in place"!

No need for costly sets to vanish into disarray after one night's shunber an hour in the wind. No more need to crowd rebellious tresses under "invisible" nets . If you will just spend 2- to-day for a bottle of Velmol at your chemist or tollet counter. Leading hair stylists use and recommend Velmol "damp-sets."

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

One-third of each day is spent . . .

IN YOUR BEDROOM

BEDROOMS must be quiet, restful, well ventilated, if your sleeping hours are to refresh you. Comfort, convenience, spaciousness are important qualities.

This article tells how the judicious arrangement of essential furnishings can make the most of your bedroom-whether it is luxurious, of cottage-like simplicity, or decorated in period style.



VICTORIAN INFLUENCE in a bedroom boudoir, with canopied four-poster bed, easy chairs, and lounge, and light chintz covers. The wall-to-wall carpet is enlivened by two small floral rugs.

UIETNESS is a most necessary require-ment in a bedroom.

Ment in a bedroom.

Noise can be most effectively absorbed by having the floor completely carpeted, and the thicker the carpet the more efficiently it deadens noise. Heavy woollen carpet is best, those of poorer quality should be laid over thick felt.

of poorer quanty anould be laid over thick felt.

When furnishing a bedroom, remember that an atmosphere of real-fulness is essential. Let the effect be simple and unstudied. Wide, plain auriaces, not disturbed by ornament or subdivided many times, are unobtrusive and soothing.

Colors like red and purple are too aggressive for hedroom comfort. Light tonings are more suitable-buff, grey, blue, pink, green, and yellow.

Space is a prime consideration.

Space is a prime consideration apace to move about easily between bed and dressing-table, wardrobe and chest of drawers; space for storing.

and chest of drawers; space for storing.

Built-in cupboards are admirable
space-savers, and their appearance
is restful and pleasing when doors
are painted to match the walls.

The bed, obviously the most important element, needs to be chosen
with care. It is wise to get the bed
settled first and to dispose the resis
of the furniture in relation to it.

If the size and shape of the room
suggest a corner position for the
bed, it is a good idea to set the bed
squarely in the corner and not, as

is often done, with the head-board diagonally across the corner. This letter arrangement is very wasteful of space, and the diagonal line of the bed is apt to upset the symmetry of the room's arrangement. The dressing-table can stand only where there is ample light, whereas no such consideration limits the disposition of other pieces of furniture which can be manoeuvred into the most suitable remaining positions. They must, of course, be well lighted both by day and night. Doors of wardrobes and cupboards should preferably be made so that when open the whole interior of the cupboard is revealed.

Blind spots

A PIXED panel between narrow doors creates dim inner recesses, "blind spots," which are liable to become disorderly dumping places for odds and ends.

It is as well to introduce a chest of drawers, unless provision has been made for plenty of drawers in the built-in furniture, for this is a convenient and comely piece of furniture.

venient and contey productive.

Electric lighting should receive careful consideration in a bedroom. The day of the single central bulb from the middle of the ceiling is mercifully passing.

A light behind the bed at a convenient height for reading in bed is generally appreciated, with another at the dressing-table.





with a gleaming surface of deat your paint or hardware store for "QUICK" ENAMEL

Also "QUICK" STAIN - "QUICK" SILVER - "QUICK" CLEAR

LEWIS BERGER AND SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED ROGERS PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY



RUST AND CREAM are used effectively in this bedroom with the plain bed-covers, striped curtains, and printed wallpaper. Notice the upholstered bed-heads and under-flourcing to match.

10-66

TOOTH PASTE FOR THE IT KEEPS TEETH SO WHITE & LUSTROUS

Charming and beautiful women all over the world choose Listerine Tooth Paste because it imparts sparkling whiteness to teeth and also because it is free from harmful grit, coarse abrasives, and soap and is the only dentifrice that contains the active element of Listerine Antiseptic itself.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

In two sizes, 1/3 and 2/-



SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. Thege was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials—tangible. Hack-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

orders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, SA. She writes:

"I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can aleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia,

and can sleep well at night. I can heartly recommend Warners Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint.

Rheumatism, scattica, neuralgia, miliouness, eleeplessness, etc., are only a fee of the many dangerous symptom, that may occur when the symptom that may occur when the symptom that may occur when the prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic. Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the chespest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc. will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd. 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

They will learn while they play

IN A GARDEN

MAKE your home a gardening kindergarten where the youngest in your family can play in safety and where the elder children can help and learn to love the things that mean so much to every true garden lover.

-Savs THE OLD GARDENER

OME months ago I suggested that child-ren should be given playground space in the gar-den, and many readers were kind enough to write in saying how heartily they endorsed the idea.

The picture on this page shows what has been done by one garden lover to add to the attractiveness of his home and at the same time provide a sand-pit and shade for the tiny tots.

vice a sano-pit and shade for the tiny tots.

This wych-gate shelter was built at little coat by a carpenter, and is fitted with a sand-pen.

I might suggest, too, that the sides could be made weather-proof by adding canvas awnings fitted on rollers, these being used, also, as sun-blinds. While I realise that such a structure is not within the reach of every home gardener, modified adaptations can be suggested.

One friend of mine has erected a canvas tent with one side permanently open to admit air and to prevent great heat generating during sunny, hot days.

Artificial cave

A NOTHER has an artificial con-crete cave built into a low cliff which juts out into the garden, and this is fitted with seats, tables, and

which jute out into the garden, and this is fitted with seats, tables, and a see-saw.

That cave, I know, is the render-vous of all the kiddles in the district, and is as safe as a summerhouse, cooler, and weatherproof the year round.

It takes the place of the unsightly cubby-houses that children love to build, and as it is swept regularly by dad, and all cobwebs removed, no a danger of spiders lurking under tables or in corners is ever experienced.

The presence of the sand-pen in the cave has obviated the danger of allowing small children to play unattended on the local beach, and has wiped out the ever-present danger of the youngsters developing tinea, or surfer's itch.

And this garden lover has given the bigger children garden plots of their own, and they have developed his love for flowers as a result.

Recently I visited a big public school where the children lovingly tend a big garden, and win all the prizes in an annual schools garden competition.

Flower lover



A WYCH-GATE built by a home carpenter to cover a sand-play pen. It provides shade for the tiny tots while they play and is at the same time an attractive addition to the garden.

Plant breeding is increasing in importance every year, and needs thousands of fresh, active young brains to take the place of those who retire from the ranks.

who retire from the range.

It may be that the study of garden pests might lead to the discovery of a brilliant young entomologist, or the presentation of a
cheap microscope to some studious
child open up the bewildering
world that such a glass unfolda,
and the development of a famous
biologist.

biologist.

Association with flowers, like close contact with art, develops taste, a healthy outlook and a clean mind, and the child who studies plant life gets a clearer insight into the ways of nature than those children who spend all their time playing in the street.

street.

In recent years some outstanding examples of this have come before the writer. One, a young girl, learned botany at school. She later joined a hiking club and spent her week-ends roaming the bush.

Australia is richer as a result, for that girl found many new varieties of native plants during her rambles, and in country that had been well explored by professional botanists.

In one city in this country, a lad.

In one city in this country, a lad who was known as "the bey ento-mologist," and used to catch all sorts of insects and mount them in cases, is to-day the Government En-tomologist in his State.

temologist in his State.

It is useless of course, to try to make a very young child understand that plants must not be lifted every day or two to see how the roots are growing.

The task of training the young mind should be left to those school years when they assume more responsibility, but the younger ones can learn to dig, cultivate, plant, water and care for plants at school.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Mixture That Quickly Darkens H.

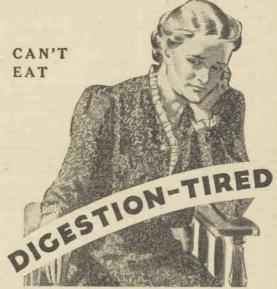
Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair. "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns hiack brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense.

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Hum, i ounce Glycerine, and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Combibe liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."***









No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do?

There is one Food she can at once enjoy and assimilate. It is Benger's, as quickly made as a cup of tea. From the first cup of Benger's her digestion will be rested and she will be abundantly nourished. This is why-

Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food by adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Because of this self-digestion, your system is able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

Cheshire, England.

BENGER'S

the self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE. INED AND MADE IN HALF A MINULE.
Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonsful of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as coul and milk are partially self-digested.

FREE Write for the Senews's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 180, George Street, Sydney.



MAKES YOU FEEL

* I am sure I could in lay a better powder at any price.

Obtainable at all Chembia and Stores.

It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and

Just because you're getting on in years doesn't mean you have to feel old. Nature—with the help of modern medicine—has ereated a wonderful tonic which ereated a wonderful tonic which packs into your system the sparkle and vitality of youth. This tonic is WINCARNIS. The astounding total of over 25,000 recommendations from medical men is the most unshakeable proof that WINCARNIS will do you good, too. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. The first glass sends through your whole body the lift and liveliness of the vigour which whisks away depression and revives your brain, heart and nerves. WINCARNIS is the "No Waiting Tonic"—the first glass does you good. Get a bottle from your Chemiat to-day! WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ... By a Doctor

Perhaps her eyes are to blame!

ATIENT: Doctor, do you think my little girl could be short-sighted? At five years she seems too young to wear glasses. Mary has always been a bright, in-telligent child, yet since she has started school she hasn't been getting on so well.

Her teacher suggested hav-ing her eyes tested because she discovered Mary was hav-ing difficulty in seeing the blackboard, even though she makes her sit in the front row.

makes her sit in the front row.
Doctor: It does sound as though
the child's eyes are to blame.
Many a child who is really intelligent is accused of being dull and
backward, when really he is
physically handicapped.
A child who cannot see the board
properly, or has difficulty in hearing the teacher, will naturally be at
a disadvantage.

If it, is supported that a child.

If it is suspected that a child's vision is not normal, expert advice should be sought. It is a great mistake to imagine, as many parents do, that if a child has any trouble with his eyes he will "grow out of it."

To neglect a childhood defect, such as a squint, is merely to invite incurable trouble in later life, the point being that with a bad squint one eye is not used, and that eye becomes blind.

Can be corrected

CERTAIN defects of vision such as "far sightedness," "short-sightedness," and astigmatism can only be corrected by wearing glasses with suitable lenses.

only be corrected by wearing glasses with suitable lenses.

Many parents, however, seem to regard the wearing of glasses in childhood as a major tragedy and so hesitate to seek medical advice when it is necessary.

This is quite a mistaken idea. Better a few years spent wearing glasses in childhood than a lifetime of misery caused by strained eyes. The correction of such defects in youth, moreover, often assures comfortable normal vision in after life.

Our eyes are precious. One pair must last a lifetime. If we lose our teeth they can be replaced by artificial ones which can carry out the work of natural teeth.

The skin if bruised, mutilated or diseased will heal again. The hair if cut will grow again. But if the sight of an eye is lost it can never be replaced.

It is astonishing, therefore, that we place so little value on our eyesight, which is really one of our most precious possessions. Our eyes are perhapa the most overworked and abused of all our bodly organs.

Man's eyes are "daylight eyes,"



SHOULD you notice your child packering her eyebrows as this little girl is doing, you can be sure it is due either to defective eyesight or bad lighting

but in modern times we have extended our focus of vision by means of artificial light. So an extra strain is placed on our eyes.

In cities, too, many workers labor under artificial light both day and night, and very often this light is

Every day you will see people reading in moving vehicles, trains, trains, or cars. We work jong hours without resting our hard-worked eyes; we strain them by reading in bed in unnatural attitudes. We read in open sunlight, or use unshaded and glaring electric bulbs; we work on tables with shiny polished tops that throw a reflected glare.

It is a wonder that our eyes do not "go on strike" more often.

Preserving vision

PARENTS should, from the time their child is born, take every care to preserve its eyesight. A great deal is done, now, to prevent blindness at birth by the use of scientific methods, and statistics show that the incidence of infantile blindness has been considerably lowered. But the preservation of vision does not end there.

A mother should take care not be leave a young baby lying facing

A mother should take care not to leave a young baby lying facing an unshaded bulb, or looking at a shiny surface which reflects light, such as an unshaded window. Toddiers should have their eyes protected from blazing sunlight, especially in summer. A large shady hat or bornet is all that is necessary, but it is necessary.

Even a child who possesses a head of curis that is admired by all and sundry should not go bare-headed in strong sunlight, to sat-isfy the mother's pride. In after life the most beautiful head of hair will not compensate a girl who suffers from eyestrain.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The overstimulated baby

MANY mothers do not understand how delicate and highly compli-cated is the nervous mechanism of a tiny baby and of the quickly grow-ing toddler.

cated is the netwons mechanism of a tiny baby and of the quickly growing toddler.

Too often the thexperienced young mother does not co-operate with Nature, and "shows off" her babe from its earliest days, and later over-stimulates and excites the nervous system by making the toddler say his "little piece" and help in entertaining friends.

A crop of nervous habits, such as stutieting, are often the outcome of this treatment.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, GP.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Wothercraft"



An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being cureful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . A little care today will save you many a heartache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Startledon with

Do not wait for tomorrow1 Start today using

BARRYS Tri-coph-erous





PILLOW-SHAMS and DUCHESSE SET

In matching flower design

Dainty embroidered sets to bring freshness and charm to your bedroom—pillow-shams and a three-piece duchesse set in delicate pansy pattern.

HE sets are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on pure quality Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green

The flowers are worked in buttonhole-stitch and stem-stitch and are cut out after the embroidery is finished.

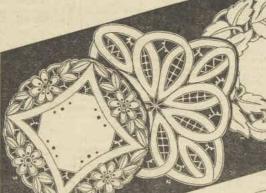
Do the embroidery in delicate flower-tones of pinks and mauves.

Pillow-shams measure 18 x 27 inches. The centre mat of the duchesse set is 12 x 18 inches, and the small mats 9 x 9 inches.

Prices: Duchesse set, 2/9; pillow-shams, 4/6 each; or the complete set, 10/6. Post free.

Stranded cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 2d. per skein, or Broder cottons 4d. per skein extra.





THREE CUTWORK D'OYLEYS

To bring elegance to your A afternoon-tea and supper parties, these three cutwork d'oyleys in conventional leaf and flower motifs.

THESE cutwork d'oyleys are ob-tainable from our

Needlework De partment stamped

ready for work ing on white or colored linen. Or-

working now

0

They may be obtained traced ready for working from our Needlework Department, on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green pure Irish linen.

Buttonhole-stitch is used for the embrokery, with stem-stitch for the cross-bars. When completed, the work is pressed with a damp cloth, and then cut out.

Prices for these dainty d'oyleys, which measure 8 x 8 inches, are 1/-cach. Post free.



Already five out of every nine women have changed to MYZONE for better relief of period pain. For MYZONE's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting - relief without any

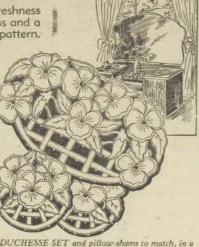
When you feel you are going mad with those dragging mus-cular cramps . . . when headache

and that dreadful weakness makes you want to sit down and cry . . . let MYZONE bris blessed ease and comfort. . let MYZONE bring you

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are Science's aid to nature, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try MYZONE on your very next "main" "pain,

All Chemists.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



dainty flower design.

President Australian Astrological Research Society

MARCH 21 is an important date. It ushers in the astrological year.

RIES is the first sign of the A zodiac, and people born between March 21 and April 21 belong to the ranks of a race

True to their sign, the first in the zodiac, they are pioneers and like to lead others, and to break into new and sometimes difficult or dangerous fields of endeavor, in preference to leading a life of even partial monotony.

Astrology endows this sign with the symbol Aries, the Ram, and this gives an indication of the main characteristics of Arians.

characteristics of Arians.

Just as the ram takes pride in his position as head of the herd and enjoys bossing things in a lordly manner, so do Arians crawe authority and independence, accountable to none, and to secure positions to boss others around when the mood or occasion demands.

The Arian who is constant in daily.

The Arian who is cooped up doing routine work or living in a rut will soon have the urge to "start something" in an endeavor to break up the monotony and create excitement.

What is more, such a person seldom does really good work in life. Independence of thought and action is as necessary to his happiness as food and water are necessary to his physical well-being.

Demand excitement

THE husband or wife of an Arian will therefore show wisdom by striving always to create an element of change, interest, and excitement in domestic life.

in domestic lits.

Similarly, the business partner will not limit an Arian with too many restrictions. If this be done he will either at back and lose interest in his work or break out in violent defiance of the rules.

defiance of the rules.

The Important thing is to hold the Arian in check with a rein of such lightness that he hardly notices its limitations.

The parents of Arian-born children will have their hands full. The rearing of these youngsters is a lifetime job in itself. They must be taught so many things.

They must be made to realise that

They must be made to realise that self-centrol is a first essential for

They must be taught to look

before they leap. They are apt to be far too rash, self-confident, courageous, and independent.

They should learn to concentrate and do routine tasks well, for their tendency is to originate daring plans and good ideas, but to waste many of these through a dislike of detail work.

Finally, they must be taught un-selfishness and consideration for others. Their innate tendency is to regard themselves as lords of creation.

Arians who are taught these things early in life will be saved many sorrows and be-come capable, charming, in-teresting and kindly people.

The Daily Diary

UTILIBE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove

UTILIBRE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fortune will favor many at this time, so why not your. Try for entire it by necking promotion, making changes, starting new your. Try for have an expectally good change of a starting promotion, making changes, starting new for have an expectally good change of affairs and starting ventures on March 26 and 28. TAURIM, April 21 to May 22: Just a week of days for most Tauriam.

TAURIM (April 21 to May 22 to June 22). Your standing matters can be attempted on March 24 and 25.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep a CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep a

CARCHER (June 22 to July 23): Keep a step abead of ircubic if you can this week. Iry to avoid delays, upsets, obstacles, and amoyabees on March 24, 25, and 30, Butting best.

autine best
LEO (July 21 to August 24); You new
see a chance to show the world what you
no do. Go after stransement and opporanities. Be optimistic, energetic and sondent, especially on March 28 and 20.

30 Adverse.

SCORPIO (Cerober 24. to November 27):
March 26 and 27 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 27): Don't let the grass grow under your 27): Don't let the grass grow under your certain opportunities and Seguitarius can devautage, especially on March 28 and 29.

Coulde fair for active aquarians on March 24 and 25.

FISCHS (Pebruary 18 to March 21);
Spondaths in routine. Past benefits can also the control of the cont

broidered georgette frock, which is obtainable from our Needle-work Department. For your baby . . .

GEORGETTE

FOR special occasions you will love this charming little frock traced ready for cutting out, making up, and embroidering on white, pale pink, or pale blue ripple georgette.

Sizes are: Infants, 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months,

Price is 6/11, postage free.

Or paper pattern in same sizes for making frock in your own material may be obtained for 1/-. No transfers for embroidery are available.

Embroider the frock in Filoselle silk in soft pastel colors to contrast with the shade of the frock.

Silk for embroidery may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 3id, per skeln extra.



PRIZEWINNERS ALL.

These interesting recipes from our readers

HERE'S this week's batch of outstanding recipes selected by our cookery expert from the many entries in our weekly best recipe competition—a contest open to everybody . . . to you. Just let us have your pet recipe.

HAT about that cake you make that is such a favorite with your family and friends . . . or that appetising pie?

Or it might be something quite different that you cook

Why not send us the recipe, as an entry in our weekly best recipe competition?

competition?

It may be worth cash to you.

Every week first prize of £1 is
awarded for the best recipe received,
and 2.6 consolation prize is awarded
for every other recipe published.

So you see it is worth while to send in that recipe.

BISCUITS WITHOUT EGGS

BISCUITS WITHOUT EGGS
Arrowroot bisculis; One cup sugar,
2 cups butter or dripping, 1 cup
arrowroot, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon
ream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda,
pinch salt, 1 cup milk.
Beat butter and sugar to a cream,
add milk, then flour, rising and
arrowroot. Roll out and cut into
shapes and bake in a moderate

Oven.

Peanut Biscuits: Two ounces butier, 20s, brown sugar, beat to a
cream, add I oup chopped peanuts,
few sultanas, a good I cup flour, I
texspoon of cream of tartar, I teaspoon of soda.

Press into little balls and bake in

Custard Cream Biscuits; Six ounces butter, 20z. icing sugar, 20z custard powder, 11 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, custard powder three times. Cream the butter and leing sugar thorthe butter and leing sugar thor-oughly, gradually add aifted mixture and combine evenly. Form small portions into balls, place on but-tered baking trays and press flat with fork prongs and sprinkle sur-

face with castor sugar. Bake in a moderate oven till lightly browned.

When cool, join together with the following: Cream I tablespoon but-ter, I tablespoon condensed milk, 2 tablespoon siffed icing sugar, k teaspoon vanilla essence. Mix together thoroughly and join biscuits together.

Ginger Nuts: Two cups flour, pinch salt, i teaspoon cream of iartar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 4 teaspoons ground ginger, 2 heaped tablespoons dripping, i cup sugar, i cup syrup, 2 teaspoons soda.

cup syrup, 2 teaspoons soda.

Put dripping in asucepan on fire to melt, then put the sugar and syrup in a bowl and pour over hot dripping. Mix well. Put sods in a cup of boiling water, stir well and add to syrup, fat and sugar. Sift in dry Ingredients and beat well until a soft dough. Break pleese and fatten with thumb, Bake in a moderate oven.

Southern Tea Biscuits: Three tablespoons butter, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon sait, I tablespoon sugar, I cup milk. Measure dry ingredients and sift together into a mixing bowl. Measure butter and cut into flour with knife, and work in with fork until well distributed. Add liquid, mixing with knife or spoon until a soft dough is made that can be handled on a board slightly floured. Handle and work as little as possible. Roll the dough 1-inch thick and cut with small cutter. Place on a greased baking tray and bake in a hot oven. Join together with Jam.

First Prize of \$1 to Mrs. W. Powell, Police Station, Stonehenge, via Longreach, Qld.

GOLDEN DUMPLINGS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, milk, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cup

brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden

syrup. Sift together the flour and baking powder. Rub in the egg Mix with the egg and a little milk. Shape into a roll, out into small pieces, and drop into a previously prepared mixture of brown sugar, golden syrup, and boiling water. Boil for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Hays, Dalkeith, Uralia, N.S.W.

MOCK GINGER JAM

Three pounds vegetable marrow,
3th loaf sugar, for ground ginger,
rind and juice of 2 lemons.

Peel marrow and remove seeds. Out into pieces lin thick and 3in. long. Out lemon rind very fine. Strain juice. Put all in stewpan to-gether, boil until clear—about 13 rours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Reddan, Milton, 95 Trafalgar St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

SAVORY BRAINS WITH SAGO

Three large onions, 2 tablespoons sago, 2 cups milk, 2 sets brains, pepper and salt. Soak brains in tepld water, vine-



A BATCH of delicious bis-cuits in the making. Biscuits are not so difficult to make as many people think. On this page to-day are several biscuit recipes worth trying.

gar, and salt for 1 hour, then skin and chop finely. Slice onlons, boll 10 minutes, and strain; soak sage in the milk. Butter a casserole, put in onions and brains in layers, season well, and pour soaked sage and milk over. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and bake I hour in slow oven. Serves four or five.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

CHEESE ALMOND BISCUIT

Two ounces minced almonds, 6oz. flour, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3oz. grated, matured cheese, 1 egg-yolk, salt and cayenne to taste.

Soften butter with wooden spoon sorten duter with wooden apoon, and add egg-yolk, flour silted with salt and mixed with cheese, and cayenne, then almonds and sugar. Work all well in together. Roll out about in in thickness, cut into shapes. These are delicious, but must be handled carefully when cooked as they are fairly short and

crumbly.
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
R. Thomas, 120 Egan St., Kalgoorlie,
W.A.

COCONUT APPLE TART

COCONUT APPLE TART

Short Pastry: I cup plain flour, I cup cornflour, I tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, I tenspoon baking-powder, I tablespoons butter, and I egg.

Line a deep pie-plate with this pastry, then three parts fill with atewed apples, and cover with the following mixture:

Cream I dessertspoon butter, I cup sugar, I beaten egg, and I cup of desiccated occonut.

Bake in a moderate oven until pastry is cooked and occount mixture is nicely browned.

Serve hot with custard or cold with cream. This is quite a change from the old apple tart.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. F. Mofrat, Kin-Kin, via Cooran, N.C. Line, Qld.

Miss Precious Minutes says

WHEN new shoes pinch or hurt, rub some soup on the inside part of the shoe where it is pressing the foot. This will give immediate relief.

A PTER cleaning out your chest of drawers, cupboards or kitchen shelves. Bx the new paper firmly at each corner with drawing pins. This will keep it firm and prevent it slipping and becoming torn and crumpled.

GREASE stains on tables can be freeze well into the stain.

ONE of the most important worksaving instruments in the kitchen is a good pair of scissor. They can be used for cutting bacon rinds, fall from meat, and dozens of other things.

RAINSPOTS on good feit hats will disappear if you cover the whole with pipeclay (first removing the band or trimming) and leave on for one or two days. Brush off with a stiff brush in the open air.

WHEN making soup you'll save yourself so much time if you mince all the vegetables instead of cutting them up with a knife. Place a dish underneath the mincer to catch the juice. It's better than grating them, too, as there's no danger of gashed fingers.

WHEN spring-cleaning or moving oddments from one room to another, don't forget that old friend, the traymobile. The average waggon can hold many articles, books, pictures, etc., and so save you endless trips.





EARN 44 TO 46 PER WEEK

FALLY THE HOUSE, IN SHED, GRACE, or any other cost place with the House of the Hous



Yes—even the children find bath cleaning easy with Bon Ami. For Bon Ami cleans quickly and thoroughly without a lot of hard rubbing. What's more, it's a really safe cleanser. Contains no hursh caustics, or gritty ingredients. As a result—Bon Ami doesn't scratch or dull porcelain—but leaves it with a smooth, glossy polish. Try it also for pots and pans, stoves, kitchen sinks etc.

Bon Ami is quick, thorough and safe!

saves time

and work "hasn't scratched yet!"

For Sweet or Savory Dishes . . .

GOLDEN PEARS!

 You'll be thrilled with these recipes from our cookery expert this week. Fresh fruit or tinned-it doesn't matter which you use, for they are equally successful for these delicious ways of using pears.





O whether you live in the city and can buy fresh fruit, or in the country districts where you must rely on tins for many months, you will want to keep these recipes handy to give your family some mouth-watering new menus.

PEAR SURPRISE

PEAR SURPRISE

One tin pears or 4 large pears, 3ex. sugar, lpt. milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, whites and yolks of 2 eggs, 2ex, grated chocolate, few glace cherries, vanilla and coccount.

Peel, core and halve fresh pears slimmer them gently with 2ox. sugar and ipl. waier until they are tender but not broken. Allow pears to cool, then place all except two in a glass dish.

Put the egg-yolks, chocolate and milk in a saucepan and stir over a low heat until slightly thickened. Add vanilla, then the gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons warm water and allowed to cool. Whip the egg-whites until stiff and fold into the chocolate sauce. Pour it over the pears in the dish. Sprinkle the two whole pears with grated chocolate and place them in the centre of the dish. Decorate with slices of pears, cherries and coconust.

A Quickly-prepared Dessert
Six ripe dessert pears, 2 tablespoons
shredded almonds, I gill cream, juice
J lemon. Sugar and vanilla to
taste, wafer biscuits, maraschino

Peel pears and grate them, add a little sugar and lemon juice, whip cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla, add almonds. Pour onto the grated pears, mix together and chill thoroughly. Heap in individual glasses. Place a cherry on top and serve with wafer biscuits.

a Cookery Expert to The

PEAR FRITTERS WITH LEMON SAUCE

SAUCE
One cup flour, I teaspoon baking
powder, I teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, I teaspoon cinnamon, I teaspoon ground ginger, 3
eggs, I cup milk, 6 ripe pears or
timed pears.
Sift flour and baking-powder,
add sugar. Beat eggs and milk
together, make a well in the flour
and add liquid gradually beating
to a smooth batter. Peel, halve
and core pears. Dip into batter,
covering pears completely. Deep
fry in fuming hot fat until a golden
brown—about three-minutes. Drain
on white paper. Sprinkle with sugar

and serve with lemon-juice or lemon sauce.

temon sauce: One cup boiling water, i cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon-juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter,

Blend cornflour with a little water, add sugar, gradually stir into boiling water, and boil for five min-utes. Stir in lemon judee, rind and butter. Cook until thickened and

FEAR JAM

Twelve pounds China pears cut into blocks, 8th. crystal sugar, I teaspoon citric or tariarie acid, 3 cups wafer, ioz. cloves.

Boil sugar and water together for a hour. Add fruit and boil 4 or 5 hours or until it turns red. The cloves are best tied in a piece of muslim and boiled with the fruit. Add acid 20 minutes before Jam is done. Bottle while hot. Cover when cold.

PEAR AND CREAM CHEESE

PEAR AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD

SALAB

One tin pears, or fresh, ripe pears, I lettace, I pkt. cream cheese, red currant jelly.

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on a flat glass dish. Place halves of pears on top with the hollow facing up. Fill the hollow with a small bull of cream cheese and place a strip of red currant jelly along the stalk. Place in refrigerator and serve very cold with salad dressing.

PEAR AND JELLY TART

By MARY FORBES

PEAR AND JELLY TART

Six William pears or a tin of pears
and packet orange jelly crystals, 3
tabbespoons sherry, piece stick cinnamon, Spanish pastry.

Spanish Pastry: Pive ounces selfraising flour, lox.
cornflour, lox. sugar,
Sox butter, pinch
salt, yolk and white
apert to the light of the pears's weekly.

To Make Spanish
Pastry: Sift, flour,
cornflour and salt. Rub in the burter, mix into a dry dough with
beaten egg and sugar. Add milk if
too dry. Turn onto a floured board,
roll out lightly. Line a well-buttered
large tart plate, prick well and glaze
with white of egg. Cook in hot oven
(425deg. F.) for 15 minutes until
a golden brown. Allow to cool before
filling.
Siew pears in usual way. Simmer
the syrup from the nears with sherry

Stew pears in usual way. Simmer the syrup from the pears with sherry and cinnamon for 5 minutes. Measure this liquid and use for dis-solving jelly crystals, adding more water if required. Place aside to

Arrange pears in the pastry case and pour the jelly that is beginning to set over the pears. When set, serve with custard or whipped cream.



Breakfast of all!



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS HAVE SENT OVER 40,000 TESTIMONIALS

Mothers soon learn that all children love Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits and will eat them when they refuse all other foods. This solves the problem of the fussy eater, no coaxing is required and the biscuits are as beneficial as they are delicious.

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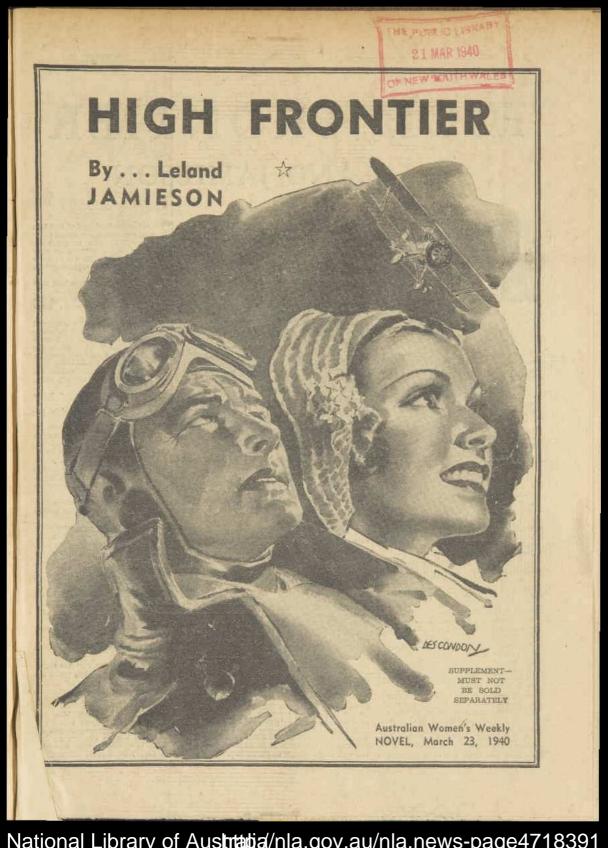
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Don't Delay-Help the Red Cross To-day!

BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S - THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!





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HIGH FRONTIER

By LELAND JAMIESON



HERE was no reason to wake
up in the dark. It was all
over, But as always in the
two years she had worked
for Dan Richards her first
thought was the weather.
She listened, because it
was too dark to see, to learn
if it was still raining. It
was

was.

It had been raining for three days. The airport had no paved runways. It was so deep in mud that every take-off was a potential crack-up. And every other field on the air line was just as bad.

Sylvia didn't know why it mattered so such. The line was going to close down nywny. Nothing mattered any more—ex-

snyway. Nothing mattered any more—except Terry.

She reached for the telephone beside her
bed and called the telegraph company in
town to ask for any message that might
have come in during the night.

"Yes, Miss Biair," the tired young man
at the other end reported. "Here is a wire
dated last night and signed Stephen Richards. It may, 'Arriving before noon.'"

Sylvia couldn't go to sleep after that. She
got out of bed and lit an oil lamp and found
her clothes and dressed hurriedly because
it was so cold. Her hair, thick with a manral wave in it, was hobbed close after the
fashion of the year, which was 1929. It
clidn't take long. She carried the lamp with
her down into the kitchen.

She had coffee and a cigarette at the kitchen table. She had never seen Steve Richards. She didn't want to see him. His father had said that Steve was one of the right sort—maybe a little wild—but right. She thought Dan Richards must have told kinnelf that often, trying to believe it.

himself that often, trying to believe it,
Sylvia couldn't understand how a man
could treat Dan Richards as Steve Richards
had treated him.

She heard Terry's alarm clock on the
floor above. It rang loud and long before
Terry stopped it. She smiled. Terry always
had a bad time waking up in the morning.
But he did it. Terry was the one bright
spot in a dark world.

Shed known blue, ceally known bin.

young man in Nashville—the boy who came home from college in the east wearing fash-ionable clothes and driving a speciater that sounded like machine-gun fire when it was rolling. Sylvia had never actually met him. But like every other girl in town she knew who he was.

who he was.

She'd been coming home late one night after a high school basketball game when she found Terry Trumbull and his bright red car. It was jammed against a tree big enough to fit neatly between the mudguards. She'd watched him trying to back away from the tree and then ahe'd seen how drunk he was and offered to help.

She'd learned shoul cars from her father.

She'd learned about cars from her father. She let the clutch in ever so gently and got the car free. The steering want too good. But she'd got the car all the way to the Trumbull place and up the winding drive and into the garage.

He had stood there, swaying a little, and smiling that engaging self-deprecatory smile of his as he thanked her. And then he'd asked her what her name was and where she lived and actually taken down what she answered in a little plaskin-covered note-

the police are so strained."

She'd backed way. She was fascinated to meet a man who was so polite when he was drunk. She'd have been fascinated in any case, because she was aixteen and a nobody at all and he was twenty-two and a Trumball. But she was aware that they were standing in the glare of the electric light over the garage doorway and she was afraid somebody would come out of the great dark house behind them.

"I won't forget this, Sylvia," he'd called after her as she ran.

And he hadn't forgotten. The next day she'd got a particularly large and elegant box of chocolates that couldn't have come from anybody except Terry Trumbull.

Sylvia couldn't understand how a man could treat Dan Richards as Steve Richards had treated him.

She heard Terry's alarm clock on the floor above. It rang loud and long before Terry stopped it. She smiled. Terry always had a bad time waking up in the morning. But he did it. Terry was the one bright spot in a datk world.

She'd known him—really known him—only a couple of weeks. But she felt it had been longer. She remembered so well the time, when she was sitteen, that she'd done him a favor.

Bur father had been the agent for a make of car that nobody ever bought. Terry Richards had told her to go ahead and make the man field manager at Phyllisboro.

Sylvia poured coffee for him and told him

sylvia poured cores for film and told film about the telegram from Steve Richards. "MacGregor will be able to get some sleep," Terry said, and then he must have seen something in her face. He was an soute person. "Why are you so miserable?" he

asked.
"I'm going to resign the minute that man gets here," she said.
"I don't understand why, you hate the fellow," Terry said. "You don't know him."
"I'k now enough. I know....." She stopped short. She knew one completely damning thing about Steve Richards that she'd never rold Terry. She'd told Terry a lot in the last two weeks and he'd confided freely in her. But she hadn't told him about that last letter Dan Richards had written his son. She felt she couldn't tell anybody about that.

"I'm not intolerant of you," Sylvia retorted.
"No." He smiled at her and when he
smiled at her like that she knew how fond
of him she was.
"Yes Crittenden came bustling in then.

Mrs. Crittenden came bustling in then apologishing for not having been down earlier to get their breakfast as she always did when ahe found them having coffee in the kitchen. They began to talk about the weather

It was only a quarter of a mile. She could see the puddles of water in the rain-lashed field and the newly-painted administration building and the hangar that had never been painted.

"I know," Terry said. "But it isn't his son's fault that he caught pneumonia."

He stopped in front of the administration uliding.

"It's Steve Richards fault that all this is going to flop."

Terry pointed to the sign over the building. It was a slap-dash building under the paint. The sign said:

MIDSTATES AIRWAYS

MIDSTATES AIRWAYS

"All this!" Terry said.

Sylvia knew it wasn't much. For two
years it had been just a flying school and
taxi service—and Dan Richards' ambitions.

Now it was only a little two-trip air lines
from Arlanta to Chicago, This poor field
and these hastly-constructed buildings at

"He knew it was a hig name," she said.
"He laughed when he put up that sign,
after he got his mail contract five months
ago. But he said we'd grow up to it. And
we would have, too."

She had nothing to do when she sat down at her deak. It was eight o'clock. Mac-Gregor wouldn't be in for another hour. Terry had gone on to his office at one end of the hangar to get weather reports from up and down the line.

She took a folder out of a bottom drawer. One of the orange cards the post office uses for return receipts of registered letters was clipped to the carbon copy of a letter that Dan Richards had written to his son. She had no copy of the note she'd enclosed with it.

She turned the card over. It was signed in an angular, rather sophisticated hand, "S. Richards." It was dated six weeks back, in January.

She wondered if she ought to destroy the letter. She couldn't imagine how a son could resist such an appeal from his father—even if they had quarrelled. She couldn't imagine how any man could ignore such a letter from Dan Richards. But Steve Richards hadn't come to help his father. He hadn't even written.

The last thing Dan Richards had ever said to her was, "Did you hear from Steve?"

said to her was, "Did you hear from Sieve?"

She hadn't told him that she'd had that orange card. She couldn't tell him, when he was dying, that Steve had got his letter weeks and weeks ago. She had to let him think that Steve had never got the letter. It was easy, because they hadn't known where Steve was. They had only some second-hand gossip that he'd been living in Key West when he wasn't flying for some revolutionists somewhere in the Carlibbean.

THE weather got worse and worse that morning. The rain, stanting in leaden streaks from a dull sky, came harder on a gusty east wind—a cold March wind. The clouds rolled lower and lower over the hills. And Toby Hinkle didn't come in at 10.5 from Atlanta. There was no word from

At a quarter to eleven Sylvia couldn't stand it any longer. She pulled on her goloshes and threw a ranicost around her shoulders and sloshed through the mud to Terry's office and the teletype machine.

"Nothing yet?" she asked, as she shut the door against the wind and rain.

Terry shook his head,

Sylvia went to the window and threw it Te up and atood there listening tensely for the Rich drone of an engine. She couldn't hear anything but the wind and the rain lashing said.

"I should have cancelled him," she said suddenly.

"It wasn't up to you, Sylvia," Terry said.
"It was up to him."

And then she started. She thought she'd heard something. She leaned out the window, careless of the beating rain. Far off in the drity mist she heard a faint throbbing exhaust. It faded, and then came back agam.

HIGH FRONTIER

"I hear him," she said quickly.
Terry jumped up and stepped to the window. He stood there, his head cocked on one side, listening. The sound was louder.
"Sure," he said.

"Sure," he said.

And while they atrained their syes towards the hills to the south-eastward, a
red plane took sudden shape like a phantom
in the mist. It was low, and coming fast
on the binatering-east wind. It was so low
its wheels seemed to clip the tree-tops.

But it wasn't Toby Hinkie. Midstates'
cabin planes were all painted bine and
white. This was an open-cockpit biplane.

"It's awfully fast," Sylvia said.
The ship sparled over with a detonating

"The awfully fast," Sylvia said.

The ship snarled over with a detonating reverberation that shook the hangar. The pilot could fly. He cocked the plane on its ear at 200 feet and made a quick circle. Sylvia could see his helmeted head and the hiur of his face. He was looking down at the field, studying it.

He circled again. Then he swung away and came back, swooping lower. He sliced over the fence on the west and set the ship down expertly.

expertly.

It spianhed over the puddled field, and stopped on the clinder ramp in front of the hangar. Slim Hart and Tony Faber came out of the door as the pilot lifted himself from the cockpit and climbed down, his parachute bumping his thighs.

Sylvin could see that he was taller, leaner, and bronder-shouldered than the two mechanics. He said something to Slim Hart, who metioned toward the office. The stranger started forward and was immediately hidden by the corner of the building.

Sylvia waited tensely. Terry moved to-wards the door. And as he opened it, the stranger came in.

Tm Steve Richards," he said.

After one quick look, Sylvia turned to-wards the open window, pretending to listen again for the sound of Toby Hinkle's engine. She couldn't bear to look at the man.

She couldn't bear to look at the man.

She could hear Terry saying "I'm Trumbull," and she knew from the tone of Terry's voice that he was smilling that engaging, self-deprenatory amile of his. "And this," Terry went on, "Is Miss Blatr."

Sylvia had to turn away from the window then. She said, "How do you do, Mr. Richards."

The man said, "How do you do, Miss Blair," and stood there staring at her. He had a bold face, and his deep-sat eyes were very blue against the deep tan of his face, He hadn't shaved for a couple of days. His face was covered with a black stubble of beard.

Spluta transact.

Sylvia turned back to the window. She tried to listen for Toby Hinkle, as she watched the clouds pressing low over the hills to the south. But she was taking in every word and tone behind her.

Terry Trumbull was offering Stove Richards a chair and a cleareste. "I've been setting as field manager," Terry said. "I suppose I'm reserve pilot, too."

"I got a telegram yesterday from Miss "I Blair." Steve Biohards said. "It was a week isn't old. But I thought I'd better come on." wron

"We've been waiting to hear from you," Terry said. "You see, your father left the line to you and it's pretty compileated to do anything about it in your absence. We've been sort of hanging on—hoping you'd come."

"You mean my father owned the line out-right?" Sleve Richards asked.
"Yea," Terry said." But there's a bank loan of forty thousand dollars due in a month

or six weeks or something,"
Sylvia jurned and faced the man. She
wanted him to know the worst. "The loan
is due in twenty-four days," she said, wishing she could say it was due in twenty-four

is due in twenty-four days," she said, wishing she could say it was due in twenty-four hours.

"The bank's put in a man—MacGregor by name, to play watch dog for its interests," Terry said. "He's been pretty worried. He couldn't do anything until you came." "Except hold up requisitions," Sylvia said, "So." Stove Richards said, "that's the situation."

"The situation, Mr. Richards," Sylvia said, "is not so simple, Two pilots and three mechanics have left since your inther died. It's been raining for three days and every airport on the line is a mudhole. The day before yesterday Joe Karms slid through a fence at Terre Haute. We sent three mechanics to make repairs. Yesterday morning, Jerry Watram, flying Trip Two from here to Atlanta, landed at Adairsylle in Georgia with a rough engine and went over on his back. We sent two mechanics down there. We couldn't spare any more. And now Toby Hinkle is overdue with Trip One." "Trip Two is the south-bound airmail out of Chicago for Atlanta, stopping at Terre Haute, Evanaville, this field, and at Chattanoiga. Trip One is the north-bound airmail out of Atlanta for Chicago." "Thank you," Steve Richards said. "That makes It clear. And the man you call Toby Hinkle left, Atlanta this morning?"

"He was due here at 10.15. It's 11.30 now."

"He was due here at 10.35. It's 11.30

"You think he's in trouble?" Steve Richards said.

Rienards said.

Sylvia stiffened. She jerked her head toward the world outside the open window.

"It's a mountain run."

"Yes," Steve Richards said. "I came that way this morning from Atlanta. It wasn't too good.

The "outside morning from Atlanta."

The teletype printer in the corner clanged. Sylvia jumped for it.

"There's Toby," she said to Terry But it wasn't Toby Hinkle.

"It's DuBois," she said, reading the mes-sage. "He wants a seat on One this after-noon."

'One's aiready filled up out of here," Terry d. "Til answer that."

Sylvia went back to the window, studying the clouds to the south and listening. Terry was tapping out the message to DuBols. There was a long silence after hed fin-ience. And then Steve Richards spoke again, "I'd like to know the rest," he said quietly.

"Id like to know the read, he sain quelty,
"Miss Blair was your father's right hand,
Mr. Richards," Terry said, "She knows
everything, Ask her."
"I abould have cancelled Toby Hinkle,"
Syivia said, wanting to shut Sleve Richards
out, wanting him to feel that he was an
interioper. "I should have cancelled him."
"There's that Styles," Terry said."

"Don't say that, Sylvia," Terry said, "It isn't your fault if Toby Hinkle guessed wrongly on the weather,"

"You'd feel as I do about it if it was your job to call up Mary Rinkle and tell her Toby's down."

She again turned to listen.
"Miss Hisir." Steve Richards said, "I'd
like a talk with you."

the a talk with you."

She nodded wearily. "I'm due back at the administration building. MacGregor won't be there now. He goes to lunch at twelve o'clock no matter what. But if you'll drop in about one-thirty I'll introduce you to him."

She took her raincoat off the hook and threw it around her shoulders.

"Ill go with you." Steve Richards said. She went out into the rain and he followed her. She led the way to a side door. Their was a row of offices down one side. The first one was maried "Precident."

"That's yours," as eald.

He said nothing. She walked on into her own office, which adjoined that of the president. She said down at her desk and he sat in the only other chair opposite her.

and he sat in the only other chair opposite her:

"Tell me about my father," he said.

The man spoke as if he'd cared about his father. She looked at him quickly, and for the first time her eyes met his frankly. For a moment it seemed to her that he wan't completely callous.

"Your father was a fine man," ahe said.
"I know my father was a fine man," "Then why wouldn't you—" she began flareely, and stopped. She didn't want to begin an argument with him about the way he'd treated his father. She intended to be completely impersonal and to tell him as quickly as she could that she was resigning.

resigning.
"Go on," he said, and there was something quietly compelling in his tone, as
if he expected to be obeyed.
"No," she said, "I won't."
"You were going to say, 'Then why
wouldn't you help him?'"
"Yes," she said, "I was."
"We had an argument. He told me be

"Yes," she said, "I was."

"We had an argument. He told me he
didn't want me to work for him. He said
he didn't want to see me again."

"And," she said looking into his eyes,
"you knew he didn't mean it."

"H I'd known....." he began,
"Mr. Richards," she interrupted, "will you
accept my resignation?"
"Cartallia" he id.

secept my resignation?"

"Certainly," he said.

"I can't work for you," she said. And then she remembered. She did know more about the line than anybody else. She'd have to give him any information he asked for. She couldn't refuse to do that. She owed that to Dan Richards. "But—but, of course, I'll tell you anything I know about the line."

"Good," he said. "You might begin by telling me why you don't want to work for me."

Looking at him she had the infuriating.

Looking at him, she had the infuriating sense that he was laughing at her a little. "That's a personal question," she said, stiffly.

"All right. Tell me about the line."

"It's about to go under. If you want to save anything out of it, you'll have to sell it quickly—before it's in bankruptcy."

quickly—before it's in bankruptcy."
"Why is it about to go under?"
"Because it owes a bank loan of forty housand dollars that it can't possibly meet, because the equipment is in bad ahape and hash't any cash in band to renew it. I all you four mechanics jeft this last week and two pilots. Now MacGregor—"
"Why did they leave?"

"They said the conditions were too bad—
no heat in the hangar, and—
"That was the real reason?"
She looked at him quickly. He asked
the simplest questions but they all seemed
to be leading ones. Now he was driving
straight at something that had troubled
her. She felt that he wasn't an intuitive
person, like Terry, guessing things because
he had imagination and sympathy. But he
had a kind of cuming—low animal cunning, perhaps—
"I don't know the real reason," she said.
"I had an kiea that perhaps they were offered more money by people who'd like to
see Midstates go bankrupt so they could
get the mail contract."

He was waiting for her to go on. But
she had nothing more to say.
"If the line's making money," he said, "the
bank should be willing to extend that
note."

note."
"It isn't making enough money. It never will make real money without night flying. That would double the mail poundage—and the income."
"Why haven't you started night flying?"

"The sirways beacons and emergency fields haven't been fully completed. And the pilots aren't up to it yet."

"I worked with Tuby Binkle three or four years ago." Steve Richards said. "We were testing military crates. He's a good pilot."

"Bat Garretson is even better," Sylvia said.

"What's he like?"
"He's a tough old warrior, so touchy he can't take criticism, and utterly independent." She looked at Steve Richards. "You know the kind." "Yes," he said. "I know the kind." There was an odd little smile at the corners of his mouth.

mouth.

She hurried on, a little disconcerted that he knew she was thinking about him when ale was describing Garretson.

"Garretson's the leader. The other pilots follow him. He thinks blind fiying is impossible and insane.

Steve Richards smiled, "Are you a pilot, Miss Blair?"

"Not a transport," she said. "Your father soloed me. I flew with him a good deal."

"You believe in blind flying?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because your father did. He said it had to come, before night flying in bad weather would ever be safe. Don't you believe in it?"

"No I don's."

"No I don's."

She thought the little smile with which he spoke was irritating. He really didn't take seriously what she thought. He was like Bat Garretson. He was the completely strogant male—confident of his own skill and contemptuous of new ideas. If he ever learned anything he would not permit himself to learn it from a woman,
"Did you ever it plind?" he asked. He

"Did you ever fly blind?" he asked. He was grinning at her.
"Yes," she said. "I rode with your father all the way from...."

"I mean you yourself—solo." His grin made her furious,

"Yes," she said stubbornly. "Not very when he died?"

She was glad to hear the telephone jangle at her elbow. She picked it up quickly. Terry saked her if she was still talking to "that guy."

"Yes," she said, "What about Toby?"
"Nothing yet," Terry said, "But don't you

worry."
"Mr. Trumbull says there's no word of Toby Hinkle," ahe said as ahe hung up.
"What sort of man is Trumbull?" Steve Richards asked, and she saw that he was

Toby Hinde," she said as the hung up.
"What sort of man is Trumbuil?" Steve Richards anked, and she saw that he was watching her.
"The best," she said.
"Can he fly?"
"He had Army training."
"If Hinkle doesn't come in he could take the north-bound trip this afternoon."
There it was sgain—that animal cunning, searching out the things you didn't want to say.
"He hasn't done any flying aince he's been here," she said. "He doesn't know the line."
"Wouldn't now be a good time to start lesuning it?" Steve Richards asked.
She couldn't tell him about Terry. The things Terry had told her about his flying were a sacred confidence. But she had to protect him against this man.
"He's had some hard luck," she said. She knew that wasn't true. Terry had confessed to her that he'd slaways had a weskness for cracking up. He'd cracked up in cars twenty times. He couldn't fly a plane without fighting off the insame deelre to hit something with it. He thought he'd cured himself. But he wasn't sure. He was waiting for the time when he would have to fly and prove himself." It see," Steve Richards said.

She knew she'd given the wrong impression. She'd made the man think that Terry had lost his nerve. But she'd have to let it go at that. She couldn't tell him the whole truth and he wouldn't understand anything so cubile if she did.
"I think MacGregor is back from lunch by now," she said. "Re'll be glad to see you. He's been stailing off creditors until you got here."
"The see MacGregor soon enough," he said." I want to talk to you."

you got here."
"I'll see MacGregor soon enough," he said.
"I'll want to talk to you."
"Why?" she asked.
"My father must have had a lot of con-

"My lattice must have had a lot of confidence in you."
"I think he did trust me."
"So do I." he said calmly.
"I don't know why you should," she said bitterly.

said bitterly.

"I know why," he said. "You dislike me so much that you couldn't lie to me if you wanted to."

"I—I.—" she began.
"You see," he said, "you can't lie. And so I'm asking you if you think the best thing I could do would be to sell this line?"

"Yes," she said. "I think that's the best thing you could do." She hadn't Intended when she spoke to put the emphasis on the "you," but she knew she had done it.

"Ye already told you. There are people who want the line — or at least the airmail contract. If you work fast you might pull out with ten or twenty thousand dollars. If you try to carry on, the bank will want its money and — she threw out her hands—"that'll be the end."

"Not at all. He'd have won out. He was that kind of man. That's why it was fun to work for him. Now I'll introduce you to MacGregor." She got up quickly.

"Not yet," he said. "Oh, I know it's not pleasant. But it's necessary. I've got to take over where my father left off. I don't

know anything about this line. You're the only person who does know anything about it. I need your help."

She shook her head wearily. "I'd be no help at all in getting a good price," she said. "I wouldn't even know how much the line la worth," "I'm not going to sell," he said. "So you don't trust my advice." He smiled, and she saw for the first time how three the man was. He looked as if he hadn't had much sleep. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'm sure it's good. But my feelings are against it. So I'm carrying on and I want your help." "I told you I can't work for you," she said.

e leaned towards her and she found her-looking into his eyes in spite of her-

"You were leval to my father—you cared whether this line succeeded or blew up in your face. It wann't just a job to you. You loved it sa he loved it."

Yes," ahe said, "I did."

"And now you're trying to wreck the thing he built, by quitting."

She could not answer that

"What would my father think of you?" "He wouldn't like it." She paused, think-ing how hurt Dan Richcards would be if he knew that she wan't doing everything she could to save Midstates. "He wouldn't like it because you were his only son—he always believed you were a fine man."

"You know better."

"No," she said, "I suppose you are what the other pilots would call fine. You aren't the other pilots would call fine. You aren't afraid to risk your heck or you wouldn't have been testing army planes, or doing stunts, or—or what you were doing down South, You'd share your lead meal with a pai. But you can't possibly run this line the way it ahould be rin. You can't discip-line the pilots because you're their kind-you've never minded the rules yourself."

"Do you think you could run this show?" Steve asked.

Steve asked.

"No." she said. "I couldn't—and I hate the responsibility. I'm nearly craity because I let Toby Hinkle go out. And I can't force the pilots to learn how to fly by instruments, because I'm a woman. And as for the creditors—I wouldn't be any good either. I don't look any more like the responsible head of a company than you do."

"I don't look like it," he said. "But I am. And if I'd known how things were I'd have been here scorier."

"Oh," she said, "how can you say that? Your father showed me that last letter he wrote to you—asking you to come on and

Your father showed me that hast letter he wrote to you—asking you to come on and help him. He wanted to be sure he hadn't written anything that would ver you. He said to me, 'I don't see how Steve can stay away after he reads this.' But you didn't even answer."

"I never got the letter," he said.
"What?" she said, shocked at his effron-

"I never got it," he repeated.
MacGregor now," he added grimly.

MACGREGOR was a bald, middle-aged Scotamum, with a pipe in his mouth, and it was plain he had learned the banker's leason. It was plain he felt he was doing his job when he said, "No."
"I'm gind to see you, Mr. Richards," MacGregor said, "I've been holding off two most insistent creditors until your arrival.

HIGH FRONTIER

They said they'd wait until to-morrow and

They said they'd wait until to-morrow and no longer."

"I see." Steve said.

"I hope you know how to handle them. The line hain't been doing at all well. With your father here, the bank felt he'd pull it through. But the way things have been going I see no possibility that I can recommend that the bank's loan be continued."

"It's a aimall loan, inn't it?"

MacGregor straightened up, his color rising. "Small," he said. "Small! It's forty thousand dollars!"

"I don't know why my father didn't borrow."

"I don't know why my father didn't borrow a hundred and forty thousand. It would make things so much simpler." MacGregor looked aghast.

"Miss Biair tells me," Steve continued "that it's a simple matter to double the line's income. All we have to do is to start night flying."

"Yes." MacGregor said. "That's all you have to do. The post office has estimated that the poundage would be doubled if the line could offer night service. But how are you going to do 19. Right now the post office is threatening to fine the line for failing to keep its dayline schedules."

"Is that why you're holding up requisitions for necessary things?"
MacGregor took the pipe out of his mouth.
"I'm holding up requisitions because it's my business to see that no money is need-leady spent."

"You must know a great deal about the business of running an air line."

"On the contrary, Mr. Richards, I know nothing about aviation. But I understand the principles of economy. They are the same in every business. The first is to spend less money than you take in. I brought a bus line out of trouble. An air line is the same thing."

"You're wrong!" Sleve said. "If an old."

"You're wrong," Steve said. "If an old wreck of a bus breaks down the driver can pull to one side of the road and stop. If something lets go in an aeroplane, or sometimes even if an engine falls, people get killed."

"What sori of chief have you got here?" Stove asked.

"A Swede by the name of Oleson."

'Not Bart Oleson?

MacGregor put the pipe back in his mouth. 'That's his name.'

"True known Bart Oleson since I was a boy."
MacGregor shook his head. "He has no respect for authority, and certainly no sense of what a dollar is worth."

of what a dollar is worth."

Steve got up, "I'll not argue with you now, Mr. MasGregor," he said. "I've got things to do."

"Just a minute, Mr. Richards. I'm airaid I haven't made the airuation clear. The company is on the verge of bankruptcy. It has no chance. But we have a proposition from some people in New York. They've offered fifty-five thousand dollars. It's just possible you dould get them up to sixty thousand. But even at fifty-five you'd have about ten thousand over and above the hank loan and creditors."

Steve shook his head. "No," he said. "Mr. Richards," MacGregor said. "I'd like

"Mr. Richards," MacGregor said, "I'd like time to go over the whole thing with you in detail. It is not good business to go on. It's

"I'm sure you're right," Steve said.
"Then I don't understand your—your—"My feeling," Steve supplied.
MacGregor shook his head. "Very well To-morrow morning you'll have to deal with the creditors I apoke of. Unless you can sell them on the future of this company they'll hirow it into bankruptcy."
Sleve went back to Sylvia Blair's office. She was cleaning out her deak.
"So," he said. "You're really going to leave. When the going gets rough you're going to leave."

when the going gets rough you're going to leave."

"I'm going to leave," she said, "because it's no use. But I'll stay a few days—I'll stay until I can show you sli I know about this line."

"Thank you," Steve said. "Now tell me what to do first."

She looked at him hard and sat down at her desk.

"The first thing is to tell the passenger; in the waiting-room that we've had to cancel Trip One because of weather."

"How many passengers" Steve asked, "and how much money?"

"Six passengers—three hundred dollars out of the window if we can help it. Suppose you go out there and see how restless those passengers are."

passengers are,"
"Very well," she said, and went down the

passengers are.

"Very well," she said, and went down the passage.

Steve sat on the corner of her desk. He wanted a bath and a drink and a good dinter and a bed to sleep in, but he waited for the girl.

She said when she came back: "They've started a card game."

"Then we can stall a while longer. What would you do next!"

"for get Number Seven ready so it could go out on Trip One—If we get a pilot."

"You don't think Trumbull could take it?"

"You don't think Trumbull could take it?"

"No," she said quicky, "Give him something easy first.

"All right," Seve said. "Call Bart Oleson, Tell him I'm here and I want Number Seven ready. I'll fly Trip One myself."

"You'll she said,
"What's the matter?"

"You'll she said, she colling will be coming down—and you can't fly by your instruments."

He grinned, watching her. "Just because

menta."

He grinned, watching her. "Just because it gets dark doesn't mean I've got to fly blind. Get that blind. Gying complex out of your head. I'll take care of myself."

He walked out through the mind to the office where Terry Trimbull and.

"How long do you think it'll take to fir Number Seven?" he asked.

"It's hard to say an hour, maybe two hours." Trumbull looked oddly at Steve. "Am I taking Trip One to Chicago?" "No." Steve said.

"Who is?" he asked. Steve could tell that he was relieved.

The telephone rang and Steve picked it

The twenty of the transfer of the twenty of

"Put him on," Sieve said. The receiver clicked against his ear and he could hear the singing of the line. "Hello, Toby," he said. "This is Steve Richards."

Toby Rinkle's voice was muffled, but it ime through understandably. "Who?" "Steve—Steve Richards."

"For heaven's sake, Steve! When did you get there? I thought you were flying gu-

Sleve cut him short, "What happened to you? Did you file up?"
"No!" Toby shouted, "Everybody's all right. The ship's all right. But it's stuck in the mud of that new energency field. I'm lucky they aren't bringing me home in a crash basket! Boy, I'm lucky! Got in a dead-end canyon! What'll I do with these three passengers and the mail?"
"Get a car. We'll get the ship out when we can."

At half-past one that afternoon, standing in the draughty, open doorway to the hangar, in front of the engine of a cabin plane. Steve looked down at Bart Oleson, who, half hidden under the engine, was installing a new carburettor.

"How are you going, Bart?"

Bot Oleson threat the band and shoulders.

Bart Oleson thrust his head and shoulders from behind the lower cylinders of the plane. His face was crinkled into a frown,

Bart Oleson thrust his head and shoulders from behind the lower cylinders of the plane. His face was crinkled into a frown, and his grey eyes were anxious.

Ten minutes, maybe, he sald, and glanced grimly through the doorway at the clouds. "I think you're nuts to start out in this mea! Garretson hasn't come through yet. Toby Hinkle couldn't get through from down below. I——

"It fan't time for Garretson to be here, with this wind," Steve said, "And Toby got caught in the mountains. I don't have mountains to worry about."

"Them Kentucky hills'll kill you just as quick as mountains!" Bart spat. "If you want to kill yourself, I don't guess there's nothing I can do about it!"

Steve grinned. From the days, almost fitteen years ago, when he'd first gone burnstorming with his father, he and Bart Oleson had been friends.

"All right, Bart, I'm nuts. But I'm not

"All right, Bart, I'm nuts. But I'm not roing to leave a schedule uncovered out of Chicago if I can help it. And how the heak can I fly this coffee grinder without a carburettor?"

a carburettor?"

Bart grunted. "If we ain't fixed that skip
with new breaker assemblies and new ignition harness, I'm gonna yank out all
eighteen of them re-conditioned sparkpluga
and jam in new ones, and slap on two new

Steve asked with an exaggerated sober-riess. "Do you really think we ought to spend all that money on one aeroplane? Or are you just trying to break MacGregor's heart?"

heart?"
"That MacGregor!" the big Swede bellowed. "Why, that MacGregor, he ain't
got a heart! He's got a steel apring runrung agear pump that circulates the skimrulk that's his blood! And if that mummy
keeps on turning down my requisition I'm
gonna kick his teeth in."
"Good! Get that carburettor on."

Steve wondered about getting off the field, in all this mud, with such a heavy load. They should have a paved runway but how could they ever pay for it?

He heard Terry Trumbull yeiling from he office door: "Hey, Richards—Sylvia Blair

"What does she want?" Steve called back

"What does she want?" Steve called back.
"She says it's important—she wants you right now at the office."
"Tell her I'm busy," Steve said. His eyes were on the ship—the landing gear, the struts, the wheels, the tyres. Long ago his father had taught him how to inspect a plane before you sent it out. You had to watch for little things, making an inspection; you had to keep your mind tightly on the job. "Tell her to tell those passengers we'll be out of here within an hour."

A moment later Terry yelled again. "She gays it's MacGregor. He wants you to come up there right now!"
Sieve shouted in anger. "Confound MacGregor! You tell her I'll see MacGregor when I get back from Chleago."
Bart finished the carburettor, and Steve insished his inspection. Terry Trumbul came out into the hangar, his shoulders hunched against the raw, chill wind.

Sieve rubbed his greasy hands together, trying to warm them, "How's the weather up the line?"
"Chicago has eight hundred. Terre Haute

"Chicago has eight hundred. Terre Haute six hundred, Evansville five hundred. I think this stuff is down to four, right here."

Bart Oleson, followed by Faber and Slim Hart, came around the wing. "Let's go!" Bart said.

Bart said.

They pushed the plane out, three men on one wing strut and two against the other. When it was well outside, the tyres sucking at the mud, Sieve left his strut and anatched open the cabin door and dived up the saids and said down in the cockpit. Bart chocked the wheels while Faber showed the hand crank through the cowling sperture. Bart followed Sieve, and stood behind his shoulder to watch the cockpit instruments and laten to the engine.

Steve sat there, revving the engine slowly,

Steve sat there, revving the engine slowly, getting the heads warm and the oil thinned out by heat. After five minutes he cracked the throttle alightly. The chukkering of the exhaust was smooth and even, music to them all,

"See?" Steve yelled to Bart. "She wants to run!"

to run!"

If they found no further trouble in this engine, he could be in the air with Trip One in fiffeen minutes more. He felt jubliant. Darkness wouldn't catch him until he was post Terre Haute, over the broad and open plains of Illinois. He looked through the blurred, rain-spattered windshield, studying the field, calculating the best way to take off through all that mud, and saw Sylvia Blair coming through the rain.

He felt acutely tritated. He had told

through the rain.

He felt acutely irritated. He had told Trumbuil to tell her he was busy and couldn't see MacGregor. He turned around in his seat and anapsed at Bart Oleson. "Here—you finish running up this crate. Oheck it again and service it and bring it up to the administration building. I'll try to be ready by the time you are." He got up and hursled down the sianting cabin shile and stepped outside. He took two leaps through muddy cinders to the profection of the wing; and he was standing there when Sylvia Blair arrived.

What's the matter now?" he yelled above

there when Sylvia Blair arrived.

"What's the matter now?" he yelled above the thunder of the engine.

Her face was wet, so that she had an abused, bedraggled look. She pulled his shoulder down so ahe could yell into his ear. "It's MacGregor! Thuse creditors are in his office now."

Steve said savagely: "Why do they have to pick a time like this?" He scrubbed his hands on a piece of cotton waste. "Come on! He started toward the administration building. Hurrying beside him, she said: "You'd better wash your face before you see them. And change—"What's the matter with my face?"

"What's the matter with my face?"
"It's got grease all over it. You look like a mechanic."

"Who cares how I look?"

"If you don't change your clothes, they'll think you have to work in the hangar when you should be managing the line."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY

"I don't care what these birds think of

"I don't care what these birds think of my looks."
But when he reached the administration building he went into the washroom and peeled out of his overalls. He washed his hands and face, and combed his hair. Nothing he could do would make him look the way the president of an air line should. The face he saw in the mirror, the lean, square-jawed face with its hard blue eyes and two days beard was much too young.

MacGregor was at Sylvig Blair's deak.

MacGregor was at Spivia Blair's deak.
"I haven't got much time," Sleve said.
"What do you want?"
"Dennison and Orane are in my office,"
MacGregor said. "They didn't wait until
to-morrow. They're in a mood to make
trouble. They can put this company in
bankruptcy.

Steve stood there for a moment, thinking. 'Your bank would like that, wouldn't it?"

"Your bank would like that, wouldn't ft?" he said.

"Like ft?" MacGregor said. "If that happens, I'll be in trouble. That's why you've got to convince them the line is going to pay its debts!"

"No." Sleve retorted. "That's why you're going to convince them the line is going to pay its debta!" He feit auddenly confident and relaxed. "After all," he added, "Midstates Airways pays you a salary for being a financial wizard—and I'm told all you've done for us so far is turn down regulations." He grinned at the look of consternation on MacGregor's ruddy face. "Just sell them on air transport," he added. "Tell them we'll pay them after we get started with night flying. And if I were you, I'd make it stick."

"MacGregor rutipled his baild snot, thinking

MacGregor rubbed his bald spot, thinking

nard.

"And it might be a good idea for you to sign some requisitions and let us keep these planes in the air." Steve added. "You tell me what people are after our contract. They'd rather bid it in than buy it from

MacGregor stammered, "B-but you" o be here! What if I can't cor

"I think you ought to see them for a minute, now," MacGregor insisted. "I don't know whether I —"
"This is an airmail line we're operating, not a bus line. Twe got to take this trip. I'm going to leave the creditors to you. And when I get back here. I want to find those requisitions aigned. We can't get night flying started without materials for those cracked-up ships."
"I'll study the requisitions." MacGregor "I'll study the requisitions."

"I'll study the requisitions," MacGregor said, his face stubborn. "But—"

said his face stubborn. "But—"

Shave didn't wait. He had MacGregor beaten for the time being.

But he knew that somehow he had to change MacGregor's way of thinking. Things would never go smoothly—he could never get night flying started—till he did. MacGregor's plan was obvious. He was permitting no expenditures, hoarding every dollar of the air line's income to meet the payment to the bank.

Stylin Blist looked up as Steve massed

Sylvin Blair looked up as Steve passed her desk, "What happened?" she asked. Steve grinned. "Nothing," he said. He felt quite jaunty.

"It'll be dark when you get to T Haute," she said. "Den't you think ought to stop there?"

Sieve shrugged his shoulders and went into the walling-room. One glance showed him that his passengers had been drinking

he said, "let's go to

STEVE climbed into the cocknit, and watted until Bart Oleson slammed the cabin door and ran underseath the wing and signaled him sway. He waved his hand and gunned the engine and taxted through sloppy mud to the south-west corner of the field.

corner of the field.

Rain still fell in sianting leaden lines; the wind was tricky with its gusts, and this take-off would be dangerous. But now that line time for it was here, and he had the comforting solidity of the controls underneath his hands and feet, Sleve felt better. He reveed the engine carefully, listening to its bellowing exhaust with critical ears. He checked the gas valves and the stabiliser setting, and looked back at his passengers. One of them waved his hand in a slow are before his grinning face, and called, "What time we get to Chicago?"

"Four hours," Steve said.

The man folled down into his seat. "Well,

The man folled down into his seat. "Well, what are we waiting for?"

The others laughed bolaterously. Steve showed the throttle slowly through its quadrant, hearing the rising snarl of the skhaust, feeling the prop thew into the solld air.

solid ar;

Mud fisiled up from the wheels into the prop, and was burled back in greasy lumps across the windshield, obliterating vision before the ship had rolled a hundred yards. Steve tried to get the tail up, to remove drag from the wings. They alonged dizzlly through a soft place in the runway, the wheels sinking deep while the plane slowed, shuddering. The tail withpred upward and the whirling prop seemed to nick the zround.

Steve snapped the stick into his stomach, fighting to keep the crate from nosing over. He caught it just in time. They rolled on down the runway, getting speed once

The wheels hit a rise of ground, and the ship bounced once and came off singsishly. Steve climbed with a reckless urgency, thinking of those high telegraph poles up there ahead, along the railway. The wind was rough and guisty. He had to fight at the controls

At three hundred feet he turned north-west, plunging through steady, murky rain. He sat tensely upright in his seat, strain-ing his eyes, for there were hills on every side now, and the higher ones seemed some-times to clip the wings. He had to see them in time to turn or climb a little higher. But he couldn't climb any higher without getting in the clouds.

The miles unrolled into farms and more broad hills; the Cumberland was a slash of gleaming yellow water sgainst the black of winter trees. Then, as the rain washed the last of the mud from the windshield, he saw that they were entering the higher hills between Springfield and Gallatin. Here he needed all his alertness. In many places the clouds were amothering the hill-tone.

HIGH FRONTIER

He went on, weaving through the valleys, watching those hills with taut distrust. The rain was heavier new. Fog hung in lany tendrils draped across the higher timbered creats. He yearned to see ahead, to find release from the pressure of this six in There was no possible release, except to turn back to Phyllisboro. He went on doggedly, banking tortuously around the hills, following a valley north.

Once his heart jumped, when fog choked the valley solidly. Then he saw a hole in it and plunged on through, filled with dread during an endless second when must blotted out everything below.

That second was the worst in those hills. Suddenly he was post them, roaring out of Tennessee into Kentucky, seeing the emergency field at Russellville with its new beacon tower half finished, seeing the country flatten before it turned treacher-ously rough again around Greenville. The celling gradually lifted to six hundred feel, and the visibility improved.

But five minutes later the plane sixmined through send that momentarily blotted out the earth completely. Steve inched slewly down, feeling keyed up and cautious omes again, for he saw more send lying low above the rugged earth. It looked almost like a solid wall of fog.

The engine seemed to grow rougher as they nowed on and on below that mess of

a solid wall of fog.

The engine seemed to grow rougher as they nosed on and on below that mess of clouds. Steve listened to it, wondering if the roughness were real or only his imagination. But a moment later he forgot the engine. The trees were a hundred feet beneath him now, the clouds pressing down almost against his wings. He couldn't go on long tike this. He would crash into a hill.

He thought repeatedly. I'll tree is for

on long like this. He would crash into a hill.

He thought repeatedly, "I'll try it for a minute longer—I'll try to get around that hill up there. Maybe this will improve." He couldn't follow his compass course. Seeking out the lower ground, his wheels were almost clipping through the trees. He realised suddenly that he couldn't go back now; a turn to either aide would plunge him into higher ground and he would plunge him into higher ground and he would crash. That lasted for twelve minutes. It seemed forever. He was not conscious of the exact moment when the ceiling began liftling. He was only aware that it was a little easier to stay between the ceiling and the racing earth. He passed Cathoun, Kentucky, and saw the new emergency field there, glistening with rain. And a little later he crassed the broad Ohio.

He landed at Evansville, to learn that Bat Garrierson had landed safely at Phyllisboro and cancelled the rest of his trip on account of weather.

He gassed up and got his mail pouches, and coarteffice forms, and roused arross.

He gassed up and got his mail pouches and post-office forms, and roured across that muddy field. The wind was picking up, and he got off easily. But the wind had swing to the north-east, and he hadn't made the speed he had expected to.

made the speed he had expected to.

The sky was darkening by the time he passed the last hills near Vinceines in Indiana; and it was dusk when he dreded the Terra Haute alroport. He landed and taxled to the hangar. DuBois, the lanky field manager, come running with the mail. Steve stood beneath the wing and smoked a cigarette.

a cigarette.

"How's the gang getting on with Joe Karms' crack-up?" he asked.

DuBois shielded a post-office form with his windbreaker, writing down the pouch weights, as he said: "They gave it up this morning. They packed her up and trucked her south—ought to be in Phyllisboro by the time you get back to-morrow afternoon.

Dick Patterson said he couldn't make re-pairs like that up here—had to get her in the shop . . . Okay, Mr. Richards, any time you're ready. Take it easy—"

Sieve nodded, thinking that now it would be several days before they could get Joe Karms' wreck back into the air, thinking that this Number Seven would have to fity until the other ship was fixed. MacGregor had to sign these requisitions. He said to DiBois, "Any beacons burnings, north of here?"

"Most of 'em completed, but none of 'em turned on. What's the colling here right now?"

"Seven hundred feet," Steve said. "Lower

In spots."

He climbed back into the cockpit. He wished the beacons were turned on, but of course they wouldn't be until Midstates was ready for its pliots practise night rurs over the airway. For a moment he debated cancelling this trip in Terre Haute and derrying north in the morning to originate Trip Two out of Chicago. But the weather north of here would be better than it had been south. The only danger would be darkness.

He backed into the corner of the field.

darkness.

He backed into the corner of the field, reared across the turf and got off quickly. The blackness seemed to slap him in the face as the plane flicked pass the boundary lights and he settled on his course. At first there were a few scattered lights of farms, Then, over the flooded valley of the Wabash, suddenly there were no lights of any kind. There was nothing but an inscrutable blanket of darkness beyond the rainsmeared windshield.

For three minutes Steve tried to fix his.

smeared windshield.

For three minutes Steve tried to fly his course. At night, in rain, there was no horizon. His altimeter showed six hundred feet, and the navigation lights were exploding repeatedly to blooms of green and red as the wings aliced through cloud.

For atill another minute he went on, en-tirely by feel, by the "seat of his britches." But there was something wrong with the way the ship was flying; he had a feeling that a wing was down. He lifted it. After that he was not quite sure what happened.

that he was not quite sure what happened. He did not feel the turn begin. But suddenly the ship was gaining apeed, the engine revving faster to absorb the "follow up" in a dive that had begun. The luminous compass card was spinning rapidly in the dimity-lighted case. Steve tried frantically to stop it, but he couldn't.

An icy fever was lying cold against his skin; a prickly heat was travelling across his scalp. He didn't know exactly what was happening, because it was so unexpected and so fast. Yet he knew that the ship was diving towards the ground. He couldn't see the ground.

But the speed increased.

The wind was an ominous piercing whistle. The altimeter needle showed 200 feet, and it was not accurate because of lag. Sieve didn't know how high he was, but he knew the earth was close. He prayed to see a light. If he could only see a light, he could straighten the ship out. But there were no lights—night pressed in from every side, anothering the windshield on the ahriekting wind, more opaque than solld clouds.

The lights stabbed down and made two moving yellow blotches. He saw that he was in a steep-hanked turn. That was why the speed had not been checked when he hauled back on the stick—he had been therely itshtening the turn. Guided by the lights, he rolled out of the bank and pulled the nose up fast. The sitimeter showed a hundred and fifty feet, and the earth looked closer.

He knew he must go back and find Terro Haute, and find it in a hurry. The battery would last no more than thirty minutes. He snapped off one landing light, to save

Released for a moment from fright, he fell furiously angry. That girl in Phyllishoro had been right. He didn't know enough to fly at night, when the ceiling draped the earth. He might be a good test pilot, good in combat, but if he went on into this messwith six passengers who had trusted him, he would be sure to crash and kill them all.

Straining his even will they but trying.

Straining his eyes until they hurt, trying to see the ground, he made a turn. He would have to train his passengers and ferry north by daylight in time to come out to-morrow with Trip Two.

to-morrow with Trip Two.

He was headed south now. His pupils had contracted against the milky flare of the landing light's reflection, and he couldn't see his compass very well. He consulted it with quick date of his flashlight, wishing he could climb a little higher. But if he went higher he couldn't see the ground. His only chance lay in staying low until is picked up lights.

Five minutes became ten, then fitners.

Five minutes became ten, then fifteen is saw car lights crawling on an east-west oad. He saw a few yellow windows in armhouses now. But he didn't come to

At the end of eighteen minutes he knew that he had missed it, but whether he had missed it to the east or west he did not know. This wind was strong up here to-night. He didn't know how far it had blown him in the time he had been out of Terre Haule.

of Terre Haule.

Ha turned east. He passed a little town with a highway running through it north and south. There were a good many care. Seeing the car lights, Sieve turned north. He snapped out the landing light to save the battery. The car lights were enough to guide him now. He flew north, sure this road would lead to Terre Haute.

But it didn't. He went on and on. The road suddenly turned right and he turned with it. After a mile it turned back north. Sieve turned north. There was nothing

The passenger in the left front seat suddenly stood up and yelled into his ear. "Where the deuce are we?" He had been a little drunk when he climbed aboard the plane this afternoon, but he was sober now. His vote made it plain that he was scared. "All this turning—do you know where you are? How soon will we be in Chicago?"

"Sit down!" Steve yelled, and was sur-prized at the high-pitched violence in his tome. He didn't look around. "Sit down and be quiet!" The passenters ast down, and Steve strained his eyes through the wind-shield. It was getting colder out there now. The inside of the windshield kept fogging up. Steve scrubbed it with one wet glored hand.

His knee muscles were trembling from the constant pressure on the rudder pedals, but he had to keep following this highway until it led somewhere. He had plenty of gasoline. He could stay up till midnight if to. But sooner or later he must Until then he had to have those

lights.

And, roaring on, he discovered he was fights just underneath the clouds again. It was surprising how far he could see ear lights. Fading them, he could see them several miles, despite the steady rain, he could see them much farther than he would have been able to see the cars themselves in the daytime.

At last he saw a widespread glow ahead. Them, a little later, he was auddenly over a sprinkling of city lights, with other lights reaching away to the north-east as far as he could see. He went on, trying to identify the city.

A minute later, directly shead, he are

he could see. He went on, trying to identify
the city.

A minute later, directly alsead, he saw
a light wink. It was the green wink of an
airport beacon. Seeing it. Steve tried to
awailow the lump that feit so hard inside
his threat. No light had ever looked so
good to him. Then he looked around into
the cabin at the passengers. There was
enough reflection from the glow against
the clouds for him to see some of them;
they were gathering their coats and getting
ready for the isneling, as if this had been
a routine flight, as if they were unaware
that anything had happened. The man in
the right seat smiled and pointed out across
the city.

"Pretty, isn't it?" he called.

"It's sixolutely beautiful! Steve said.
He started a wide circle around the field.

"We ansolutely beautiful! Steve said.

He started a wide circle around the field.

To-night he had learned more than he would have learned in a year of ordinary fying—and he had pushed his schedule through.

through.

Yet even as he was thinking that, he knew he had been a fool to take off from Terre Haute, and he was up here now, by luck. He knew that luck might not ride with him on another night like this; the next time he must depend on skill and knowledge to get him out of danger. Pliots who pushed schedules through on luck somer or later came to grie?

But he still felt jubilant. Trip Two would be covered in the morning, and it this weather broke at all Midstates Airways would fly schedules up and down the line. Floodlights bloomed across the black.

Ploodlights bloomed across the black, light-bordered runway down there. Steve cut back towards the field. He slipped in low above the ruby-studded wires, set the plane down without a jar, then taxled to the hangar and cut the engine off.

"Gendemen." he said, "we're in Ohicago."
"Nice ride," somebody behind him said.
"Nicest ride I ever had."

Steve knew better. He knew it was only by the merest chance that any of them were alive.

THE next morning he was delayed three hours, waiting for the ceiling to lift enough to let him start back with Trip Two. It was nearly noon when he got out of Chicago. He hedge-hopped all the way, sileing through the narrow gap between the earth and clouds.

He went to Sylvia Biair's office, after he had landed.
"What's happened since I've been gone?"

he asked

same mess. MacGregor put off those creditors for a few days, but Toby Hinkle is still waiting to set his ship out of the mud. Waiting to set his ship out of the mud. Waiting to set his ship out of the mud. Waiting to set his ship out of the mud. Waiting to set his ship out of the mud. Waiting to set back here to-day. The poot office is still threatening us. The weather is still bad over the mountains. MacGregor is still turning down requisition."

"Listem." Steve said. He hated to ask her the question he was going to ask. He couldn't ask it without admitting that he'd been wrong and she'd been right. But he didn't know anybody else who cisimed to know the answer. "How," he said, watching her face for any sign of triumph overhim, "how do you fly by instruments?" She didn't laugh. She looked at him in that grawe way of hers. "It wasn't so good after you left Terre Haute last night."

Steve grinned a faint, wry grin. "It wann't so good. I nearly broke my neck-trying to fly hind by the seat of my pants. It won't work, in bad weather, at night. I want to learn to fly by instruments, so we can use it when the night runs begin. ThereII be times when we'll seed it!"

Syliva shook her head. "You've got nothing but eabin ships. Your father discovered.

Syliva shock her head. "You've got nothing but cabin ships. Your father discovered that cabin ships are no good for night mail."

mail."
"What do we need?"
"You need parachules—and pilots who can fly weather—and open cockpit ships."
Steve stood there taking that in. She was probably right. But how could be conceivably raise the money for new ships, with that loan due in three weeks?
"It's too late," Sylvis said. "Dont you see it's too late?"
Steve turned at the sound of a man.

"It's too late," Sylvis said. "Dont you see it's too late?"

Steve turned at the sound of a man coming down the hall with heavy strides.

"It's Bast Garretaon," Sylvis Blair said in a low voice. She didn't have time to say more, but Steve knew from the way she spoke that she was warning him. He remembered that she'd told him Garretaon was the best of the pilots, and that all the others followed him.

Garretson wore a little dark moustache and a beret in defiance of regulations. He was big, broad-shouldered, swaggering, and truculent. He didn't bother to introduce himself to Steve. He assumed that everybody knew who he was.

"I cancelled Trip One here to-day because I didn't want to take chances," he said abruptly. "I guess the next time I cancel a trip opposite you, you'll know the weather's too bad to go out in, won't you?"

"I'll know it's pretty bad," Steve said.
Garretson sat down on the corner of selvia Blair's dest, his hands on his knees.

"Til know it's pretty bud," Stove said.

Garretson sait down on the corner of
Sylvia Blair's desk, his hands on his knees,
his short strong fingers spread apart.

"There's only two ways you can look at
this stunt of yours to-day," he said. "Only
two ways anybody can look at it."
"It wasn't a stunt," Sieve said. "I was
flying a scheduled trip."

"Listen, Richsrids." Garretson said, his eyes bright and hard. "I can wreek your airline any day I raise my voice. I think you and me better have a little under-standing."

he earth and clouds.

He want to Sylvis Biair's office, after he ad landed.

"What's happened since I've been gone?"

e asked.

"Nothing," she said. "We're still in the said. "Perhaps you don't know that when a pilot going one way cancels, the pilot going the other way cancels too. One pilot desert fly a jump that another pilot's refused to tackle—see?"

"That's what I heard. And that's why I'm telling you. A lot of pilots—good pilots—have splattered themselves in the trees at night. A couple of pilots with this outfit dont know much. We're going to protect them."
"Of course," Steve said. "But is there any reason why we can't educate them to handle anything they meet?"

Garretaon laughed a bitter laugh. "Education! The only education in this game is what weather and gravity teach you. An instructor can teach you how to soic around a field. After that, you learn by yourself. And if you don't learn fast enough you get your head knocked off."

Steve said, "That's the way I learned. But

Sieve said, "That's the way I learned. But last night I found out I didn't know shough to fly bad weather in the dark."

to fly bad weather in the dark."

"You should have sat in Terre Haute has night," Garretson accused. "Five-hundred-foot cellings, raining ink—neither you nor anyone cles knows how to fly weather like that safely. Any suy who tries its just as fool! I'm not going to try it—I've got sense enough to be afraid of it. And I'm not going to let the others try it, either." Sieve said: 'I'm not sure it can't be done if the pilots learn to fly by instruments." "Blind?" Garretson snapped. "That's crackpot stuff. You can't fly a ship when you can't see."

"Theard in Chicago last night that they're

you can't see."
"Theard in Chicago last night that they're flying blind on N.A.T. They're getting through weather over the mountains that used to kill the old-timers. They've got radio beams, and they go through the clouds. They don't have to see the ground."

Garretson said contemptionally. "Some-body's been feeding you a lot of hoosy. They go through under the clouds just like they've always done. Once in a while they run through a soud and lose alght of the ground for a coupla minutes and they come back with stories about flying blind. I do every-thing those guys do, without a beam."

"Then I don't see why you're worried about night flying."

about night flying."

'I'm not worried," Garretson retoried.
"I'm just telling you I'm not doing any night flying in a mess like least night—and neither is any other pilot on this line. We decide whether we'll cancel or we'll go. You don't tell us, see?" He jerked his head at Sylvia Blair. "Or any girl. And if you don't sgree to that, I'm through. When I'm through, every other pilot on this line is through, we'very other pilot on this line is through, we all got other jobs waiting for us. You

HIGH FRONTIER

"I wish you'd stop chewing tobacco, too, when you fly," Steve added. Garretson grinned. "Okay," he said again, and walked out.

Steve knew that Garretson hadn't prom-ted anything. He looked at Sylvis Blair. "Nice man," he said. "So anxious to be helpful."

"He tan't buffing," she said. "He can take the other pilots with him if he goes." "How did my father ever put up with him?"

him?"

"Your father managed him tactfully. You might have got somewhere with him if he hadn't been so peeved about your coming through on Two in-day. He had to save his face, somehow. And now—" She shook her head expressively.

"Til deal with him later." Steve said. "Now about this instrument flying? You say you've done it. How?"

"It hid you I had done only a little of

you've done it. How?"
"I told you I had done only a little of it. I'm not very good."
"You know how it's done—you know how my father did it."
"It sounds so simple," Syivia said. "But doing it is something else. The first thing your father taught me was to use the turn indicator, then the ball bank indicator, then the rate-of-climb." She smiled suddenly. "Be called it time 'Riok, shove, and pull' system—kick your rudder, shove your allerons and pull your nose up. You've got an instrument for each axis of the ship. All you've got to do is learn to control each axis by the reading of its instrument—and then co-ordinate them. When you can co-ordinate them, you can keep the ahip right side up and fly a compass course."

Sieve walled for her to go on. But she didn't go on.
"Is that all there is to th?" he asked.
"That's all there is to the theory. The rest is practise."

STEVE spent the remainder of that day busily learning all he could about Midstates Airways. He didn't know the names of half the men who, since yesterday, were his employees. He found himself going down the hall to Sylvia Blair's desk every ten minutes. She wasn't friendly but she knew the answers and she gave them to him briefly and quickly.

He told himself over and over again that what she had said about flying blind was more theory than fact. But he remembered those desperate minutes the night before

"I begin to," Steve said.

"Unless one pilot wants to be a hot shot, or wants to show up the other guy."

"So," Steve said, "the pilots have organised a face-saving society."

Garretson's dark face flushed. "Til fly anything you fly, anywhere, any time, for money, marbles or chalk. But the pilots on this line don't fly in competition with said. "He said. But the pilots can this line don't fly in competition with said." "I see," Steve said.

"I see," Steve said.

"I see," Steve said.

"I see," Steve said.

"The with you there," Steve said.

"The dom't want to kill anybody."

"We're going to try to start night flying," be domanded.

"We're going to try to start night flying," as soon as the beacons are complete—maybe ten days."

"That's what I heard. And that's why

Sieve remembered towards five o'clock that he hadn't done anything about a place to live. He consulted Sylvia Blair again.

that he hadn't done anything about a place to live. He consulted Sylvia Blair again.

"The pllots and most of the men live in Phyllisboro," she said. "Bart Oleson often has to work at night so he's hullt a place in a corner of the hangar for himself and two of his mechanics. I thought you'd like to live at Mrs. Crittenden's. I told Mrs. Crittenden you'd probaby want the room your father had. It's only a quarter of a mile from here. Terry's got a car. He'll drive its over."

Sleve felt himself a complete outsider at the supper table. Mrs. Crittenden was a buxon woman who took pride in her cooking and wanted everybody to have a second helping. Terry Trumbull and Sylvia Blair were plainly old, old friends. Steve felt that Trumbull was over-anxious to please him. The girl was cool, polite, detached whenever she turned to Steve.

He noticed how different her attitude treated Trombull.

He noticed how different her attitude toward Trumbuil was. She listened with a little appreciative smile to everything he said. Her eyes were always on him.

Steve could place Terry Trumbuil now. He'd run into men like Terry in New York—good-looking agreeable roung men who'd been to a socially acceptable prep school before they want to college. Something was the matter with every one of them, Steve's guess was that mostly they had been too well brought up for a harsh world and only felt at home in the better bars.

But he couldn't place Sylvia Blair. How did it happen that a girl as pretty as that had been willing so bury herself in Phyllisboro, working her head off for a new airline?

Steve went up to the room his father.

Steve went up to the room his father had lived in. He felt oppressed. He wished more deeply than ever that he had come back to help his father. He wished he'd got that letter.

He went downstairs to ask Sylvia Blair more about the operations of the line. There was a large oil lamp in the middle of the dining-room table, but there was no one in the room. The parlor was dark. He guessed that Sylvia Blair had gone to bed.

that Sylvin Blair had gone to bed.

He turned to go back to his room. But he wanted a look at the weather. He opened the front door and atepped out on the porch. He had to walk out farther to see the sky. It had stopped raining but it was black overhead with no atars showing. The sir was colder. He guessed there

it snowed.

He turned to go into the house and saw, althoughted in the parlor window against the light from the dining-room beyond, the figures of a man and a woman, He couldn't see their faces. But they were Sylvia Blair and Terence Trumbull. He could guess by the way they stood that he had his arm around her.

around her.

He walked on into the house and upstairs with an unaccountable feeling of jealousy. He didn't like the girl. He had deferred to her judgment because he had to. He'd asked her about instrument flying because she had said she knew about it and there wasn't anybody else to ask.

He wellers weller to had that her here wasn't

He reflected, going to bed, that his momentary anger at seeing Terry Trumbuil with his arm around Sylvia Blair was pure

She had treated him with something like contempt. She was the only girl who had ever done that to him. And he resented it. He want in the least attracted to her. He smiled to himself at the absurdity of feeling jealous over a girl he didn't want.

The next morning everything was can-celled. The snow was moving southward, and had already smothered Terre Haute. But here in Phyllsboro the celling had lifted to 1500 feet and the visibility was good, with no precipitation. The wind was gusty from the work.

Steve got into his flying clothes and went down to the hangar and told Bart Oleson to get out Number Seven.

"What are you going to do?" Bart asked. "Experiment," Steve said.

He took off, turned north, and ollmbed to the level of the cloud base. He got the ship trimmed just as he wanted it, and pulled up into the murky mist. He was going to find out if what Sylvia Biair had said was true.

It was incredibly difficult to keep the turn It was incredibly difficult to keep the turn indicator needle on the contre mark when he couldn't see the earth below. The nie was choppy. The needle waved across its dial as the ship yawed constantly. Then the needle went over to one eide and Steve couldn't seem to kick it back. The nose got down and the speed picked up even though he hotsed the stick back hard.

He fell out of the clouds in a steep spiral, headed for the ground.

Again he tried it, doggedly determined.

If his father could learn to fly by instruments, he could. He kept on going northward. A dowen times he fell out of the
clouds. He kleked rudder until his lega
ached. But he was getting better. He could
stay inside the clouds a little longer now.

After nearly an hour he turned around. The ceiling was much lower here; the sir was colder. He kept on trying. He flew for five minutes entirely without sight of the ground, but he couldn't fly a steady course. Pinally he descended from the clouds to fly contact while he digested the elements of this technique that he had learned.

He was so busy with the problem that he didn't notice the sudden decrease of visibility as a thick mist dropped like a mantle from the clouds ahead. The first thing he saw was a soum of stuff that was beginning to plaster the windshield. He watched it for a moment. And then, with a lift of his pulse, he realised what it was. It wasn't mist. The stuff out there was ice.

It was forming slowly. But he was fifty miles from Phyllisboro. He thought of landing, if he picked up a load of ice. He had never had a load of ice, but he had heard what it would do.

The was out of the question to land here. The few farm fields that lay below him were still gleaming with the rain that had fallen in the last four days. The instant his wheels struck the ground he would be over on his back. He had to make it into Payullabore.

He went on. After five minutes he could see nothing through the windshield. He was flying by looking through the side windows of the cockpit now.

The ship was beginning to feel heavy. The ice was building up much faster than at first; it was building up three times as fast as he had thought it would. The nose was higher now, the wings required a greater angle of attack to hold their altitude.

Minute dragged on minute, and the miles were crawling past. The ship was trembling all over, and it shuddered every time Steve eased the rudder on. It didn't answer the controls normally; the allerons were taying to shatch the silek out of his hands.

trying to snatch the stack out of his name. The field was still fitteen miles away. But it became increasingly apparent that he wan't going to make it. He was down to 500 feet how, being sucked to earth by all that weight—and getting more loe every second. The rate-of-climb was abowing a hundred-feet-a-minute—down.

Where he was down to 300 feet he could

When he was down to 200 feet he could ase the hanger and administration building in the murky distance beyond a fast timber covered ridge—a ridge he had to cross. The field was four miles away. It was just too far to reach.

The ridge was hurling itself at him, and he was already level with the higher trees. He had to hurry, before he lost more allitude. He knew the ship would whip instantly into a spin if he banked up even ten degrees. So this turn must be flat, a skidding change of direction—and not too fast a skid. With infinite distrust, he caused his foot against the rudder pedal, turning left, every sense actively tuned to warn him against falling off.

It seemed to take forests to the sense.

It seemed to take forever to change direction. The ridge was rushing at him. But he inched around sixty-five degrees before he was over the first part of the

slope.

Holding his breath, he tried to come around still more. He couldn't see the trees off to the right, beyond the wing. He didn't know how close they were. He was almost paralleling the ridge, and the wind was trying to lift him now. He could feel it, through his hands and feet on the controls. The rate-of-climb was slowly starting to come up.

Then it came, quivering, from a hundred-feet-a-minute descent back to zero! It shivered there a moment and hesitatingly showed a climb.

He was afraid to hope too much, afraid to think. Suddenly he smatched the hand crank from its clips and smashed the side window with one blow. Ho had to stay on the windward side of the slope, and to do that he had to see.

The window went out with a crash of glass. He could see the field two miles away, over to the right. Steve got all the speed he could, and then, with a slight, margin for manoeuvring banked precari-

onsly across the ridge and hurtled downwind towards the field.

But even then he barely made it. He came in across the railroad wires with fitteen feet to spare, and snapped the throttle closed. He was landing with the wind, because he didn't dare attempt to come around the field. The ship seemed to fail straight downward when the engine's power was cut off. The wheels hit with a tremendous splash of mud. Brakes locked. Steve skated the full length of that runway, off it, and up across the loading ramp, the tyres squalling their protest. When he finally slopped, the prop was ten feet from the administration building door.

For a minute he sat there in the cockpit, feeling weak and shaky, reliving again the dread uncertainty of those final miles. Then he climbed from the cockpit and went down the short alse, just as Syvia-Blair, followed by Bat Garretson, hurried from the administration building door. He saw Terry Trumbull running up the slope from the hangar, through the rain. There was sleet mixed with the rain. It was clicking faintly on the plane. He grinned weartly at Sylvia Blair.

Site looked at the loe-sheathed plane and then at his face.

Terry came up just then, puffing from his run. He slapped Steve on the back.

Sylvia Blair said nothing. But Steve felt that she was, if not glad, at least

you back here in one piece!"

Sylvia Blair and nothing. But Stev felt that she was, if not glad, at lear relieved that he'd got back safely.

Steve got out of his flying clothes an went into his office. But he did not stathere. He went down the passage t Sylvia Blair's desk.

"Well" she said and for the first time since he'd known her she smiled at him, and when she smiled she was a different

and week-person.
"You win," he said. "It's true. You can fly blind. But I forgot what little I'd learned when I struck ice."

"Your father said there wasn't any answer to ice," she said.

Sieve shoot there feeling that she approved of him. He hadn't known how pleasant it would be to have her approve of him. He really hadn't anything more to say. There were plenty of things he wanted to ask her, but they were all things he couldn't ask.

"You said you'd stay till Saturday," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"And you haven't changed your mind?"
"No," she said. She wasn't smiling now.

Steve saw that she was instantly on the defensive. "You mean Terry Trumbull," she said. She paused and Steve saw her take a deep breath. "I told you what was the matter. I told you that he's a fine person but—he needs a rest from fly-ing."

"We're talking about two differ things," Steve said. "If the man isn't shape to fiy—that's all right with : I won't ask him to fly. He's got enou to do as it is. But there's more thant."

"What?" she asked, looking straight into

"I don't know," Steve said. "I'm asking

You recommended him?"

"Yes, of course."
"Then," Steve said, "I hope you'll forget what I've said."

what I've said." I shan't forget it. But

—I shan't mention it."

"Thanks." Steve said. "I've nothing
against the man except s—fust an idea."

"It's a wrong idea, then!"

Steve knew that she believed what she
said. But for once size was mistaken.
Anybody could see that there was something wrong about Terry Trumbull—anybody except a girl who was in love with
him.

STEVE sat in his office writing requisitions. He had to have it out with
MnoGregor. He went over the list when
he had finished, and laid satile two that
could wait. Then he took up the sheaf
and want into MacGregor's office.

"MacGregor," he said, "I want you to
come down to the hangar with me and
let me show you why we need the things I'm
asking for."

MacGresor took the pipe out of his mouth and rubbed his baid spot in his madden-ingly deliberate way.

"Mr. Richards," he said, "Trumbull's re-port this morning shows two planes service-able, and a third to be serviceable as soon as it's brought back from Jasper, Tennessee.

as it's brought back from Jasper, Tennessee. Isn't that enough—"
"One of those—Number Seven—was pulled out of service for overhall several weeks ago." Stove said. "We can only use it in emergencies. It's got to come off the line as soon as possible. And besides, we need material to get ready for night flying! What if another ship cracks up?"

"Why would one of them crack up?" Mac-Gregor asked.

Why do children get the measles? Some thing happens—an engine fails, or a pilot makes a mistake—and there's nothing any-body can do about it!" Steve paused, angry and disgusted.

and disgusted.
"I'm sure nothing will happen until you get the plane from Jasper back in service." MacGregor said mildly. "Then you'll have four ships, and surely four will be enough, even when you get into night flying. Night flying shouldn't require more planes than the same schedule in the dayline." He paused and rubbed his baid apot.

"Don't do that!" Steve snapped. "Does your head get cold, or what?" "Massage." MacGregor said defensively, "is simulating to the scalp. My wife is forever after me about my loss of hatr."

Steve sat there looking at the man, and realising how taut his nerves were. He wouldn't have lashed out at MacGregor if he had been himself.

he had been himself.

"I'm sorry, MacGregor," he said, and grinned. "It's your own business if you want to rub your head. But if you keep on refusing to sign requisitions I can't run this sirline. You're standing in the way of everything I've got to do."

"Please, Mr. Richarda," MacGregor interrupted, looking unhappy, "there's nothing personal in my refusal to approve them. I know how hard you're trying. But I've got to do my job, too. I'll study all the requisi-

"I dont know what you mean, she said tions when I get back from Chatta"Where did he come from?" "nooga—"
"At your suggestion?" "Chattanooga?" Steve interrupted.
"Yes," she said.
"The got to go down there and make an

you can have all the initials you want."

You can have all the initials you want."

You can have all the initials you want."

Steve said. "You don't have to explain routine expense accounts to me."

"Then I'l take a train to-night."

"A train!" Steve said. "You're going on a train?"

"I prefer trains to planes," MacGresor said. His tone was so defensive that Steve lessned tack in his chair and laughed.
"Don't you know we're running an air-line? The westher's bad to-day, but Trip Two will go south to-morrow, and you can came back the next morning on Trip One. A windshift's going to blow this mess out, probably, to-night. I'll write you a round-irp pass."

probably, to-night. I'll write you made represent the pass."
"It's not a laughing matter," MacGregor said. He took his pipe out of his mouth and wet his lips. His mouth had a determined set. "Twe never flown Mr. Richards I'd much rather go by train."
"Why, now." Steve said, amiling, "an executive of an airline ought to travel by plane. Think how it would look if he didn't. There's nothing to worry about."

MacGregor was biting on his pipe-stem.

There's nothing to worry about."

MacGregor was biting on his pipe-stem. He rubbed his bald spot hard, "I'm a family man, Mr. Richards," he said. "I've got three children. I've got to think of them."

"But there's not a bit of danger!" Steve exclaimed. "I'll change runs and fly you there myself—down on Trip Two in the morning and back on One the next day. Pifty minutes to go and fifty to come back. And the trip won't cost you or the company anything at all."

Steve thought a moment. He had to get MacGregor in a plane. It was the only way to teach him that you had to have money to keep ships in the air.

"I can't force you to fly," he said. "But it doesn't make sense for you to spend money on travelling by train when our ships are going, anyway."

going, anyway."

MacGregor looked at the picture of his wife and three children on his desk. He swallowed hard. "I'll go by train," he said, "and pay my own expenses."

Sieve left him and went down the hall to see Sylvis Blair. He was always going down the hall to see Sylvis Blair. He hated asking her for help. But there wan't anybody else.

"I've been arguing with MacGregor," he said. "And getting nowhere, He's stubborn as a stuck piston about those requisitions, and there isn't anything to do about it because he's so darn stupld."

"He isn't stupld," she said. "He's working for the bank."

"You mean he's got no discretion?"

"You mean he's got no discretion?"
"Of course he has. But he doesn't want to use if to spend any money. He feels it's the bank's money."
"What are we going to do?" Steve demanded, "We've got to have the stuff he's holding up or stop trying to fly this line."

"Yea," she said, and amiled a faint, amused simile. She seemed secretly pleased that he was finding it so hard to keep "Ture going to Chattanooga?"

"I've going to Chattanooga?"

"I've going to Chattanooga?"

"I've going to Chattanooga?"

"I've going to Chattanooga?"

Midstates operating.

"I thought for a minute or two I was audit of the books to-morrow. Now, if you'll approve my expense advance."

"You can approve your own expense advance."

"You can approve your own expense advance."

"I'll have to have your initials on the Youcher," MacGregor said, "or else it won't go through."

"You can't." Spivia said. "As far as Midstates Airways is controlled."

"You can't." Sylvia said. "As far as Midstates Alrways is concerned, he is the bank."

bank."

Sieve stood there for a moment, his lips pursed, thinking about that, "The got to spend the rest of the day down at the hangar with Bart Oleson," he said, "checking over what we need." He started towards the door, and turned back. "And, by the way, Garretson's ferrying out of here at daylight to Chicago to come back on Trip Two. I'll take Trip One north in the manning. While I'm gone, you run the show."

Stylia Blair save him a straight look.

Sylvia Blair gave him a straight look.
"As long as I'm here—and as long as there is a show," she said.

THE freezing mist had changed to ariow at noon. It anowed heavily throughout the day and almost all the night. But in the morning it was clear. Steve took two passengers to Chicago. All the way he tried to co-ordinate the action of his rudder with his turn indicator.

By the time he reached Chicago he innew why, yesterday, he had been unable to maintain a course Sylvia Blair was wrong. It wasn't enough to bring the turn indicator needle buck to the centre, when a bump had thrown it off. If you did that, you had made a slight turn, and when you merely stopped the turn you assumed a new heading. When the needle swing, you had to kick rudder enough to owing the back past centre to the other side, and hold it there until you had turned enough to counteract the yaw and assume your course once more.

He wished there were clouds that he could practice in, as he roared in and out of Evanaville and Terre Haitte. He felt sure all he needed now was practice.

He was coultly aware, when he got back.

He was acutely aware, when he got back to Phyllisboro, that it was Saturday. He would have only a few more hours in which to consult Sylvia Blair.

When he got to his office, he saw a near sheaf of requisitions on his deak. He picked them up. They were the requisitions he had given MacGregor the day before. They were all signed in a next script, "A. MacGregor."

MacGregor.

Stere walked down the hall to MacGregor's office. The man was beaming.

"I owe you an apology Mr. Richards." he said. "After you left resterday I had a talk with Miss Bulr, and ahe persuaded me to go up with her in your plans. She promised me I needn't stay up any longer than I liked. But after she'd circled the field a couple of times I was persuaded that I felt all right. I asked her to take me on to Chattanooga. And I enjoyed it. I actually enjoyed it. You know, it's strange, Mr. Richards, but I had no sensation of being up high. It was what I was afraid of. But I dight feel it."

"You don't." Steve said.

of. But I didn't rest ... "You don't." Steve said.

"But, on the other hand, you are up high."
MacGregor said. "And however safe you,
feel, you aren't safe unless the plane is in
good shape from tyres to magnetos."

Steve grinned, "No," he said, "you aren".

"I decided," MacGregor said, "that I should sign requisitions for materials that are essential to safety in the air. It's my job to conserve the income of this line. But I'm not going to be the cause of any-body's getting killed."

Steve went down the hall to Sylvia Blair's office. "Thanks," he said "for taking MacGregor for a ride, I didn't know you were good enough to fly my plane."

Sylvia smiled. It was almost a grib, and there was an ammaed gleam in her eyes. What did he say about 18?

"He said you persuaded him to go to Chattanooga," Steve said, watching her. "What I'd like to know is how you persuaded him to sign those requisitions?"

Sylvia's face was apurfously innocent "Why—why, something got the matter with the engine when we were over the mountains, and for a few minutes it seemed about to fall. But it cleared up very nicely."

Shove knew there was nothing the matter with the engine. But you could make it cut out. You could one the mixture control, or you could cut the switches intermittently he started to say something, and though better by it. Hed let well enough alone.

DURING the afternoon a high, thick over-cast filmed the sky rapidly. Terry Trum-bull said that night after supper that he had to go back to his office. He had to

sione tegether.

Sieve went to the front door after they had gone. The weather map indicated that there might be more enow before morning, before the last had had a chance to melt. A heavy show, with wind, would put drifts on every airport north of Chattanooga.

on every airport north of Chattanooga.

This was Saturday night. Sylvis would be leaving in the morning. He could no longer lean on her for detailed information about the line. He had to admit she'd given him more than information. She'd been wonderfull with MacGregor. She'd done a job that a woman could do much better than a man. But she wasn't a woman. She was just a child. She was so much of a child that she believed in Terry Trumbull.

He deckled he'd better go and see what Trumbull was doing. He walked towards the field. Spits of snow stung him in the face, to looked as if it were going to snow steadily all night.

He met Sylvia walking back. They both stopped.
"So you're leaving to-morrow," he said.
"Yes," she said.

There wasn't anything more to say. But neither of them moved. Steve had the feeling that there was something between them as they stood there alone in the anow. It wasn't rue that he didn't like her. It wan't true that he wasn't attracted to her. He wanted her to stay.

"You coaxed MacGregor into a plans—for the sake of the line my father built," he said. "Don't you want to stay on and do some more for it?"

"Oh," she said, and he thought her low voice was hunkier than usual, "I couldn't." Ehe turned towards the farm house. Steve didn't speak. "Good-night, Mr. Richards," she said. Steve walked on towards the administration building. He didn't feel free to walk back with her after she'd said "Good-night," so pointedly. But he didn't really want to see Terry Trumbull. He waited two or three

minutes and then walked back to the house and up to bed.

and up to sed.

He was cound asleep when he felt someone shaking his shoulder urgenity, "Steve!"
Sylvis was calling in a voice that was aghust and frightened. "Steve! The hangar"s on are! Terry just telephoned. Hurry!"

Sieve was instantly awake, his mind filled with consternation. He thought, "What on earlh's Terry doing at the hangar?" He said to Syivia quickly, "Call the Phyllisboro fire department! Tell 'em to bring chemical extinguishers. Water's no good with gaso-line."

"Terry said he'd phone them," Sylvia said.
"Hurry!" She went out and closed the door.
Sieve was running down the stairs when she
called out, "Wait for me—we'll take Terry's

"I can't wait," Steve yelled leaping towards the door.

But she came flying down the stairs in a sweater and shirt and carrying her shoes. She sat down on the bottom step to put on the shoes. She hadn't any stockings.

The care was cold, but Slove got it going. It askidded wildly in the anow as he went around the corner of the house towards the field. He was almost there when he heard a sudden roar and a bright red flame burst through the hangar roof and mushroomed high against the sky.

Steve pushed the accelerator to the floor-boards. Sylvia grabbed the top edge of the door as the roadster lurched through the rutted anow. Steve realised, feeling sick, that they'd never save the hangar. But there might still be time to get the planes out.

He passed the administration building. The wind would keep that safe, at any rate. He came to a allthering stop and ran for the hangar. He could hear Bart Oleson's shouts.

Bart Olesen and Silm Hart and Tony Paber and Terry Trumbull were working at a hangar door. The doors were hung in pairs, to telescope on tracks, across the front of the building. One door was open but they had to get the other half of the pair pushed back before they'd have room enough to get the planes out, and the other half had jumped the track.

Terry Trumbul had a crowbar. He seemed hardly able to keep his feet as he hunted in the snow for something on which to get a bite. Sieve saw that he was drunk, and took the bar away from him. He was vaguely aware that Trumbul grumbled about if. But Sieve forgot the man in his desperate negency to save whatever could be saved.

Through the one open hangar door he could see flame swallowing the nose of a plane. It would reach the gas tanks in a few more minutes. There was no chance to save that ship now.

"The other doors," he yelled,

But Steve broke lose and ran inside. Bart Cleson followed him. Behind Bart came Hart and Tony Faher. Steve got the plane's tall up with Bart's help, while the other's grabbed new wing struts and dug their heels into the cinders, pulling madly.

The plane came through the doorway, bumping on the door guide rails, and bogged down in a drift the wind had left outside. But with one frantic heave they forced it on through the drift, and dragged it, over ground that was swept almost bare, two hundred feet away.

Then they lurined, gasping with their effort, to look back. And as they looked there was a dull whoomb as the tanks in number six explosed. Instantly the fame roared upward with a sound like the sound of a sudden gale dipping down over the crest of a ridge. Flame rolled out and up from the open hangar doors a hundred, two hundred feet high, a solid thing mounting with slow, inevitable majesty, a live and dreadful mushroom that flowered at its crest, spilling fire in a fountain that aprinkled red tongues against the anow.

A moment later Sleve saw Sylvia Blair come out of the door of Terry's office, at the far end of the hasing, with a pile of desk drawers. Trumbull was just behind her with another armful. He stumbled as he reached the snow and fell.

"Come on!" Steve called to Oleson, "Let's get the rest of those records."

They strungifed with heavy filing cases, but they got everything out of Terry's office before the fire made it impossible to go indide.

Sieve stood beside Bart Oleson, far enough from the others to talk without being over-

"Bart," he said, "do you suppose some-body started this fire?"

"Yeah," Bart said miserably, "I started it. I was working on Number Six with Slim and Tony and—"

"Working all night?"

"Working all night?"

"We had to get her ready. We had her almost ready. And it was no night to get her outside, so like a fool I started her in there. Slim and Tony were on the crank and I was in the cockpit. I must have flooded her and a lot of gas ran out on the floor, and some of it must have run back in the ship, because when she hackfired she caught. It's all my fault, Steve. It aim't as if I didn't know better."

"Forcet it." Steve said. "You've started

"Forget it," Steve said, "You've started engines in hangars before, and you'll do it again. We've all done it,"

again. We've all done it,"
"If we'd a got them doors open instead
of trying to put out the fire we'd have
saved everything but the ship. We was
emptying extinguishers on her when we
should have been getting her outside. That
would have saved the hangar and the other
ships. I'm a fool, Steve."
"Forget it," Steve repeated.
"The article and the fire of the ships."

"But what will you do now?" Bark de-manded, "You've only got your plane and Number Seven, that Garretson took to Chicago on Trip One to-day—those, and Toby's crate in Jasper and Jerry Watram's crate in Adatravills—so telling when either one of them will be back on the line. How we gome fly, with the hangar gone and all the parts and tools?"

The Phyllisboro fre engine arrived ten minutes later. But there wasn't much to do. Bart Oleson borrowed a rope from the fireman. He and Slim Hart and Tony Paber tied Steve's plane down.

"We might as well go home," Steve said to Terry and Sylvis,

THE three of them got into the one seat of Terry's roadster, and Trumbuil drove them back to Mra. Crittenden's with the excessive caution of a man who does not trust himself. Steve wondered, jammed in bealde the girl, if the fire was going to make any difference in her decision to leave at once. He needed her more than ever now. But this was not the time for talk.

There's only one thing to do in a case e this." Terry said, when they were in a house, "and that's to have a drink. If I'll wait a minute, Steve, I'll get the

be morning.

Steve thought this was his chance to talk to Terry Trumbull. He had no sound reason to be suspicious of the man. But he was, "I'd like a drink," he said.

"I'd like a drink," be said.
Sylvia went on upstairs. Terry followed
her. Steve couldn't hear what they were
saying to each other in the hall above,
though it was plain from their tones that
they were both in earnest. And then suiddenly Sylvia's voles rone so that he heard
her say, "Oh. Terry, I wish you wouldn't."
"But I need a drink," Terry retorted.
"You'd want a drink if you'd just lost your
shirt."

shirt."
Terry came downstalts then with a stone jug and set it on the dining-room table and got glasses and water from the kitchen.
Eleve sat at the table, fingering his glass, and studying Trumbull's face, still hand-some in spite of the puffiness around the eyes. He saw that Trumbull's hand wasn't at all steady as he lifted his glass. But he was almost sober now.

Stear Trumbull said. "I'm gares. I'm

"Steve," Trumbull said, "I'm sorry. I'm darned sorry about this," He paused and looked down at his glass frowning. When he looked up again he smiled, He had an uncommonly engaging smile, "But if you don't mind my saying so-perhaps it's all for the best. Do you mind?"

HIGH FRONTIER

Walked over to where Sylvia stood boside Terry. He saw that she had her hand on Terry's eibow, as if to steady him.

"Do you know about the insurance?" he asked.

"There's probably forty or forty-five thousand on the ships and tools and hangar," Sylvia said.

"Enough to pay off that loan at the bank?" Sieve asked.

"Yos," she said, "just about."

"And leave you flat—with no hangar and not enough ships." Terry added.

Steve thought that over. He suddenly remembered the fire department.

"Where is that fire department." he said, "Good lord!" Trumbull said, "They aren't here—are they?" He psused and in the light from the blasing hangar Steve could see that he was trying to think. He turned to Sylvia. "I can't remember if I called them."

"Oh, Terry!" Sylvia said, and turned and ran towards the administration building. "I was a little merry," Terry said to Steve. "When Bart came in yelling there was a fire I don't know what I did."

The Phyllisboro fire engine arrived ten minutes later. But there wasn't was a fire I On't know what I did."

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The Phyllisboro fire engine arrived ten minutes later. But there wasn't was a fire I On't know what I did."

The Phyllisboro fire engine arrived ten minutes later. But there wasn't Airways free and clear."

Steve nodded, wondering what Trumbull was driving at. He would certainly own the Midstates free and clear—free and clear of a hangar and a shop and tools for maintenance and sufficient planes.

He couldn't possibly fly the line without planes. He knew he could get quiet delivery on open cockpit ships for cash. But where could be get cash? The blink relieved to get its forty thousand dollars back after worrying so long about it, wouldn't consider a renewal of the loan. MacGregor would think that fire was an act of Providence and the bank would agree with him.

him.
""Here," Terry Trumbull continued, "is
where I come in." He paused again. "I
don't expect you to believe that, Steve. You
know and I know that Terry Trumbull is
no good. You wouldn't pick Terry Trumbull to pull you out of a hole, would you?
And you'd be quite right. Oh, yes, you'd be
outle right."

He smiled at Steve—an impish, childish amile.

smile.

"I don't hear you protesting," Trumbull said, "I assume you agree with me. Only this time we'd both be wrong. Because it so happeas that Terry Trumbull knows the right people in Chicago. And if it's nut up to them in the right way they'll pay twenty-five thousand for that airmal contract of yours and the other assets of the company—such as this field where there was a hangar until to-night."

"If you just say the word, Steve," he said, "I'll leave for Chicago as soon as I've had some sleep. I can be there by Monday morning. Of course they'll try to beat us down. But all you have to do is to hold out for twenty-five grand it will be."

STEVE looked out of the window as soon as he was awake. It wasn't clear, but now and again the sun came out from behind a doud and shone on show.

The snow was lucky. There wouldn't be say flying from drilled fields. The post office couldn't compain it Midstates didn't

Cancels my contract for non-performance."

Terry Trumbull laughed. "You've naive, Steve," he said. "You've got more grit than any other man I ever met. But you are naive. You aren't a business man."

"No. Steve said. "I'm not."

"It's this way, Steve," Terry said. "These people in Chicago aren't the only ones who want that mail contract of you're. There's at least one other crowd that I know of, How does either of them know they'll be the post office cancels it? The answer is it's work they on't. The answer is it's work they mand to get that contract nailed down.

"I'd rather carry on," Steve said, "I'd rather carry on," Steve said, "You aren't going off to Chicago on a wild chance that you can sell this line." Steve said. "You're going to "Steve said. "You're going to "Steve said. "You're soing to "Steve said. "You're soing to "the said." There's plenty of time," Terry Trumbull said. "You aren't going off to Chicago on a wild chance that you can sell this line." Steve said. "You're going to "Steve said. "You're going to "Steve said. "You aren't going off to Chicago or a wild chance that you can sell this line." Steve said. "You're soing to "Clicago. There's one around five o'clock."

"You aren't going off to Chicago or a wild chance that you can sell this line." Steve said. "You're going to "Steve said. "You're soing to "Vou aren't going off to Chicago. There's one around five o'clock."

"You aren't going off to Chicago. There's one around five o'clock."

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"You aren't going off to Chicago. There's one around five o'clock."

"You aren't going off to Chicago. There's one around five o'clock."

"You aren't going off to Chicago. There's one around five o'clock."

"You aren't g

"Of course you'd rather carry on, Steve. But it's time to face the facts. You just can't carry on. And if we work it right you'll be sitting pretty. You'll have twenty-five thousand dollars in your pocket."

"I'll think it over." Steve said.
"Don't finhs too long." Terry Trumbull said. "The quicker I get to Chicago with authority to sell the sarrer that twenty-five grand is going to be. This is Sunday now. I need a couple of hours sleep. And then I'll start for Chicago. I could have the deal all signed by ten ordook to-morrow morning—before everybody knows about the fire."

fire."
"I see," Steve said. He did see more than he'd ever seen before. He could see it was no accident that Terry Trumbull knew exactly where to go to get wenty-five thousand dollars for the airmail contract.
"Terry," he said, "I don't understand why you're so anxious for me to get out with twenty-five thousand. What do you get out of 15"."

"Why, Sleve," Terry Trumbull said, "I'll do it because I like you. I'll do it because you're a decent chap and I hate to see them beat you."

He poured himself another drink

He poured hinself another drink.

"There's only one thing you could do for me, Steve. Do you know what is is?" He put the jug down on the table and went on. "I used to fly. I used to be pretty good, And now I'm afraid. That's what you can do for me. You can give me a chance to fly again. I haven't been in a plane for three months. That's what you can do, You can get me up again. Once I get up, I'll be all right. I know I'll be all right. Will you do that for me, Steve?"

It took Steve half an hour to get Terry up to his room. And after Steve had gone to bed Trumbull pounded on his door said came in without waiting for an answer.

"Steve," he said, "be reasonable, me up in two hours and I'll get going. Wake

"Til wake you up when I get up," Steve said.

company—such as this field where there was a hingar until to-night."

Terry got up and lifted the jug, swaying a little.

The snow was lucky. There wouldn't be any flying from drifted fields. The post office couldn't complain if Midstates didn't fly a schedule for two or three days.

Steve went into Terry's room and shook him awake

"Good old Steve" he said. "I knew you'd be reasonable. What time is 14?" "It's half past twelve," Steve said.

"I know because they've already approached me on the subject."
Steve could see, watching Terry Trumbull's face, that he wished he hadn't gone

"Why did they approach you—instead of me?" he asked.
"It was before you came, Stave." Terry said quirkly. "It was before anybody knew whether you were ever coming back. And when you did come back I din't say anything because you said you wouldn't sell." "I see," Steve said.
"Terry Trumbull got out of bed. "If you ask me, you're stitting pretty."
"Listen, Terry," Steve said, "you're not going to Chicago yet."
"But evary day counts," Terry protested. "Every hour counts, I don't guarantee the twenty-five grand if you wait longer than Mouday."
"I'm not selling," Steve said. "Can't every day counts."

"I'm not selling," Steve said, "Can't you get that into your head? I'm not going to

Terry sat down on the bed looking like a hurt child.

Sieve went downstairs. Sylvia was silting at the dining-room table and Mrs. Orltten-den was hovering about urging her to eat another waffle. Mrs. Orlttenden greefed

another wante. And Ortherson steeled Steve happily.
"You'll have a wante, Mr. Richards," she said, and hurried back to the kitchen.
Steve saw that Sylvia was dressed for travel. She was wearing a tailored suit and she was most carefully groomed.
"To Terry awake?" she naked.

"I think he's getting up," Steve said. 'He's driving me home to Nashville," she

"No," Steve said, "he's not."

He saw her take a quick breath. He saw the color start in her face. And then Mrs. Critizanden came in with a waffle the size of a dinner place.

of a dinner place.
Sieve instered the waffle deliberately, watched Mrs. Crittenden go out to the kicchen, then turned to Sylvia.
"I need you." he said. 'I'm going to call a meeting this siternoon to talk things over with MacGregor. I want Terry there, and Bart Oleson. I want everybody. But expecially I want you. You know all the answers."

"I don't know all the answers," she said.
"I don't even know—."

"You know how to Jook them up," Steve Interrupted. "You've got time to look up anything you don't know, before the meeting."

meeting."
"Mr. Richards." she sald, "I told you I'd
be finishing up on Saturdsy. I told you I'd
was leaving to-day. I told you—"
"That was before the fire."
"Mr. Richards—" she began again.
"You can't run out. You know you can't.
You aren't that sort. You don't like me.
But that doesn't make any difference. You
can't leave, when Midstates might go under
without you."

"When Midstates has gone under," she said. "When it's all over and I can't pos-sibly do any good by staying."
"No, Sylvia," he said. "When there's still a chance—and your staying might make all the difference."

"Oh," sine exclaimed, thrusting her chair back violently, "you wouldn't help your father when he needed you. Why should I help you now?"

She jumped up and walked quickly out of the room. Steve heard her running up-

stairs. She was furious, but she was going

stairs. She was furious, but she was going to stay.

He was finishing his breakfast when Terry Trumbull came downstairs, looking freshly bathed and shaved and brushed. His hands still trembled. He took both hands to lift his coffee cup.

"I hope I wasn't a lot of trouble last night," he said.
"No," said Steve, "you weren't."

He knew what Terry meant, He knew that Terry couldn't remember what he had said the night before and he was straid he had said things he shouldn't have said. But Steve wasn't going to help him remember. He was going to let him worry.

He went upstairs to his room and waited.

He went upstairs to his room and waited. Presently he saw Sylvia and Trumbull driv-ing towards the field in Terry's car.

THEY were all solemn when they gathered in Steve's office that afternoon. Steve felt that MacGregor was even unhappier than usual. He seemed to take no comfort in the presence of a tall, elderly man with a grin mouth who stood beside him.

"Mr. Richarda." MacGregor said, "I want you to meet Mr. Barning. Mr. Barning is president of the bank."

"I knew your failer. Mr. Richards." Barn-

"I knew your father, Mr. Richards," Barn-ing said. "I knew your father very well indeed."

Indeed."

There wasn't enough room for everybody to sit down in Blave's office. MacGregor and the president of the bank ast down at one side of Stave's desk. Stave took intended to the bank ast down at down benide Stave, with Sylvia at the corner. Bart Oleson and Stim Hart and Tony Faber stood leaning against the window-wills.

Ills.

Two been looking up the insurance,"
MacGregor said, "and I've consulted Mr.
Barning. The insurance adjuster won't be
here until to-morrow morning. But there
can be no question that the hangar, the
tools, all the spare parts, and three planes
are a total loss. There may be some minor
discrepancy between my figures and those
ultimately accepted by the insurance company, but the difference can hardly be more
than a few hundred dollars."

MacGregor, paused, and took a sheet of

MacGregor paused and took a sheet of paper out of his briefcase.

paper out of his briefcase.

"Tm certain that the amount the insurance company will pay will not be less than 40,000 dollars. As against this, the bank loan comes to 40,000. The loan is due on April S, only nineteen days away. In the ordinary course the insurance company will not pay for thirty days and possibly not for five or six weeks. The insurance payment will therefore not be made in time to meet the note.
"But in the chromostayers the head in

the circumstances the bank is disposed to take care of these creditors in order to avoid bankruptcy proceedings."

Mr. Barning leaned forward. "I admired your father, Mr. Bichards." he said. "I want to do anything I can for you. I want to help you salvage everything possible from the assets of the company. We think it you escape bankruptcy proceedings you might very well sell your airmail contract and the other remaining assets of the company for a considerable sum."

pany for a considerable sum.

Terry nudged Stave with his knee. Steve looked at MacGregor's worrled face, at Mr. Barning's grim mouth, and then at Sylvia. She was looking down at her pad on the corner of the deak. She had written figures on the pad, Steve guessed they were the amounts that MacGregor had read off.

off.

"Mr. Barning," Steve said, "I'd like to make a counter proposition. I want to keep this airline operating We can't keep it operating if we pay all we get from the insurance company to the bank and the other creditors. We had two serviceable planes away from this base, and a cracked-up ship in Adairaville, at the time of the fire. We saved my own plane from the hangar. But because of the contingencies of future crack-ups and overheads, we can't fly our schedules with these alone.

"Bestites we need a new hangar and tools."

"Besides, we need a new hanger and tools and spare parts. Suppose we pay the bank half of the insurance money, and use the remainder to buy two new planes and to keep going."

Mr. Barning smiled. "You're like your father," he said. "You're never licked. But under the chromastances the bank insists on having its money."

"In other words," Steve said grimly, "you're out to wreck what my father built."

"I wouldn't put it that way, Mr. Richarda,"
Mr. Barning said. "And I don't believe you
will if you stop to consider the actual circumatances. Your father built this line—
true. I have no doubt whatever that if he
had lived, he'd have kept it going. Your
father was a man to inspire great confidence;
Unfortunately he did at a confidence

Unfortunately be died at a critical time. The present situation is an inevitable consequence. It was your father's premature death that made it impossible for Midstates Airways to continue operating."

"You mean, Mr. Barning," Steve said,
"that if my father were alive the bank
would accept from him such a proposition
as I have just made you?"
"In all probability," Mr. Barning said,
"we would,"

for five or six weeks. The insurance payment will therefore not be made in time to meet the note.

"But in the circumstances the bank is not disposed to be hard. The bank will accept an assignment of the insurance as a guarantee that the loan will be paid."

He turned to Mr. Barning. "Ian't that right, Mr. Barning?"

Mr. Barning? "An't that right, Mr. Barning?"

Mr. Barning? "An't that right is a guarantee that the loan will be paid."

He surned to Mr. Barning?"

Mr. Barning? "An't that right, Mr. Birning?"

Mr. Barning baid, "Mr. Barning said, "we would."

MacGregor coughed. "I—I would like to any this, Mr. Bichards. I am greatly impressed with the way you have taken of the period between April 5 and the date when the cheque from the insurance company is actually received. But this will not be a large sum."

"We come, then," MacGregor continued, "to the other and minor creditors of the company. These will certainly move in to-morrow morning. Their total claims amount to only a few thousand dollars, The insurance payment will in all probability be sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only a few thousand sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to the sufficient to meet not only the loan to any this Mr. Barning as it.

Mr. Barning as id.

Mr. Barning as it.

Mr. Barnin

weeka ago when your father needed you, this wouldn't have happened."

"Then," Steve said to Mr. Barning, "you will not consider my proposition?"

"Unfortunately," Barning said, "the bank wants its money."

"Don't you realise that with a couple of new planes we could go on night schedules very soon? Everybody admits schedules very soon? Everybody admits that if we give night service we'll double our poundage and revenue."

"M." Mr. Barning said. "Don't you realise what a big "if' that is, Mr. Richards?"

"No." Steve said. "T. don't."

"Airmail contract is bank's only security r loan."

Steve put the note in his pocket. He guessed that no one had seen him read it—unless Trumbull had. Terry was sitting between Steve and Sylvia.

MacGregor emerged from his briefcase ith the paper. He handed it to Mr.

Barning.
"I think, Mr. Richards," Barning said,
when he read the paper, "you'll find that
this is properly made out for your signature.
I had the bank's attorney draw it up."

Stave

He handed the assignment to Steve

ne handed the assignment to Steve,
"One more question, Mr. Barning," Steve
said, laying the paper on the table, "What
security did my father give the bank for
the loan of forty thousand dollars?"
"Why," Barning said, "we lent your father
the money on his character. Essentially,
that is. There was some collateral, of
course."

"I'd like to know exactly what the col-teral was," Steve said.

lateral was," Steve said.

Barning turned to MacGregor, "What do we hold, beeldes the company's note due and payable on April 5?"

"Why," MacGregor said, and it was plain to everybody in that room how unhappy he was, "why we hold an assignment of the airmail contract as of April 5."

"The other words." Ribardof, "Barning,"

"In other words, Mr. Richards," Barning sald susvely, "we hold little to the company's only considerable asset if the note is not paid on the due date."

"I should say it is a considerable asset, Mr. Barning," Steve said. "It's 30 con-siderable that the bank loaned forty thou-sand dellars on it and nothing else."

"I've already told you, Mr. Richards,"

Barning said, "that the bank made the loan on your father's character."
"I understand Mr. Barning." Steve said.
"But the bank isn't entitled to the insurance payment. It has no legal claim to that payment. I'll not sign your paper."
He turned to Sylvia. "Miss Blair," he

that payment. It not sign your paper."

He turned to Sylvia. "Miss Biair," he said, "will you please send the following telegram to George J. Worthington, of Mallwing Aircraft, at Willow G Pennsylvania; "Wa

"We are prepared to arrange assignment of fire insurance due us in thirty days as payment for three Mallwings. How soon can you deliver?"

No." Steve said. "I don't."

The bank does, Mr. Richards," Mr. Barning said.

Steve hoked straight into Barning's eyes.
"That's your final answer, Mr. Barning? The bank will not accept a fifty per cent. reduction of the loan?"
"Yea," Barning said slowly, "that's final," "Yea," Barning said slowly, "that's final," "Yea," Barning said slowly, "that's final," "Yes, sir," MacGregor, "You don't know what you're doing, Mr. Richards! You're throw-ing money out the window."
"No." Steve said. For the first time he felt completely beaten,
Barning turned to MacGregor, "You have that assignment?"
"Yes, sir," MacGregor said, and lifted his briefcase.
A peculiar tension had built up suddenly within the room. Steve watched MacGregor's hands in a sort of hopeless fascination. This was the end, and everyone knew it. Everyone was watching MacGregor funded his briefcase file.
A wad of paper struck Steve on the sheek and fell into his lap. He picked it up, giancing to see who might have thrown it. Everyone was still watching MacGregor funded to he briefcase, looking redfaced and unhappy.

Steve unfolded the paper and looked down at it. He read, in Sylvia Blair's handwriting:

"Airmall contract is bank's only security for loan."

full of workmen by noon the next day.

Two carpenters were busy boarding off half the waiting-room to make a new office for Terry. Other men were installing telephones and a new telegraph printer. It was still snowing, outside.

Sylvia came out to tell him that the insurance adjuster had arrived, and she introduced a short round little man with a buildog face and a quick, hard handshake.

buildog face and a quick, hard handshake.

"Little hard luck?" he said, studying.
Sieve's face with quick, interested eyes.
Sieve took him outside and showed him the place where the hangar had been. The snow had covered the black bare bones of the three planes and made little white mounds on the spare engine. Sleve stood by while the adjuster questioned Bart Oleon and Silm Hart and Toby Faber and Terry Trumbull and MacGregor and Sylvia filial.

"Now," the adjuster said, "I want a little talk with you alone, Mr. Richards."

Steve took him into his office.

Sieve took him into his olinee.
"You've been having a tough time since
you came up here, I understand, Mr.
Richards," the adjuster said.
"I have," Sieve said.
"Need money badly?"

"The worst possible way."
"This insurance will come in handy."

"We were at the end of our rope, practically," Steve said. "We've got to put on night runs. We need open cockpit ships for that."

"You," the adjuster said. "You've had a forty-five thousand dollar fire and you sit there and calmly admit it's saved your life!"
"Anything wrong about being honest?"
Steve asked.
The adjuster shock his head, still grin-ning. "It's a little uniaual to run info it, in this business," he said. "I'm satisfied, I've known Bart Oleson ten years, and he's aquarz. I think you are, too." He picked up his hat. "I'm going to accept your man MacGregor's figures, and no doubt my company will. "You'll get your cheque in about thirty days."

Steve nodded. "I'm houling to persuade a

Sieve nodded. "I'm hoping to persuade a manufacturer to sell me ships for an assignment of the insurance instead of cash."

ment of the insurance instead of cash.
"Your factory's going to want evidence
that your claim's going to be paid. I can
have that for you in a week."
Steve thanked him. He shood in the
window after the man had gone. The day

Steve thanked him. He stood h window after the man had gone. Th had seemed endless. It was getting

He went into Terry's office to sak what news had come from Toby Hinkle in Jaspar, and Jerry Watram in Adairsville. They should both be back as soon as this snow

Terry was in carnest talk with Garretson, who was wearing his beret with his uniform, in defiance of Steve's order. It was time, Steve decided on a sudden impulse, for a settlement with Bat Garretson.

settlement with Bat Garretson.

But Steve gave no indication of his mood. In a casual tone he said, "This is the kind of night that's going to keep you fellows thinking when the night runs start." He caught the antagonistic, wary way Garretson's head came up, and went on sasily, "I doubt if there's a pilot on this line who could push a schedule through to-night, Only a man who—"
Garretson's ever were purrowed believer-

Only a man who—"
Garretson's eyes were narrowed belligerently, "I doubt that, too," he said. "I know darn well you couldn't."
Steve grinned. He hadn't hoped for a challenge quite so immediate or blunt. He said, "I'll make a bet with you. I'll take off in my plane and head north-east-here're no lights in that direction. I'll fly out until you can no longer hear my engine, and then I'll come back and land. No circling over the lights of town—you can stand outside and listen. Then you do it. Ten to one that you can't."

A look of doubt formed faintly on Garretson's square face. "We wear 'chutes?" he snapped.

"No 'chutes," Steve grinned. "After all,

"No 'chutes," Steve grinned, "After all, I want my plane back here in one piece!" He knew that Garretson would have to fly by instruments at least a little—enough to see their value—to succeed.

He got dressed in his heavy leather flying auti and pulled his helmet on. Steve dressed likewise, walked with him to the plane, and halled Bart Oleson.

"We've got a little problem in the value of the use of instruments," he said. "We're going to want my plane a while."

going to want my plane a while."

The adjuster leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"What's so funny?" Steve demanded.

"What's so funny?" Steve demanded.

"In not irving to show me up! Well, Steve was buckling his helmes."

'I'm just trying to show you that I can do something on instruments that you can't do without them. You won't open your mind any other way, so I thought I'd make It worth your while." He grinned. "Aren't you the chap who said he'd fly anything I day any time for morey mathles or flew, any time, for money, marbles or chalk? Of course, if you're afraid—

"Any time, for money, marbles or chalk," arreison snapped, "Go on and do your

Steve brushed the snow out of the sea-Sieve brushed the snow out of the seat and climbed into the cockpit. He wasn't worried about going out into this weather. But he wondered if he was a foot to let Garretson take his little ship. He wondered if he would achieve his end, which was to make Garretson admit for the first time that instrument flying was worth while.

while.

But it was too late to worry about that.
He took off, feeling the wheels drag through
dritts that had become dangerously deep
in places. He climbed into the snowy, inky
night, his cockpit lights turned up enough
to see his instruments, and headed northeast at 1000 feet. The air was smooth. The
visibility was no more than a mile. For two
minutes at a time he did not see a light
below him on the ground.

After six minutes he turned around.

below him on the ground.

After six minutes he turned around, allowing for his drift, and came back, trying to hold a constant course. He could keep the ship level in smooth air without much difficulty, but he still had trouble trying to keep a heading. But after five minutes he picked up the beacon's wink and came on in and landed.

"Right," he said to Garretson, climbing out. "Now lits your turn."

Garretson got into the cockpit and pulled his goggles down across his eyes. "I'd feel better about this if I had a "chute," he said.

"I wouldn't," Steve grinned, and watched Garretson taxl out.

Blue fiame letted from the short exhaust collector ring beneath the nose. The racing shadow from the floodlight shortened, swung, began to lengthen, and disappeared entirely as the chip lifted from the ground.

entirely as the ship lifted from the ground. The running lights were colored starr moving swiftly against the backdrop of the snowy sky. Then almost at once they disappeared, and the vibrant song of the exhaust began to fade as Garretson turned north-east and climbed for altitude.

"He knows how to fiy, Steve," Bart said.
"The straid you've lost your money,"
"Maybe," Steve with littering to the

"Maybe," Steve sald, listening to the engine growing fainter. "But if I have, it's worth it. While I think of it, you'd better set some flags to mark those deeper drifts,

"Oksy!" Bart said. And after a moment, ided, "Steve, whadda you think of this by Trumbull?"

"Me-I don't know, either. I was just wondering."

Bart shock his head. "Nothing—that's the trouble—not a thing."

They stood there underneath the administration building lights planning how they could arrange the servicing of planes until a new hangar could be build.

Suddenly Bart said: "Garretson didn't go straight out, like you did, Steve—he's circling around."

Slove could still hear the engine plainly. Garretson had started a wide turn within a minute after he had taken off. The ship came thundering back towards the field, its running lights blooming in the anow. It circled, and came in, making a spray of white as the wheels sliced down into the snow before the floodlight.

"Well." Steve said soberly, standing beheald e the cockpit, "you didn't stay out long."

"Well," Steve said soberly, standing bebeside the cockpit, "you didn't stay out
long."
"Instrument flying!" Garretson snapped.
"You win your bet—but there'll be no blind
flying on this airline while I'm here—and
if I leave I'll take the others with me. You
and your tricks!" He leaned over and spat
tobacco juice into the cockpit.

Steve yelled in a cold fury: "You'll crawl
out of there and get a pail and mop and
scrub that cockpit clean!"

Garretson gave Steve a slow, contemptuous glance and climbed deliberately from
the cockpit.

"You'll mop it up or you'll mop me up!"
Steve grated, and reaching out, he spun
Garretson around.

There under the lights, in the snow, surprise was mirbored on Garretson's dark face—surprise and a sudden resolute attentiveness.

"This is going to be a pleasure." he said.

"This is going to be a pleasure." he said, his small eyes murderous, and his left fist shot out.

Sieve ducked it, and put all his strength into an uppercut. His heavy flying suit impeded every movement of his body, and he wasn't fast. But, similarly garbed, neither was Garretson.

They were like two bears in battle, clumsy, almost ludicrous in action. But they were deadly serious, and presently Steve went down heavily.

"Get up!" Garretson panted, "Get up! I've got some more for you!"

"Coming!" Steve said, and, scrambling to his feet, he charged in.

Steve's wind was almost gone when Gar-reison's foot slipped and threw him forward. It threw his face into a smashing right that Steve had launched an instant earlier. Garretson fell sprawling.

Steve stood there gasping, seeing out of one good eye, waiting for Garretson to move. But Garretson wasn't getting up.

But Garretson wan't getting up.
"Boy!" young Slim Hart exclaimed. "You hit him with the cement mixer that time!"
Steve looked round. Tony Paber and Terry Trumbull were there with Bart and Slim. Bart stooped over and rubbed a handful of mow on the back of Garretson's neck. Garretson sat up.

"Okay," he said thickly. "Okay,"
"Terry, let's go home," Steve said. It
didn't matter about the tobacco jules in
the cockpit, now that he had beaten Garret-

He drove back to the house with Terry, and went straight to wash and tidy himself.

"Now you've done it," Sylvia said, when he got downstairs and found Terry telling her about the battle, "Garretson will leave."

"I think you're wrong," Steve said. "I think Bat Garretson and I have a little understanding, now. He can't leave—his understanding, now. He can't leave—his pride won't let him. He'd be afraid they'd say he couldn't take it."

"Well, anyway," Sylvia said tartly, "you'd better get some beefsteak on that eye."

THE next morning the snow, after a heavy fall throughout the night, had thinned to intermittent gushing equals that marched across the sky. Drifts were deep on the field. There would be no mail flown to-day, nor probably to-morrow, and perhaps not the next day.

Steve found a night letter from the Mallwing people on his desk. They were will-

Steve found a night letter from the Mallwing people on his desk. They were willing to accept an assignment of insurance in payment for three planes, could make delivery on two of them as soon as Steve could fly them away, and they'd have the other one next week.

Steve took the telegram down the hall and handed it to MucGregor.

He couldn't help grinning when MacGregor looked up. The man plainly had things on his mind that he didn't feel at liberty to say. He rubbed his baid spot.

"I expected they'd accept your offer," he said at last.
"But you aren't as happy as I am about

But you aren't as happy as I am about

"Well," MacGregor said, avoiding Steve's good eye, "you see, I'm in a different position—I'm an employee of the bank."
"I thought you weren't too happy at the meeting Sunday afternoon when Barning tried to do me out of the insurance."

MacGregor stiffened. "That's unfair, Mr. Richards, he said. "Mr. Barning wouldn't cheat anybody. But as president of the bank it's his duty to do everything in his power to see that the bank gets its money."
"He'd have got it, too, if Sylvia Blair hadn't hipped me off. I didn't know the bank had no other security than the airmail contract."
"Mr. Richards," MacGregor said earnestly.

mail contract."

"Mr. Richards," MacGregor said earnestly,
"surely you can understand why I
couldn't tell you that."
"I can," Steve said, grinning. "I don't
hold it against you."

"At the same time," MacGregor said,
"I hate to see a young man who tries as
hard as you have get—get—"
"Che't beaten." Stave swoulded.

hard as you have get—get—"
"Get beaten," Steve supplied.
MacGregor shook his head. "No, no.
Don't put it that way. You must realise
that the bank is entitled to its money and
now that you're spending the insurance on
new equipment it foresees a good deal of
difficulty in collecting."
"Tm not spending all the insurance
money. I won't spend more than half it,
getting ready for night schedules. When
the note falls due I'll be able to make a
substantial reduction."
"The bank won't accept a reduction."

substantial reduction."

"The bank won't accept a reduction."

MacGregor said. "Mr. Barning is absolutely set about that."

"We'll see when the time comes. Right now we've got to build a new hangar. I'm, going to put it up to you to get us one as quickly and cheaply as possible."

"A new honers." Why that would cost.

"A new hangar! Why, that would cost four or five thousand dollars, and if you want it in a hurry it'll cost more!" "Whatever it costs, we've got to have

"But Mr. Richards." MacGregor began, and paused. The idea of spending the money for a new hangar obviously appalled him.

"It's your job," Steve said,
"How will I ever explain that to the bank?" MacGregor demanded.

"Tell them you had no choice. I ordered you to get a hangar, using an assignment of insurance to pay for it. The best you could do was get it for a lot less than I'd have spent."

Steve went out to Terry's office, figuring ship and pilot distribution in his mind. Carreixon was here, ready to ferry north to Chicago to-morrow morning, if the fields were cleared of snow enough for operations, and be there to protect Trip Two. Jerry Walrain, Terry had telephoned early this morning, had ferried to Atlanta Let yesterday afternoon, and was in position to protect Trip Ohe to-morrow, if it could operate at all. Toby Hinkle could probably get out of Jacper in the morning, too.

That took care of the protection of the line. The thing that worried Steve now was the ferrying of two new Mailwings from Willow Grove without delay.

"Terry," Steve said, "the other night you asked me to let you fly. Did you mean it?"

Terry looked at Steve. "Yes," he said.

'I meant it'
"I meant it'
"Could you fly No. 7 to Willow Grove and back you think?"
"I'd like to try," Torry Trumbull said.
"But I don't know whether you should trust

"But I don't know whether you should trust me to."

Steve grinned. "I'll not be trusting you, on the way over. I'll be up there with you, and if you start any funny business. I'll yank you out of the cockpit and go on and fly myself. What I want you to go for is to bring No. 7 back here. On the way back I'll have to trust you. Then you'll be alone."

There was a thoughtful look on Terry's

There was a thoughtful look on Terry's soft, white face, "I want to get over this shing—this thing that bothers me. If you'll help me—" He broke off.

"I thought all you wanted was to be put in a plane and sent out to fiy. How else could I help you?"

"I mean—I mean, if I get into a sort of jam, or anything, don't take the shift away from me too quickly. But he sure nothing happens."

"I'll he sure of that" Steve said "We'll.

"I'll be sure of that," Steve said. "We'll leave as soon as Bart can get Number Seven

ready."

But Bart Oleson said Number Seven needed saveral hours' work.

Steve hadn't been at his desk five minutes before Sylvia came in. She shut the door behind her. Steve saw that she was agitated; there was a bright spot of color in each cheek and she took a quick, deep breath before she spoke. before she spoke

"It won't help him, if you're going to fly the ship."

She paused for an answer to that. Steve waited for her to go on, but she didn't. She stood there, her lips parted, very atander and young and quite upset, looking at him helplessly. And when she looked like that, Steve knew he would give her anything ahe wanted.

"All right," he said. "If Terry can get. Number Seven to Willow Grove, do you think he'll be cured?"

HIGH FRONTIER

go. But he-well, he's always all right when somebody's with him-don't you see?" "You?"
"You?"

"You?"

"Yes. But you can be with him too.
We'll let him fiy us both to Willow Grove,
and we'll each bring back a Mailwing, and
Terry can bring back Number Seven. It's
time you did a little flying sround here,
anyway." He grinned at her suddenly.
"The weather's going to break wide open
to-morrow, and we'll have a fine trip back.
This afternoon it won't be bad. We can
get as far as Atlanta to-night, anyhow."
"Oh." Sylvia said, "that ought to fix
everything."

Steve was still sitting there, trying to put the pieces of a puzzle together, when Mac-dregor appeared in the doorway. He no longer looked worried.

"You're buying a barn," he said. "A big tobacco barn, It's---"

"For a hangar?" Steve exclaimed. "Now, wait a minute---"

But MacGregor rushed on excitedly, "It's going to cost five hundred dollars as it is, and maybe two-fifty to move it over here in sections. It won't cost much to hang doors across the full front of it. The span is seventy-seven feet, and the depth fifty-fibe feet. It's a tremendous thing. P'Il bold all the ships we'll have."

Says slummed down on his door. "A

bold all the ships we'll have."

Steve slumped down on his deek. "A barn!" he said. "A barn! For pity's sake. MacGregor! We've got to have a place for a shop and a plane overhaul and engine overhaul and a stockroom. I told you to get us a hangar. "MacGregor was unperturbed. It'll be a hangar, when I get through with it. We can build a lesn-to all across the rear for the shops and stockroom space. We can build a small lean-to on one end for the field office. You put it up to me to get something cheap, and that is what I got."

Steve leaned back in his chair and

Steve leaned back in his chair and laughed. The more he thought of it, the more logical it seemed.

"Why note logical it accensed.
"Why not?" be chuckled. "It's got a roof on it. I suppose?"

There was little humor in MacGregor. "A good roof on it." he said seriously. "I even climbed up on it and inspected the roof myself." He stood there, looking pleased with himself.
"How soon con the have "12" State asked."

"Mr. Richards," she said hurriedly, "what"
"Mow soon can we have it?" Steve asked.
"They thought they couldn't get it here
for a week," MacGregor said. "But I've
arranged for it to be here to-morrow. In
three or four days it'll be ready for use."

Steve grinned at MacGregor.
"Well that's fine," he said. "This is

Steve shrugged. "He'll never get over this phobis, or whatever it is, until he shoves a plane around the sky."

Sylvia hesitated a moment. "I'd like to go with him," she said suddenly.

"It won't help him, if you're." "He bank can," MacGregor warned,
"It won't. As soon as I get back with
the Mailwings, we'll put the pilots on an
intensive night-training programme. You
watch—we'll have this outfit flying night
mail in two weeks."

m helplessty. And when she looked like ist, Steve knew he would give her anything is wanted.

"All right," he said. "If Terry can get umber Seven to Willow Grove, do you dink he'll be cured?"

"Yes. It isn't that I don't want him to ward into the Big Smokkes.

Before he walked out to the plans, Sieve said to Terry, "We can't go farther than Atlanta to-night anyhow. Do you want to put this off till the morning?"

Terry seemed keyed up with a strange, compelling excitement. His pale face was flushed. "I feel up to it now." he said. "I don't know how I'll feel in the morning. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to show

Right-oh," Steve said, and went to get

She had her flying suit and helmet and gogsles ready to stow in the baggage compartment, for use coming hack in the open-cockpit Mailwing. She gave Bart Oleson her bag to put in the back, and climbed into the cabin and hesitated a moment before she chose a rear seat. Steve took the one across the side. Slim Hart and Tony Faher wound up the whiting starter: the engine, already warm, took with a roar. Sylvia sat tooking at the back of Terry's head as he taxied out. Steve could see that she wasn't too confident that everything would be all right. She was wearing a close-fitting hat that concealed most of her hair and he could see her face only in profife, the lovely curve of the cheek, the alightly turned up nose, and the rounded chim.

He himself felt quite confident. He didn't She had her figing suit and helmet and

turned up nose, and the rounded chim. He himself felt quite confident. He didn't believe pilots really lost their nerve. Pilots either could fly or they couldn't, and nerve didn't have a great deal to do with it.

Except in the type of flying they attempted. If Terry Trumbull had graduated from Kelly Field, he could fly. And if he couldn't, Steve would discover it in time to get up and rout Terry out of the cockpit and take the controls himself.

and take the controls himself.

He leaned back and looked over at Sylvia.
He had never had a chance to spend more than a few minutes with her at one time.

Even now, when they were in the air, they couldn't talk too much, because of the noise. Yet just sitting beside her, he could feel again that attraction he had felt the night they had met in the anow and darkness.

ness.

Sylvia tried to selax when Terry gunned into the take-off. She knew it wouldn't do him any good if he saw her watching him anxiously. She mustart let him know that she had any fear of what he might do. She mustan't let him know how glad she was that Steve Richards was with them.

that Seve Mchards was wish them. The wind was gusty and strong, and the ship got off quickly. Bumps rocked them as Terry turned south-eastward, across the bleak snow-covered fields. Sylvia caught herself leaning forward, and made herself sink back in her seat. Steve, with a reassuring smile, pointed to the breaks in the clouds.

'Re's doing all right," Steve Richards said, "Loosen up)

"Lossen up!"

The ship thundered underneath a glowering sky as Terry crawled up above the Plateau of the Barrens—over Manchester and Alto climbing stessilly to top Monteagle by a thousand feet.

A snow squall caught them when they were above the hump. Terry looked back, Sylvia smiled at him. Steve Richards grinned and motioned downward. He cupped his hands and yelled at Terry in a bellowing voice: "Turn on some more heat! You trying to freeze us out back here?"

Sylvia was thankful for his nonchalance, it made her feel better, but before she could really relax, the squall got worse.

Terry was letting down cautiously through.

Terry was letting down cautiously through the snow. She could see a moving circle of

getting his confidence back.
"It's o-kay!" he yelled, "I'm okay, It's

wonderful!"

They went into another aquall that wiped the earth away as if a blanket had been unrolled suddenly under them. Terry bored on through it. They went into another, larger one, where there was unbulence. Sylvia wished, then, that she and Steve Richards had taken the two front scats. From here she could not see all the instruments.

But she could see the compass. The card was turning slowly past the lubber line. She could hear the shrill of the increasing wind. The plane was nosed down in a

"Shall we move up behind the cockpit?" she said, searching Steve's face.

"If you'd feel better," he said. But the way he said it, and the way he moved forward so quickly, made her feel that he had thought of doing that, too.

that he had thought of doing that, too.

They plunged out of that squall, and under them mountains tumbled away as far as Sylvia could see. There was a deep narrow gorge below them and a valley beyond, visible as a strip of darker color to the east. The squall covered one end of it completely. Another squall, immense and ominate, lay directly on the course abead.

Terry turned his head, looking first at Sylvia, then at Sieve, "What do you think?" He wasn't worried. He merely wanted some-body's opinion.

"I think you can get around most of it you turn north," Steve yelled.

Terry nodded and turned north Sylvia saw, presently, that the squall behind them had become a solid mat of snow. Gushing white tentacles seemed to melt down from the base of the clouds, descending with a sinister majesty until they reached the

Sylvia smiled. He was trying to make her comfortable.

comfortable.

Squalls were fully formed on three sides of them now merging rapidly. They had to go through to get out. Terry kept going north, wasting time, instead of planning on into the snow. Sylvia wanted to tell him to turn in the direction of Chattancoga, but she thought that might worry him.

She was sure Sieve Richards would take over the controls, if Terry got in trouble, it was a tremendous reassurance to know that. But she kept watching the clock on the instrument board.

Because it was already dusk: it would

n the instrument board.

Because it was already dusk: it would be dark in a very few minutes. She found excelf speculating on how Terry would next the situation of combined darkness, now, mountainous terrain, and rough air to want, site was forced to admit to the want, site was forced to admit to the reself, as good a pilot as ahe had supposed. But of course he hadn't flown for more time, and that made a difference.

Bechards asid, and his voice was ever so reassuring to Sylvia. "If she were going to greated have done it before this. Take it easy. We'll get you out."

Sylvia went back to the cabin door and tried to open it, but it was jammed. Sieve kinked it open for her, From the doorway to be coded out into the gathering dusk.

It was fortunate that they had been

FOR a full second all three of them sat there in the wreckage without saying a word. Then Terry spoke in an anguished voice.

"Sleve," he said. "Sjeve! Get me out of here. Get me out before she fires! I can't move! I can't get my legs icose!" "Sylvia!" Steve Richards called sharply. "Are you all right, Sylvia?" "Yes." Sylvia said feeling the hump on

"Yea." Sylvia said, feeling the bump on her forehead where she'd struck something in the crash. She could smell the gasoline leaking from the tanks, and her mind was filled with the star's horror of fire.

"My seat's torn loose from the floor and my legs are caught." Terry exclaimed in a pain-ridden voice. "You'll have to pull me out."

"Where's your flashlight?" Steve de-manded "Mine's in my bag." He found Terry's flashlight in the cochpit pocket. "Hold the light," he said to Sylvia.

He put one hand under each of Terry's rms and lifted, gently at first, then

Terry Trumbull gave a sudden gasping sob. "Stop!" he said between clenched teeth. "I can't bear it!"
Stove Sichiards atood there studying the situation, his face grave.

"Just get me out," Terry begged, "Just get me out before she fires from that leaking

"Don't worry about fire, now," Steve Richards said, and his voice was ever so reassuring to Sylvia. "If she were going to fire she'd have done it before this. Take it easy. We'll get you out."

ime, and that made a difference. It was fortunate that they had been wished, suddenly, that they had climbing when they hit. The ship had

atayed in Phyllisboro and come out in the morning. She wished that Steve Richards would take the controls.

The earth was lost down there now. Suddenly are was aware that Steve was standing up in his soal, tenning forward and tapping Terry on the shoulder.

"We've' got no business in this mess without 'churte," Steve Richards and. "Side out of there and let me have it. We're on instruments already!"

Terry had been straining his eyes to see the earth through the windshield. He moved his hand to unfasten his belt.

Just then Steve yelled in an urgent voice, "Climb!"

There was a quality in his voice that made Sylvia's heart race in her ears. She window except the slivering anow. But she knew he had seen something to past under a wing.

"Climb!" he bellowed. "We're too low to change places yet!" And then he was saying. "Right ruider-right ruider—"

Just then the left wheel struck something a terrific blow.

Sylvia threw up her arms to shield her face. There was a moment when the plane seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine sanding through the air trying to climb as the engine sanding through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to state sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to shade sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to shade sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to shade sidevise through the air trying to climb as the engine seemed to whom th

landed on all fours in the snow,

ianded on all fours in the snow,

She saw as she got up that the anow was
deep in all the hollows but shallow over
the rocks. Steve was already moving out of
sight, shough she could still catch the
flickering orcle of his flashlight on the
anow as he looked for wood.

"Here's a dead tree," he called back.

She got her flashlight from her bag and hurried after him, slipping and sliding over the rocks, going knee-deep in the drifts. He broke heavy branches off the failen tree, using all his strength.

"I'm going to build the fire to the lee-ward of the plane." Steve said. "But you'll have to watch the wind. If it shifts you'll have to put the fire out and start another

He built a little pile of twigs and struck a match. The twigs caught momentarily and went out.

"T'll get some gas," Sylvia said,

She went back to the plane and held her handkerchief under the leaking tank until it was soaked. Thus they got the fire

"I'm going for help," Stave Richards said, "But first you'll need a pile of wood. You'll have to keep a fire going until I get back or Terry's feet will freeze."

Sylvia found it exhausting work, but she wasn't going to stop until Steve did. She felt as though she had been dragging branches for hours before he was satisfied.

He came back through the drifts, dragging

"You can keep moving that farther into the fire as it burns," he said, picking up stones and pushing them close.
"Have you any idea where we are?" Spivia asked.
"No." he said.

"Have you any idea where we are?" Sylvia asked.
"No," he said. "Have you?"
"Td say we're somewhere south of Sparta." Sylvia said. "But that's only a guess. I think you'll be lucky if you find a house by duylight. I don't see how you can do anything in the dark."

He looked down at her, "Are you afraid to stay here and take care of Terry?"
"No," she said, "of course not."
He went back and climbed into the plane. She could hear him talking to Terry, but she couldn't get the words. When Steve came back he had the ship's compass, wrenched oil of the Instrument board. "I hate to leave you here this way," he said. "But I can't wait for daylight. Terry's preity aure there are no bones broken, but he's preity budly bruised. He might lose his legs if we don't get him to a doctor."
"Til be all right," she said.
The prospect of staying there with nothing to do but wait, hour after hour, wasn't too pleasant. And she was afraid. She was afraid Steve might get lost in these mountains.
"You go and talk to Terry," he said. "He

"It stave coming back"

"He said he was going to get more wood. He said he was coming back"

She sat on the floor in the doorway of the wreck, where she could see the fire. It was black dark now except for the flick ring light of the flames. It seemed a long time before she saw Steve appear from the shadows. He was dragging another small dead tree. She remembered what she had read and heard about hunts for crashing read and heard about hunts for crashing read planes in the mountains. It had sometimes taken a week to find one. The chances were staken a week to find one. The chances were staken a week to find one. The chances were staken a week to find one of the chances were staken as well as find his way back?

"You aren't scared?" Steve asked, as ahe came over to him.

"Or course not," she said, She wasn't going to admit to him how scared she was, "There isn't much you can do for Terry," he said, "except to keep him warm."

"He wanta to amoke," she said. She wasn't going to admit to him how scared she was, "There isn't much you can do for Terry," he said, "except to keep him warm."

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"He wanta to amoke," she said. She wasn't going to admit to him how scared she was, "There isn't much you can do for Terry," he said, "The sure you didn't, Terry," Sylvia said. "The was aware that afte was prolonging the conversation. She didn't want him to go. She fell quite safe as long as he was here.

"You see that he doesn't sunoke," Steve said.

He went to the door of the plane. She learn to the door of the plane. She learn to the said gently.

It cracked up here because I wasn't good enough to fly this weather."

He went to the door of the plane. She leard him asking Terry how he was but ahe couldn't hear Terry's reply. Steve came back into the firelight and stood looking

HIGH FRONTIER

"Tm going south," he said, after a moment, "because it's downhill. That's the old rule, isn't it? You go downhill until you come to a stream and you follow the stream until you come to a bouse."
"If you don't find a swamp you can't get through," Sylvia said.
He laughed, rather grimly, "That's right," he said.
He laughed, mither grimly, "That's right," he said.
He turned as if he were guing to go, and then he paused. "Here's no reason why you shouldn't smoke here by the fire."
She pulled out half a crumpled package. He took a package out of his pocket and handed it to her.
"You'll need those," she said.
"T've got more," he said.
He turned to go, but again he paused. "I don't know what I'm waiting for," he said.
He stool looking at her. "Good-bye, Sylvia," he said.
"Good-bye, Steve," she said iamely, won-

"Good-bye, Stave," she said lamely, won-dering why she wanted so desperately to

"Good-bye, Steve," she said lamely wonpretty aure there are no bones broken, but
he's pretty badly bruised. He might lose
his legs if we don't get him to a doctor."

"Till be all right," ahe said.

The prospect of staying there with nothing
to do but wait, hour after hour, wasn't too
pleasant. And she was afraid. She was
afraid Steve might get lost in these mounrains.

"You go and talk to Terry," he said. "He
needs somebody to talk to. I think I'd
better get more wood before I start."

Sylvia saw the flashight flickering ahead
of him as he went off into the woods again.
When he was gone there was nothing but
the dark circle of stubby pines and the rooks
and the show in the light of the fire.
There was utter silence, except for the
lushed sigh of wind through trees on the
floge above the wreck. Sylvia ddan't know
whether Steve was coming back or not. She
thought perhaps he wasn't. Then he
heard Terry call her and ran to the plane.

"I think I can stand this if I smoke,"
"Terry said.

"Don'ti" she exclaimed, horrified. "The
cabin's full of fumes!"

"Is Steve coming back?"
Terry aid.

"But wat too lot. She climbed into
the cabin's took it back to the fire.
She managed to put it beside Terry, but
there was no way of getting it at his feet
because they were thrust through the splinwarm." she said. "I can't get the stone
anywhere hear them."

"Forget my feet," Terry said. "But don't
so away. I want to talk to you."

She got the hot stone underneath the
lanket in which Terry was wrapped.

"Tim tool sober now." he said, "and a drink."

"You had a drink before you started."

"I'm tool sober now." he said, "and anyway, it doesn't matter. Help me get the
fask out of my hip pocket. I can't turn
enough to reach.".

She got the hot stone underneath the
lanket in which Terry was wrapped.

"Tim tool sober now." he said, "and a drink."

"You had a drink before you started."

"Tim tool sober now." he said, "and a drink."

"You had a drink before we started?"

"I cracked up here because I wasn't good enough to fly this weather."

"I know," she said. "I know you did the best you could."

She knew by the sound that he was unceapping the bottle again and taking another drink.

"Twe got a lot to tell you, Sylvia," he sald. "There's something you don't know any more about than Steve does."

She couldn't guess what was coming.
"I told you I was no good, he sald. Twe told you many times. But it only made you angry."

"I know," she sald.
"You can't see that if a man is no good it's better for him to admit it."
"It wasn't that, exactly," she said. "It was the way you did it—aimset as if you were boasting about it. I thought you said you were no good because you wanted an excuse for being no good."

"Maybe I did." Terry said. "Maybe I didn't. What I was trying to tell you was that I was a crook."

He didn't go on, so she prompted him.

He didn't go on, so she prompted him,
"How do you mean—a crook, Terry?"
"Didn't you ever wonder why so many
left the line after Dan Richards died?"
"Yes," she said. "I told you I couldn't
help suspecifing that they'd been hired
away by somebody who wanted to cripple
Midstates."
"Wall't Terry."

"Well," Terry said, "they were. I told these people in Chicago what men they could grab and they grabbed them."
"Oh, Terry," she said. "How could you do that?"

"Because that's what I was hired for," he said. "I was hired to come down here and get a job and keep them informed on how things were at Midstates so they'd know just what to do to get the line cheaply."

cheaply."

Sylvia wanted to put her head down in her arma and cry. Steve Richards had been right, and she'd been wrong. He'd been suspicious of Terry. He'd asked her if she was sure of Terry, and she'd told him she was. She'd vouched for Terry when Terry was a hired spy.

She'd even got him his job with Midstates in the beginning. She'd sat by Dan Richards bed in the hospital and told him she'd found the ideal man to run the Phyllishors field. And they had had to have somebody. Dan Richards had taken her word.

"I understand now," she said bitterly,

"I understand now," she said bitterly, "why you had such good recommendations,"

tions."
"Exactly." Terry said.
"So when I told Dan Richards that you were all right—and that I'd known about you and your family all my life—I was helping you to cheat him."

Terry took another drink out of the flask

"Now you know," he said hiskily. "Now you know what I meant when I kept telling you that I was no good."

Sylvia sat silent. Finally she said, "I don't see how you could have done it. Terry."

"Well I could be the said."

Terry.

"Well, I can't do it any more." Terry said. "I dion't think much about it when they gave me the lob. They said Dan Richards had gone to the hospital and his company would certainly go broke, and they wanted to grab it before somebody else did. It didn't seem so bad. You're thinking you helped me play a dirty trick on Dan Richards, and you feel about Dan Richards as if he'd been your father. But I didn't know him at all. The only heard about him from you since I took the joh."

"I thought you liked me, Terry. I thought..."

"You know. You knew I liked you that night aix years ago when you came along and got me out of trouble. You knew how filled I was to see you again when I came down to get a job. You know I'm in love with you."

She thought It was a strange way to be love. She didn't want to talk about it. She wanted to be by berself and have a shance to think.

"I'll have to get some more hot stones," she said, and without waiting to give him a chance to protest, she grabbed a blanker and climbed out of the plane. She thought, as she poked up the fire, that Sieve would not receive the letter when she knew he had. That orange-colored receipt for a registered letter was still lying in her dest than a week since she had looked at it. And then, suddenly, she shood up straight. She could see the signature as plainly as it he had the card before her, with." She realised then that Terry was calling, it. The memore heef given her shoothed in the had and it wasn't Seeve Richards handwilling. The memore heef given her shoothed yearthle, hard to make out. She wrapped a hot stone in the blanket, booked it up into the plane and climbed in after it.

"I can't stand it when you leave me slone," Terry said. "I feel like an animal in a trap. Twe got to talk to you."

"Because I couldn't stand double-crossing you and Steve any longer." Terry said. "I feel like an animal in a trap. Twe got to talk to you."

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"Because I couldn't stand double-crossing you and Steve any longer." Terry said. "I feel like an animal in a trap. Twe got to talk to you."

"Because I couldn't stand double-crossing you and Steve any longer." Terry said. "I want to tell him. I'll tell him—I'll ever get the chance." "Tm glad you will. I'd have to get you were leaving. But you for it. I know you were

He asked he soons you am.

"Bon't you worry—be'll forgive you."

"It doesn't matter whether he does or not," she said. "I told you I was lesving." Yes," Terry said. "You told me a lot of times you were leaving. But you aren't. I know you're just as crasy about Steve as he is about you.

"I'm not," she said. "And he's not. We don't even like each other. We hated each other on sight."

"Maybe." Terry said. "Maybe you did.
"Maybe." Terry said. "Maybe you did.

other on signi. "Maybe you did. But if you did, I never saw two people get over it quicker. You've been working like a team together wer since."
"You're entirely mistaken."

"Listen, Sylvia—I saw you write that note to Steve in the meeting with MacGregor and the bank president. I saw the way you looked at him before you threw it—"

"Have it your way," Terry said. "But you didn't fool me---"

STEVE saw that it was ten o'clock. He'd been walking for more than three hours, sinking sometimes nearly to his waist in drifts of powdery snow, then slipping and atumbling over rocks where the show was thin, following always the file-tering spot of light shead from the flash in his hand.

He had been going down hill as far as he could, on the theory that somewhere he would find a road or a stream, and bearing south. There were times when he could scarcely believe the compass he had taken from the plane's instrument board. The siope he followed wound back on itself, if the compass was right.

And, of course, the compass was right.

And, of course, the compass was right.

He sat down on a log to rest, and searched his pockets for cigareties. But he had given his last package to Sylvia. There was nothing to do except to go on, if it took all night. But the farther he went the more doubtful he was of finding his way hoke to the first bealed the wreck after he got help.

It was too cold to sit still long. He got up and wenn on, following that will-o'-the-wap, the little circle of light cast shead by his fiashlight. He hoped the battery would last. It was hopeless to try to travel without light.

He was, of course, lost. He had no idea where he was or where he was going. He was proceeding in the belief that if he held some kind of ocurse, any course, so that he did not travel in a circle, he must eventually reach a road. When he found a road he was bound to find a house.

The valley he followed had a general trend toward the south, But it was so irregular that he found himself going almost due north while still going downill. He could not guess how far he had come. He could not guess how far he had come. He could not guess how far he had come. He could not guess how far he had come. He could not guess that it was so irregular that he found himself going almost due north while still going downill. He can had come. He could not guess to have the could not guess how it is downed to make, he was forced to concide that after three hours he wasn't more than four or five miles from the crashed plane. It might be ten miles to a could have daken it easy, conserving the strength against the possibility that he got the first the wasn't more was going. He was probable to travel with a could have taken it easy, co

But she hadn't shown that she was frightened. That was, strangely enough, a comfort to him as he forced himself

a comfort to him as he forced himself along.

He wished, illogically, as he slipped and slid down the mountain, wading hirough the drifts in the hollows, that it had been he who had been caught in the plane and Terry who had made this trip for help. He'd have liked to spend these hours with Sylvis. He had never been alone with her for more than a few minutes at a time. He had never had a chance to find out why she hated him.

She had been furious at Terry for crashing the plane. She hadn't said so. But Steve knew. She had tried to conceal her feeling. He wondered if she knew that Terry had been drinking. It hadn't been apparent when they took off. But Steve had known when he was bending over him, trying to pull him out. If she didn't know it in the beginning she must have discovered it after the crash.

But Terry would know how to put it right

at s garage in which there was a dim light showing.

STEVE pounded on the door until a man came to open it, rubbing his eyes and grumbling.

"What d'you want?" he saked in a namal Southern draw!

"A telephone," Steve said, pushing past him into the office. He saw the stretcher the man had crawled out of in one corner. He hunted for the telephone with his flashight and saw it hanging on the wail. He got the receiver off the hook, his hand chumsy from cold, and called Midstates at Phyllisboro. And, after two or three minutes, he heard Bart Oleson's voice.

He told Bart Oleson about the crash, and said he'd call again when he got Terry and Sylvis into town.

He was shaking now from reaction to the cold. A gasoline heater hissed in one corner of the office, but the place was like an icebox.

"Have you got a portable weiding outfit?" Steve demanded.

The night man was a boy, really. He sat on his stretcher watching Steve with curiosity.

"What do you want with a weiding outfit?"

"I told you my plane crashed!"

fit?" "I told you my plane crashed!" The boy continued to eye him. "You was in that airryplane when it fell—and you wasn't kilt?"

"Nobody was killed. But the pilot's pinned under the engine!"
"Reckon it would take three-four men to lift that welding outfil." But the boy was groping underneath the stretcher for his shoes and socks.

But Terry would know how to put it right with her!
Steve was reminded once again of a girl. Never find yore way through them mountains in the dark." He stooped to lace his shoes.

"We can try! We'll forget the weiding outfit. We'll take hacksaws, an axe, crowbar and a chain holat and a couple more flashlights and extra batteries." Steve paused. "And some food. Hot coffee, too." 'Got most everything but the food. I kin mebbe wake Josh Hamilton an' git him to put his skillet on, if he ain't too drunk to rise."

"Get sandwiches and coffee, and cigarettes," Steve said. "And we need a doctor and more men. Hurry!"

The boy said. "Mister, I sin't fool enough to start toillir, through them mountains this time a' night for nobody for nothin'! People been lost in them mountains that knew 'em by heart!"

been lost in them mountains that knew 'em by heart!"
"I'll pay you!" Steve said. "Ten dollars for each man."
"Ain' enough," the boy said. "You pay twenty, an', Mister, I'll git you every white man in this town."
"All right, then, twenty. Yourself, three other men, and the doctor. We've got to leave heavy in fifteen minutes."
The boy was pulling on a heavy coat. "I'll hurry," he said. He slammed the door, and Steve could see him running across the white street.
It was after midnight, now. Terry had

hurry," he said. He slammed the door, and Steve could see him running across the willte street.

It was after midnight, now. Terry had been pinned underneath that engine more than five hours, and despite anything that Steve could do, he would stay there several hours longer. He thought of Sylvia, working to keep that fire going, to keep Terry warm—and waiting.

He runmaged through the bins behind the counter. He found three new flash-lights, and batteries and bulbs; and put them on the counter by the compass and his own flashlight. He found two dozen hacksaw blades, and stuck them in the inner pecket of his coat. Then, working his way behind close-parked cars, he went back to the shop. He found a short-handled care, a crowbar, an old pair of boil-cutters, two hacksaw frames, and a small chain holat. The boy, Jeff Lingle, came back soon. Docal be here in five minutes," he said. "Pete Slimms—owns this garage—and Alex Smith and Billy Noyes De slong soon's they can get their briches on." He paused for breath. "You sure you cain't wait till morning." They all say there ain't a chance of finding that airryplane in night-time." "Everything but food." "Given me money," Jeff said. He took the note Sleve offered, and darted through the door again. In ten minutes he was back, carrying a bag of sandwiches and a gallon ing of ooftee. The coffee was bliter, but the sandwiches, Sleve found were good. He had not realised how hungry he was Doobto Braynard came in a moment later, and was questioning Steve gravely shout terms.

Dooter Braynard came in a moment later, and was questioning Steve gravely about Terry's possible injuries, when the others drove up in a car. Pete Simms, the garage owner, said:

"Jeff says ye're bound t'go up there t'night---"

Steve cut in: "The pilot's caught under the engine!"

Simms shrugged. "Git in," he said.

THEY were climbing the twisting mountain road at fifteen minutes past twelve. Pete Simms drove in silence. The others, in the rear, talked in low tones, asking interminable questions about the accident. Steve answered briefly, his eyes busily trying to pierce the furry wall of snow that eddled across the road.

After a few minutes, when the car topped a rise, he said abruptly, "I think this is the place." He gathered up his flashlight and compass and got out.

Snow allvered down on a bitter wind and stung his face. Under the probing rellow circle of his flashlight, he searched for tracks—the tracks that he had made an hour earlier. But if there had been tracks here at all, they had been filled by blowing anow.

Anxiety stabbed through him as he stood there, straining his eyes. He was not sure that this was the place. Yet he re-membered the embankment, the long hill

He went back to the car and yelled. "Come on! I've got the compass. I'll go ahead." The others, loaded down with tools, climbed out into the snow. Simms snapped off the car lights. The darkness closed around them.

In single file they set off. Steve gave his full attention to the compass, picking his way by flashlight, going always northward. He hurried, filled with the compassion of the contract of th

After an hour, his pace grew slower, although he fought stubbornly to keep it up. Pinally, in a brush-choked gorge, he up. Pins

ant down.

"Twe got to rest a minute," he said.

"Take hit slower, take hit steady," Pete Simms said. "Te cain't run through this brush like a hounddog, even when there ain't no anow!" He threw his light against the far wall of the gorge. The rocks rose bare and forbidding for a hundred feet.

Ye sure ye ain't lost, mister?"

"Ye sure ye ain't lost, mister?"

A tingle of apprehension crawled along Steve's spine. He said, 'T've been following the compass north. I followed it south coming out, and—"

"But ye ain't been going south." Pete Simms said. "Ye been going mostly east, I reckon. I know the country south a little, and this ain't hit."

"East?" Steve exclaimed incredulously. "I coulon't be! A compass won't lie. I know which way I went getting out—"

Steve's kness were shaking as he struggled to his feet, "Hold a light on the compass, somebody," he said. Doctor Braynard held the light. The compass card showed south underneath the lubber line. And when Sleve turned his body half around, the compass still showed south. Then he reached into his friskie pocket and took out the hacksaw blades. The compass card oscillated for a moment, and came to rest on a new heading. He moved follow them.

To his haste be hed not thought about follow them.

In his haste he had not thought about the danger of carrying those blades. But he knew now that for an hour he had been leading these men almiessly through a wilderness of mountain guilles.

He was lost.

There was no way of guessing their direc-tion from the wreck, or even from the car; he could only guess at how far they had come. He wet his lips mechanically,

"We'll back-track to the car," he said finally, hoping desperately that the wind had not filled up their tracks. "We'll find the car, and siart out again and find the wreck. Doctor Braynard, you carry these blades—we'll not make that mistake again!"

Pete Simms cleared his throat gruffly. In the spill of the fiashlights his gaunt face looked amtious. "This is a bliszard, mister," he said. "We dasn't go a-bromping through these mountains, not knowing where we're at—or somebody'll have to come out and look for us!"

"But we've got to find that wreck!" Steve said. "This is life or death?"

"May be life or death for us." Simms said. "No, siree! We're a-going to make a fire and stay right here till break of day!"

day!"
Steve said, "If we started back right now we'd have our tracks to follow."
Simms eyed him sullenty in the dim light from the torches. "I ain't a-going to move a leg till daybreak."
Steve asked for a cigarette and lighted it trying not to let his frayed nerves shatter in futile, helpless anger. Then he thought of something.

of something.

There was a wary cupldity about these mountaineers, as Jeff Lingle had demonstrated earlier. And Steve thought of something else that lifted fatigue out of his borne.

strated earlier. And Steve thought of somefiling else that lifted fatigue out of his
bones.

"If you'll drive me to Phyllisboro," he said
quickly to Pete Simms, "I'll give you's hundred dollars—if you'll start right now,"
"Phyllisboro?" Simms said, "That's fiftysakty mile! Anyhow, I thought ye wanted
to back-track to that airryplane?"
"We'll never find it this way, A hundred
bucks—but we'll start back now!"
"I reckon that makes it worth a try."
Simms looked at the others and smiled
douly, "Le's see if you fellers kin keep
up with me!"
If was after one o'clock in the morning
now, It had been nearly seven hours aince
the crash—and Terry was still trapped in
that week, Sylvia was still waiting.
They back-tracked along the trail that
they had made; and in some piaces, on
the barren knobs, their tracks were already
filled by blowing snow. But in the low
places Simms searched out the path, ranging
back and forth like a dog sniffing for
seent; and they went on. At a quarter to
the road and got wearlly into the car.
At the garage Steve dived into the office
and called the Phyllisboro field,
"Did you get them out?" Bart shouled
esgerly.

"No!" Steve yelled, "We got lost and

Dot you get inem out?" Bark anouted eagerly.
"No!" Steve yelled, "We got lost and couldn't find the wreck. These men with me won't start again till daylight. I don't dare wait that long. Where's Bat Carretaon?"

"At home asleep."

"Get him out," Sheve said. "Get him out," Sheve said. "Get him out," I'm going to be there in two hours."

"What you goins do?" Bart asked.

"Find Trumbull and Sylvia." Steve said.

"Garretaon will have to fly the plane with me. I'll ball out after I've dropped over some stuff with a 'chute. You get three chutes. Repack em if you think they need it. Then take a tarp and make a bag of it and fasten it to the harness of one 'chute and make an extension ripcord for in fifteen or twenty feet long. Got that?"

"I got it." Bart said. "But how..."

"Get sandwiches and coffee and cigar-

"Get sandwiches and coffee and cigar-ettes and some whisky." Steve finished. "And get a doctor on the phone. Find out what we need for Terry if his feet are frozen, and get it."

"Okay," Bart sald.

Steve turned to Pete Simms, "Now, let's get out of here!"

"What happened?"

"We cracked up in the mountains," Steve raid. "Burt tells me you don't want to go."

But Garretson made a quick gesture with his hands, turning the paims upward. "I don't mind going, if we've got a chance to get there." he said. "But Bart was telling me some wild-eyed plan about me flying you over the wreck, so you could jump out with your 'chute. That might work or-dinarily-but it's still snowing in Chattanooga. I can't fly you down there in that weather, at night—nobody can fly down there."

weather, at hight—hobody can hy down there."

"I can get us down there." Sieve sald. "The ship's got duals. You can circle the fire till daylight, after I jump."

Color flushed Garretson's dark cheeks. He sald, "You can't hy down there over those mountains in a snowstorm in pitch dark—you or snyhody else!"

"All right," Sieve sald. His voice was shrill and trembling, "I wanted you to come back with my plane and ferry to Chicago to protect Trip Two in the morning. If I have to Jump out of the plane and fer it crash, it's going to leave Trip One uncovered. That will finish wrecking the airline. But I'll wreck the line, if I have to." Then, he anaried suddenly. "Go home and go to bed where you belong!"

Garretson was on his feet, and his eyes

Garrisson was on his feet, and his eyes were small and hard. "If there was a chance Td go!" he said. "I know what can be done with a plane and what can't—and if you start down there now, you're going to kill yourself."

Garretson's tone changed suddenly.
"Where'll it get you, dangling from a 'chute
in a high tree in those mountains? Instruments! You can't fly by instruments! Wait
till daylight and I'll go with you. If you
won't wait, I sit right here."

IT was after four when they pulled into the Phyllisboro field.

Steve's plane was in front of the administration building, the wheels chocked, the engine idling to keep it warm. Steve paid Simmus and dragged the food and bools out of the car.

"Till return the tools when we come back through Cookeville," he said.

Bart Oleson was repacking the third parachute, which he'd strung out on the waiting-room floor. He looked up and said, "You got back here in a hurry! Is Trumbull hurt, bad?"

"I don't think so—not if we can get him out before his feet freese. How soon!! you be ready?"

"Everything's set, except this 'chute, But..."

"Where's Garretson?"

Bart jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "The heart ill daylight..."

"The called Chattanooga. It's still snowing in Chattanooga—visibility a mile, and a now celling at three hundred feet."

Steve swing quickly into the newly findshed operations office. Garretson was sting in Terry's chair, studying a map he had spread out on Terry's desk. He looked up, when Steve came in, his leathery, square face impassive, watchful, stubborn. "The sorry shout Trumbull," he said. "What happened?"

"We cracked up in the mountains." Steve said. "Bart tells me you don't want to go."

Bat Garretson made a quick gesture with his hands, turning the palms upward." "I don't mind going, if we've got a chance to get there." He wald, "But a third out to make yoursell into the learn of the other phlots on the food and books out of the car.

"The was amount to the waiting-room. He swing on his parachute into the waiting-room. He swing to the plane, raging at the hought of having to let it orash. He swing to he will be got the sound the controls. Bart hoisted the supply bag and parachute into the waiting your love, because you now, because I'll not got there." He wind't end will so that he you'll not a marry—but before I make you'll not a marry—but before I make you'll not got lone, the waiting out on the waiting you'll not said the out to the waiting you'll not said the controls. Bart hoisted th

He climbed into the forward cockpit.

He climbed into the forward cockpit.

IT was almost five o'clock in the morning when Steve taxied out to make that take-off. He hadn't slept for almost twenty-four hours. He had walked miles through mountains and deep anow. He was worn out. But he could go on for another day; he must go on for another day.

He gunned the ship and swing around. The floodlight laid a shallow fan of brillance against the broad, white field. Red flags were sentinels guarding him against the deeper drifts. He was going to need guarding, with this little ship and such a heavy load to drag into the alf.

Overhead, now, slars blazed coldly in a sky that had cleared rapidly within the last half-hour. But with the clearing of the sky, the wind had slackened. He had no help in getting off.

He lined up with a lane of flags, using all the field he could, revved his engine carefully and gunned into the take-off, holding his breath. The wheels clattered softly as they rolled through the snow, bumping on the frozen ruts beneath. Steve jockeyed the rudder gently, holding the short width of the floodlight, but did not get

were small and hard. "If there was a The glarr from the floodlight was ollinding, chance I'd got" he said. "It know what can be done with a plane and what can't—and if you start down there now, you're going to kill yourself."

"Perhaps," Steve said. "But I'm going down there now, on instruments. That's the only chance there is."

Garretson's tone changed suddenly. "Where'll it get you, dangling from a 'chute in a high tree in those mountains? Instru-

in a high tree in those mountains? Instruments! You can't fly by instruments! Wait
till daylight and I'll go with you. If you
won't wait, I sit right here."
Steve gave Bat Garretson a level look;
Steve gave Bat Garretson a level look;
Tyou've been telling me too long what I field as possible again. He turned around
could do and what I couldn't, and what
you'd do and what you wouldn't. I couldn't
to get off.

That time, he got a little farther. The acceleration was a little faster. The wheels had beaten down a path.

But it was not enough.

Again and again he boiled out into the darkness through those wheel ruis, thrusting them each time a little farther, broadening them, packing the snow beneath them, avoiding getting stuck only by a preternatural alerthese to the amount of thrustine prop was giving him. Twice he did get stuck, and Bat Garretson had to climbout and rock the wings while steve walked the ruider and the engine bellowed furiously and finally sucked them clear.

For the thirteenth time, Steve backed into the corner of the field. He shoved the gun wide open and the ship hurtled like a catapulted bird at the darkness that lay black beyond that strip of light. He pushed the atch all the way forward, lifting the tail dangerously high, trying to take the last ounce of drag off the wings during acceleration.

At the very end of the ruts, he anatched the steel back, feeling the tallskid hump the ground, feeling the wheels leap off, while the flowing whiteness of the earth melted to a ruishing yellow spot beneath each landing light.

But as quickly as it had come off in that stall, the ship began to settle back again.

But as quickly as it had come off in that stall, the ship began to settle back again. Steve felt his heart pounding in his threat, and he was afraid to draw a breath. He had the stick hard in his stomach, and the plane was trembling. He had the strange sensation that he was actually lifting its weight with his hands.

sensation that he was actually lifting its weight with his hands.

Suddenly it tried to whip off on one wing; it tried to spin. Steve fought that action with a quick show against the ruider. He felt the tailakid brush down into the smow, and he couldn't lift it out. If the wheels touched, here in this deep snow, the ship would instantly go on its back.

Yet the wheels, miraculously, stayed clear a little longer, while the engine fought to drag them through the sir, and pick up apped. They staggered half-way across the field in that acutely stalled position, when any change of wind, any momentary hill, would have plunged them down. Then, abruptly, they cleared the creat of the unduitating airport.

The red obstruction lights at the far end of the field were rushing at them out of darkness. Steve felt the shuddering of the stall cease altogether, like a chill displaced by fever. They were gaining speed more rapidly. He hurried desperately for altitude, and the faint tremor of a stall began again. He was still not level with the lights. They huried themselves back at him. He was still not level with the lights. They huried themselves back at him. He was still not level with the light.

He took a long, deep breath, feeling hot and shaken. He climbed at a flat, cautious

night.

He took a long, deep breath, feeling hot and shaken. He climbed at a flat, cautious angle, getting speed.

At 300 feet he snapped off his landing lights. Behind, past the cockpit head streamline, he could see the fan-shaped patch of light still flickering across the field; it had a bluish tinge from here. He looked back over the nose. Ahead the blackness was complete.

He had stuffed his map into the side pouket in the cockpit, and now he got it out and spread it on his knees, looking at it with the fiashlight cupped in one gloved hand. He had drawn a pencil line between Cookeville and Phyllisboro; it was forty-six at miles to Cookeville. They should be over Cookeville in less than thirty minutes.

and damp inside his gloves.

A moment later they broke out underneath the ceiling. With the squall behind them, the viability was better. The lights of Cockeville were aimost below.

With a momentary feeling of triumph that he had flown a straight course through a violent squall. Steve turned south, straining his eyes to see into the heavy blackness out there beyond the whirling prop. He knew how far lights were visible, at lights were visible, at hight; he thought if he came close to the fire he would see it.

Steve could see that nod its head minutes with the hacksaw, while Spivis on there beyond the whirling prop. He knew how far lights were visible, at lights were visible, at lights were visible, at lights are close to the fire.

Steve could see the grey hiotch of Garretson turned into the wind, directly over the fire.

Steve lights the came close to the fire was anow again, abruptly; and

He yelled at Garretson:

"You can circle around till daylight. Then
you'll know where this place is. Have
them send men in to carry Terry our. Send
an ambulance." He shook the stick.
"She's all yours now. Take me straight over
the fire."
In the dim light reflected from the clouds,
Sieve could see the grey blotch of Garretson's face, could see him nod his head.
Then he felt Garretson's hands and feet
on the controls.

Garretson turned into the wind directly.

Cautiously be studied the elevations of the hills and mountains on the course, The hills and mountains on the course, The student will be led as for clearance be seen of Phyliphero.

Be dilhoed until be led as for clearance be seen of the clearance between the cle

Look!" Sylvia said suddenly, and pointed

Stars were showing through wide breaks the clouds. There was a faint grey in

Steve realised then that he hadn't heard the plane for several minutes. It was not yet daylight. But the snow had stopped and Bal Garretson was gone.

Pour hours later half a dozen men headed by Bart Cleson came in with a stretcher. They carried Terry out to the road where they had parked an ambuisance and two

"Terry wants to talk to you," Sylvia said.
"I'll go with Bart. I'll meet you at the hospital."

Terry wante to talk to you," Sylvia said. "I'll go with Bart. I'll meet you at the hospital mospital."

Steve climbed into the ambulance with Terry.

That shot they gave me will put me to eleep," Terry said. "I want to talk to you before it does."

He locked up at the ceiling, and then as five, and then back at the ceiling.

"I want to tell you what I told Sylvia had had time to wash her face, but here were dark stains of fatigue under her got to. I got a job with your outfit became that Chicago line asked me to. When they found out your father was dying they sent me down hers to get on the midde. I've been sending them reports."

"I had worked out that it was something of that sort." Steve said. His only surprises was that Terry should admit it now.

Terry looked at Steve and then away, quickly. "At the time," he said, "it didn't seem so had. In Chicago they were sure this line was going broke and they wanted to be sure to get I them it did. Nobody knew you were coming back to run it."

Steve smiled wearily. He was dead tired, "And the general opinion was I wouldn't be much good if I did come back to run it."

There was a faint grin on Terry's drawn lips. "That was the general opinion."

"Under the circumstances," Steve said, "I should say if was good business for them to send you down here. I don't blame you for trying to do your job."

"Well, Terry said, "That would have been all right, But I'm airraid I got a little over-resions."

She gave a little gasp of surprise. She didn't spak again until they of reached the said again.

Sylvia said nothing, She was still looking strength abead. He could only see her face in profile, as he'd seen it in the ship the said again.

There was a faint grin on Terry's drawn lips. "That would have been all right. But I'm airraid I got a little over-resions."

Sylvia had time to wash her face, but there were dark stains of fatigue under her were dark stains of fatigue under her was got in behind the wheel.

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"Well." Terry said, "That would have been all right. But I'm airsid I got a little over-sealous."

Steve said: "You?"

"Those mechanics and pilots who were dissattisfied about working condition—I got them other jobs. When I heard you were coming back, I wanted things to look so bad you'd sell out right away. I henestly thought you ought to sell out, too."

"What do you think now?" Steve said. Terry said: "I think you've got a chance, if you can satisfy the bank, But you haven't got much time for that."

"I know." Steve said. "I know it's touch and go."

"Of course." Terry soid, and be was grow."

ing you like a hawk ever since I've been here. Now I'll not have to watch you." He grinned. "Midstetes Airways can use a little of that zeal of yours, if you've got any of it

"I'd rather work with you than with any man I know," Terry said. "But I'm through flying, Steve. I'm washed up, and I know

it."

"Field managers aren't supposed to fly."

Steve said. "Now you go on to skeep."

Terry sank down in the stretcher and closed his eyes. The ambulance crawled along at wenty miles an hour. Bart Oleson's car, with Sylvis, had long since disappeared shead.

"Tve never got drunk on the job," Terry said, and be spoke like a man taiking in his sleep. "Except when I was going to fly. I never get drunk except."

His voice trailed off.

They sat there looking at each other, seeing each other for the first time, as if they had come out into the bright blue sky after days in murky clouds.

And then he took her in his arms. "Steve," she said, her head on his shoulder, her arm around his neck. "Steve!"

"I know," Steve and. "I know it's touch and go."

"Of course," Terry said, and he was growing drowny and relaxed, "I wouldn't be telling you this if I weren't through."

"Oh well I don't blame you for wanting to stick with your Chicago line," Sieve said. Terry turned his head. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you're not though unless you want to be."

Therry swore earnestly in an incredulous tone of voice. "You say that, after what I've done?"

"Why not?" Steve said. "I've how with the property of the pilots are beginning to."

"This can't go on," MacGregor was walking for them at the administration building. If he saw anything amusual in their faces he gave no sign it.

"This can't go on," MacGregor said. "Everything around here is in too much of a hurry—everybedy's rushing me. Even the pilots are beginning to."

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e done?"
"Garrelson gave you a requisition?"
"Why not?" Steve said. "I've been watch- Steve demanded. "What's it all about?"

"All I know is he's in a hurry for ft. I don't even understand it. Something about a cockpit hood he wants made up so he can practice blind flying on his run." Steve grinned. "Will I take care of fil" he said. "Ill make one up for him myself."

Steve felt a burst of confidence. That hood meant that Garretson was anxious to learn to fly by instruments. If he was won over, the others soon would be. When the night runs went on, the line would have a sarrer, safer operation. And in a few months the D.O.C. would have the radio range stations in. Then, with blind flying, the guesswork would be taken out of navigation, MacGregor rubbed his bald spot, "Why couldn't you have waited for good weather to go after that plane?" He demanded. "Now we've got a new insurance claim. If doesn't pay to be in too much of a hurry." "It does right now." Steve said. "We'll have night flying started by the time that note falls due."

"Perrything is going to be all right, Mr. MacGregor." Sylvia said. "Don't you see that everything is fine?"

MacGregor. "Sylvia said." Don't you see that everything is fine?"

MacGregor. "Sylvia said." Don't you see that everything is fine?

"MacGregor berefed at her. "Yes, he said. "I see. But you're not thinking shout business, and I san." He turned to Steve. "How much of that insurance money have you assigned to date?"

"You've got the figures," Sylvia said.

"You haven't spent any of it that I don't know about?" MacGregor insisted. He was still taiking to Steve.

"No," Steve said. "And there'll be at least ten thousand more insurance from the claim on Number Seven. It's a total loss."

"Then you're only going to need about ten thousand soldiars on April 5. But where are you going to get it?"

"I don't know yet." Steve said. "But we'll have night flying started then. Somebody will take a chance on us."

MacGregor respectively.

MacGregor respectively.

Suddenly be said: "See here. I've got twenty thousand I'd like to put in some-

MacGregor rubbed his balls spot vigorously.
Suddenly be said: "See here. I've got twenty thomsand I'd like to put in something really good. But I'd have to resign from the bank and become the treasurer of the company."

Steve stared at MacGregor too astounded to react at once. Sylvia didn't wait. She threw both arms around him.

"Why, Mac!" she exclaimed. "Why, you old darling!"

MacGregor blushed and stammered. "Here

MacGregor blushed and stammered. "Here -here! I—I'm no philanthropist. You'd never find me offering my money if I didn't think I'd get a p-p-profit."

"You're on," Steve said. With MacGregor as his partner, Midstates' future was as-

"On one condition," MacGregor said.
"You're to be more deliberate around here
after this. Nothing can be done well in a
hurry. You've got to take your time.
Nothing worth while happens suddenly."

Sylvia put her arm through Steve's arm, He felt her shoulder against him as she

"You're wrong, Mr. MacGregor," Sylvia said, "The best things happen in a flash." "I told you I was talking about business," MacGregor aid, He smiled, and there was a twinkle in his eyes, "You're talking about leas."

(All characters in this novel are ficilitous and have no reference to any living person).

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